

Industrial Education a Precedence for the Negro — D. Augustus S. Baker

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MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF
THE NEGRO RACE.



Miss EMILY A. HARPER,
Washington, D. C.

(See page 451)

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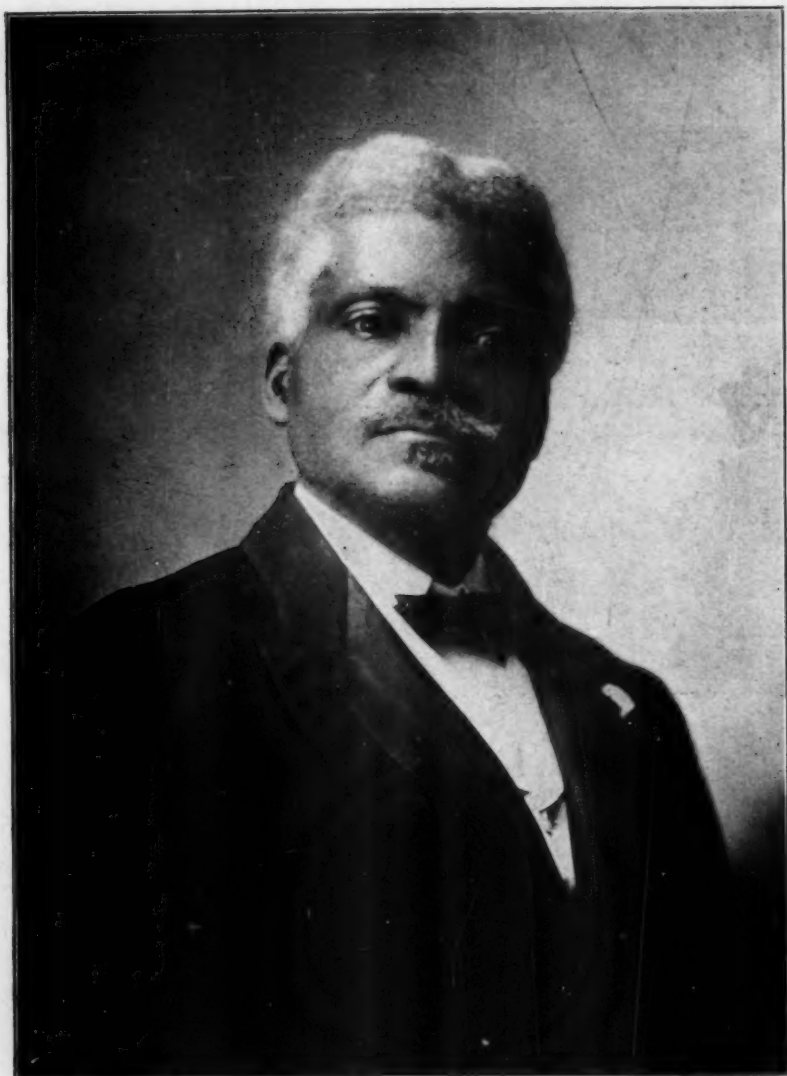
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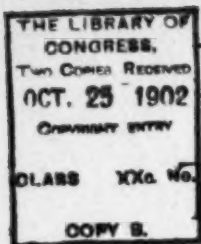
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF "THE INDIANAPOLIS FREEMAN."
See Page 465.



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE IN 1902.

THE HAMPTON SUMMER NORMAL.

EMILY A. HARPER, ARMSTRONG MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL, WASHINGTON D. C.

Hampton Institute is an ideal place for a summer normal school. The spacious grounds are artistically laid out. There are sixty commodious buildings, beautiful gardens and lawns. Its location on Hampton Roads affords opportunity for many pleasant outings. Here was established the first summer school for teachers who are engaged in work among the colored people of the South. It was this year the largest and best school of its kind. Two hundred and fifty names were enrolled the first week. Before the end of the month nearly five hundred teachers were in attendance. Of these, two hundred and seventy were from Virginia, and sixty-two from North Carolina.

The school register shows that fifteen states were represented. The majority of these teachers are working

where the Negro problem most needs to be solved, in the country schools of the South. They not only benefit the scattered communities where they labor by instructing the children, but by their active work in church and village improvement societies, by the practical object lessons they personally furnish in their home life, they also disseminate principles of right living to old and young.

For inspiration and help in this work of uplifting the race, they sacrificed a month of their vacation and came to the Hampton Summer Normal.

Hampton did not fail them. The conductor of the Summer Normal this year was Dr. W. Bruce Evans. His years of experience as a teacher in country and city have silvered his hair, but have rendered him all the more sympathetic with young people. He

began his career as a teacher in a country school. Through his efficient work he mounted, step by step, the ladder of success until he became principal of a graded city school. His interest in Manual Training and his wonderful executive ability won for him the position of principal of Armstrong Manual Training High School of Washington, D. C., which he now holds. He believes, as does Hampton Institute, in a practical training which will fit the Negro to make the most out of life in the community in which he lives. The majority of the teachers instruct pupils who will, at the close of their school lives, become farmers.

To be properly prepared for life they must know how to wrest a living from the soil and make things out of common materials which will render their homes more comfortable. In order that the farmer may be equipped in those things which are connected with his everyday life, his training should begin in the public schools. Dr. Evans, therefore, arranged a course which afforded teachers the opportunity of combining the study of the common school branches and the methods of teaching them with Agriculture and Manual Training.

The courses offered were suited to the needs of all. City and country teachers, alike, were benefitted by the excellent course in Nature Study offered by Miss A. M. Goding of the Washington Normal School. One can judge of the enthusiasm of the pupil-teachers of the school, and of those in the Nature Study classes especially, when one considers that the class reciting at noon, the hottest time of the hot summer days, numbered seventy-five. Many who had, in previous years, taken Miss Goding's course, elected advance Nature Work or Agriculture. Mr. Goodrich of Hampton Institute was the instructor. Nature Study was emphasized by being correlated with other subjects. Besides teaching his own classes, Mr. Goodrich came into those of other teachers and explained how the principles of Agriculture could

be taught in the common schools, in connection with their respective subjects.

Believing that power is gained by talking and writing about the things we see and do, the English teacher drew much of the material for composition work from the Nature work. The importance of giving a child something to think about and of teaching him how to think out a subject before asking him to write was emphasized. Although this course was designed primarily for the improvement of the teachers themselves, yet many suggestions as to methods of teaching pupils in grammar grades were given.

Of great help to teachers of primary grades was the course in Grammar and Composition given by Miss Jennie Spears, a Hampton graduate, who is now principal of Mott School, Washington. Her pupils received the benefit of her many years of experience in one of the best graded schools in the country, of her bright, vivacious manner and strong personality. Methods of teaching were here emphasized. Of great assistance to Miss Spears in the practical demonstration of her work was the practice school of forty children, representing the four primary grades.

The work of this school was directed by Miss Cornelia Whitney of the Washington Normal School in connection with her course in Primary Methods. Practical talks were given on such subjects as Reading, Language Lessons, Seat Work, Arithmetic. After such a talk they had an opportunity to observe a lesson taught by Miss Whitney, by one of the other instructors, or by a pupil-teacher who was known to have been unusually successful along some special line. One of the most interesting of the lessons given by a pupil-teacher was one in number work by Mr. Benj. Washington, teacher of a second grade model school in Washington, D. C. Teachers often complain that summer school work is all theory. They are taught beautiful ways of doing things which



INSTRUCTORS, TEACHERS AND GUESTS DURING THE CONFERENCE.

they can never use. This objection was met this year at Hampton. Teachers of Drawing, Basketry, Cooking, Arithmetic, etc., were enabled to go into the practice school and show how it was possible to use their methods.

Mr. W. T. B. Williams frequently took advantage of this opportunity in instructing his class of two hundred pupils in Arithmetic. He brought to his work, besides broad culture, thorough sympathy with his pupil-teachers through years of experience in the country as well as in the city. Mr. Williams is a Virginian who taught for several years in a country school and then attended Hampton Institute. After his graduation from Hampton, he went to Andover Academy and then completed a course at Harvard. For several years he has been principal of McCoy school in Indianapolis. He has just resigned his school in Indiana to accept a position at his alma mater, Hampton Institute.

Equally as popular as Mr. Williams was Miss Susan Showers of Hampton, who taught Geography. Her well-planned lessons will long be remembered. She always accomplished what she started to do in the hour. This, in itself, shows the true teacher.

An interesting course in Physics was given by Mr. A. T. Seymour of Hampton. Its purpose was to suggest apparatus and methods for teaching the elementary principles of Physics. The class was taught to make apparatus out of materials which might be found in any rural community.

All the teachers will long remember genial Mr. O. T. Woodley, of Teachers' College, New York, whose lectures on Civics and Psychology were well attended. His practical talks on child study were illustrated by witty stories, so that he held the attention of his hearers in spite of the intensely warm weather.

Another popular lecturer was Mr. D. Webster Davis of Richmond, Va. He very ably treated the subject, Negro Ideals. No greater stimulus can be given to a race than a knowledge of its

history. There is too great a tendency on the part of the Negro to feel that he is nothing, that he has done nothing, that he can do nothing. Mr. Davis gave his classes a study of the lives and characters of Negroes who have been successful in the various walks of life. He is a magnetic speaker who aroused interest, enthusiasm and race pride in all who came under the sound of his voice. The course in Negro Ideals by an Ideal Negro will long be remembered.

The broader outlook at what the nation has been doing was given by Mr. L. G. Fletcher of Armstrong Manual Training School, Washington, D. C. This course in American History consisted of daily lessons showing the method of presentation to pupils. While the growth of our country for four centuries was covered, especial emphasis was placed upon the Negro's part in its development.

Side by side with the training of the intellect has ever been placed at Hampton the training of the hand. A course showing the drawing done in the graded schools was given by Mr. Forrest Grant of the McKinley Manual Training School of Washington. Teachers were thus enabled to get definite ideas of the prevailing methods of teaching the subject, and of the ground usually covered in each grade, so that they could frame courses to suit the needs of their respective schools.

Elementary Manual Training was taught by Mr. Jinks of Hampton. This included the work usually done in the primary grades, clay modeling, paper cutting and pasting, cardboard constructive work, and knife work in thin wood. The materials used were such as might easily be procured even in a country school. Very interesting, indeed, were the discussions upon the educational value of manual arts and the proper methods of presentation.

The practical side of Manual Training was, however, not forgotten. Mr. W. S. Sweetser of Hampton gave an excellent course in Dairy Husbandry,

in which theory and practice were combined. There were brief talks on subjects connected with dairying and practice in aerating milk; the different methods of creaming, including the use of hand and power separators; ripening cream to the proper acidity; churning, washing, working, and print-

He did not attempt to teach the trade. Just enough work was given to enable the pupil to use such common materials as boxes, casks, etc., in the improvement of the home. These homely articles which may be had from any general store often for the mere asking were converted into footstools, shoe



MR. BENJ. WASHINGTON TEACHING NUMBER WORK

ing butter. Here was work of direct value to the teacher of the country school.

No less important was the work in the upholstering Department. Many who went there to visit remained to work. The classes were soon overcrowded, and new ones were formed. The instructor, Mr. J. F. Lacrosse of Hampton, was untiring in his efforts to aid the teachers. From seven o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon, through the long July days, he worked.

boxes, cosy seats and book racks. Some of the more ambitious teachers upholstered easy chairs and couches. Mattress-making, chair-caning and splint-weaving were also taught.

Equally interesting was the work in Basketry taught by Mrs. C. R. Bronson of Hampton. The making of baskets in rafia reeds, pine needles, grasses and corn shucks was taught. As many wished to specialize in this branch so that they might be able to teach the subject in their schools, the classes

were overcrowded the first day, and it was found necessary to organize several extra ones. So great was the enthusiasm that basketry became the fad of the school. Those who could not be accommodated in the classes formed little groups and were taught by the more fortunate ones. They wove baskets on the lawn, in the various class rooms, at the lectures—everywhere could be encountered people working in raffia.

Another fad of the Summer School was the Indian bead work. There was no instructor and no classes were organized. Nevertheless Indian bead work formed a prominent feature of the Summer School. At first, when several girls appeared on the veranda of Virginia Hall making bead watch chains, the busy teachers looked upon the work as a criminal waste of time. But there seemed to be a charm in the weaving together of the varicolored beads, and one by one the scoffers fell under the spell until every teacher had learned to make bead chains and belts and collars. All had the same apology to make for their interest: "It will be such pleasant work for the children at recess next year."

Always thinking how best to serve those for whom they labor, many rural teachers elected the course in sewing, so that they might introduce it in their schools. Miss J. A. Wier of Hampton gave instruction in the various stitches used in plain sewing and their application in the making of garments.

Of especial interest to the teacher of the ungraded school whose duty it is to teach all subjects and all grades, was the course in Technical Cooking given by Miss S. E. Breed, principal of Southern Industrial Classes, Norfolk, Va. Her classes were instructed in the selection of material, with regard to quality, food value and cost; in the methods of preparation, the planning and serving of simple meals, and the care of the kitchen and dining room. Lectures were delivered on the adaptation of household economics to the rural school, and normal methods in

teaching cooking. Miss Breed is one of the noble women of the North who is indefatigable in working for the practical education of the Negro in the South. Under the auspices of the Southern Educational Board, she goes from rural school to rural school showing teachers how to equip kitchens at trifling cost and teach cooking. Her purpose was therefore to instruct teachers with a view to having them introduce cooking in their schools.

Very different was the course in Home Cooking offered by Miss Edwina B. Kruse, principal of the Howard High School of Wilmington, Del. The lessons consisted chiefly of the preparation of palatable and wholesome dishes made from left-overs. Although the class met at six o'clock each morning, so anxious were the teachers to learn to do practical cooking that more than could be accommodated elected the course the first day. Miss Kruse's charming personality won for her many friends. She took an interest in each one of the teachers. To belong to her own class was to be envied by the less fortunate. The Home Cooking Class took the lead in the social affairs of the Institute. In order that all might become acquainted, they gave a reception on the lawn, where they entertained more than four hundred people. Several breakfast parties were given to members of the Summer Faculty and distinguished guests of the school. One evening they prepared a dinner for the Hampton Institute Faculty.

But the Summer Normal did not depend entirely upon the Home Cooking Class for entertainment. An author's reading was given by Mr. D. Webster Davis, the lecturer on Negro Ideals, who is one of the poets of the race. An interesting literary and musical program was rendered by the pupil-teachers themselves. On another evening Mr. Seymour furnished an illustrated lecture on physical geography, which supplemented the work of Miss Showers. Jovial Captain Washington, the local manager of the



TWENTY TEACHERS WHO ATTENDED THE HAMPTON SUMMER NORMAL.

Summer School, was untiring in his efforts to entertain the teachers. He arranged many little sailing parties for them and twice took the whole institute out on the bay in a large sailboat. One of his most successful entertainments was a reception to the teachers at the Bay Shore Hotel on Chesapeake Bay. He also took them to Newport News to visit the great ship yards. This was instructive as well as enjoyable. All the teachers had a jolly time at the straw ride to the farm school at Shellbanks. The Hampton Institute Faculty very pleasantly entertained the teachers at a reception at Dr. Frizzell's house. The last evening of the institute, Major Moten, who has charge of the Hampton boys, delivered a very scholarly address. The subject was "A Comparative Study of the Negro and Indian from the Standpoint of Discipline." After the address there was held an exhibition of the work done in the various departments of the Summer School. Instructors and pupil-teachers alike were surprised at the amount of work done, especially in the manual arts. The exhibition was in itself an inspiration.

Very convenient was the book exhibit where teachers could examine for themselves the latest text books and order, at a reduced rate, directly from the publishers. Miss Garrison, who had charge, was ever ready to assist them in making selections and to call attention to good works in the lines in which they were interested.

The four general teachers' meetings were very helpful. Mr. John T. Freeman, Supervising Principal of public schools in the District of Columbia outside the city limits, led the discussion of the subject, "Some Rural School Problems and How to Meet Them." He suggested ways of using the materials at hand to improve the school. The importance of a school garden was emphasized. As this supplemented the work in Nature Study, so the able address of Mr. Philip Gerry, director of English in the Manual Training Schools of Washington, sup-

plemented the work in English. His subject was "English Training in Common Things." He explained to the teachers the importance of drawing materials for English from the common things about them, showing what excellent opportunities for language work are afforded in the school garden and the manual arts. The third morning talk was led by Mrs. Anna J. Murray, Secretary of the National Kindergarten Association. It was through the efforts of Mrs. Murray that Congress passed a bill providing for the establishment of kindergartens in the public schools of Washington. Her subject was "The Educative Value of Play." She continued her work by teaching all who were willing to learn the kindergarten games. An entertainment was given one evening, consisting of trade and farmers' songs, sung and acted by the Institute teachers. There was no instructor of kindergarten work, but teachers who became interested in the subject through Mrs. Murray's lecture could observe the model kindergarten under the direction of Miss A. V. Bradley of Hampton. The last morning talk was along the line especially emphasized by Hampton Institute and the Summer Normal. The discussion of the subject, "The Value of Manual Training," was led by Mr. John A. Chamberlain, director of Manual Training in Washington. As many of the teachers were Hampton graduates, who were trying to introduce Manual Training in their schools, this was the most interesting discussion of the Institute.

Of unparalleled benefit were the sessions of the Hampton Negro Conference. Realizing that the masses of our people are in the country, the conference devoted much time to the consideration of the problems of rural life. Reports were read from farmers' improvement societies in several states. The conditions in the cities were not, however, forgotten. It was recommended that our people seek individual homes in the suburbs of cities rather than in the overcrowded tenements. In

the discussion of the problem of domestic service, the conference urged that training schools should be established to increase the efficiency of the servant class. The conference thus broadened the horizons of the teachers. They were enabled to look beyond their own little communities, their own states, and consider the progress of the race and its needs. So each one could see how best in his own little corner to aid in the general advancement of the race.

On the whole, Hampton Institute and the conductor of the Summer Normal School are to be congratulated in that they have given to the teachers, through the selection of able and sympathetic instructors, who, because of long experience, were acquainted with the conditions that must be met by the pupil-teachers, and through the arrangement of a thoroughly practical

course of study, together with the general meetings, the conference, the various entertainments, and excursions, inspiration, real help, and pleasure which will enable them to teach with greater zeal, to use better methods, to do more work; in short, to be more hopeful and more helpful during the coming year.

As to the Hampton Summer Normal of the future, if it pursues its present policy, it is bound to continue to be the biggest and best school of its kind. A six weeks' course has been talked of. Advanced courses must be arranged in all subjects, for those who attended this year have signified their intention to return. This indicates an increase in numbers and a broadening of the course of study which will make the Hampton Summer Normal the Chatauqua of the South.

REV. JOHN HENRY DORSEY.

J. SHIRLEY SHADRACH.

On Saturday, June 21, 1902, in the Baltimore Cathedral, John Henry Dorsey, a Baltimorean, and a graduate of Epiphany Apostolic College, was raised to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, by his eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. On Sunday, the day following, Father Dorsey celebrated his first mass at St. Francis Xavier's Catholic Church, Calvert and Pleasant streets, being assisted by Rev. C. R. Uncles, the colored priest of Clayton, Delaware; Rev. J. A. St. Laurent, pastor of St. Francis Xavier's Church, and Rev. Louis Boulden, a colored theological student at St. Joseph's Seminary; Rev. Charles Evers, of Brooklyn, master of ceremonies; Rev. John Green and Rev. John Planteville, acolytes.

The sermon was preached by Very Rev. J. R. Slattery, Superior of St. Joseph's Society for Colored Missions.

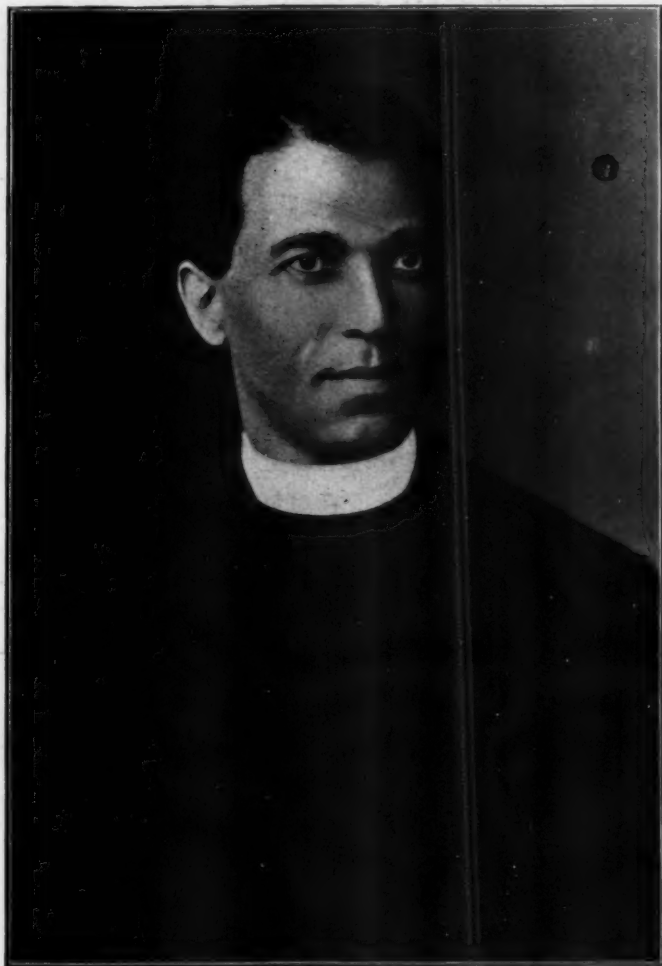
The church was crowded long before services began, and the aisles and gallery, as well as the steps leading to the gallery, were filled with those who preferred standing to missing the interesting event. The congregation was swelled by about four hundred persons who came over from Washington to witness the ceremony.

The choir had been augmented by additions from among leading singers in Baltimore and Washington, and under the leadership of Prof. Ambrose Briscoe rendered the music of the mass with exquisite taste.

At the end of the religious service, an informal reception was held in the Sunday School hall, and fully two thousand persons pressed forward and tendered Father Dorsey their sincere congratulations on the sacred honor conferred upon him by the Eternal Church.

Later in the day Mr. Richard Wells gave an elaborate dinner in Rev. Dorsey's honor, and from five to seven P. M. a public reception was held on the veranda of his handsome residence on O street.

ministry. Rev. Charles R. Uncles was the first, at the hands of Cardinal Gibbons, in Baltimore, December 31, 1891. Rev. Father Tolton, who died in Chicago from sunstroke some years ago, was ordained at Rome.



REV. JOHN HENRY DORSEY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Among visitors from Washington were Register Lyons, Judge Terrell, C. Marcellus Dorsey, L. M. Hersham, J. W. Cromwell, Dr. U. S. Lofton, Harry S. Cummings, Willis Smith and Rev. Louis Boulden.

Father Dorsey enjoys the distinction of being the second Negro in the United States ordained to the Roman Catholic

Rev. John Henry Dorsey, son of Daniel and Emma Dorsey, who are descendants of an old Maryland family of Roman Catholics, was born in Baltimore, and received his early education in the public schools of his native city. In 1888, Very Rev. John R. Slattery, then and now a distinguished laborer for the uplifting of the Negro race, began his ini-

tial work in the formation of schools and colleges for the education of young white and colored men for missionaries among the Southern colored people in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church.

brought his protégé east to become a pupil there.

Father Dorsey graduated with high honors in June, 1893, and matriculated the following September at St. Joseph's



REV. FLORENCE RANDOLF, NEWARK, N. J.

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Rev. Dorsey, then fourteen years of age, made application for admission to this school, and was received. Rev. Dr. Slaterry sent young Dorsey to St. Paul, Minn., to study under Archbishop Ireland, where he remained one year. During that time Father Slaterry had opened Epiphany College at Walbrook, and he

Seminary, also established by Father Slaterry. His course was then interrupted by ill health, and theological studies were abandoned and Rev. Dorsey taught school in Richmond, Va., and in Baltimore. He resumed his studies in September, 1897, attending the seminary and taking additional courses in philosophy

and theology at St. Mary's Sulpician Seminary. At both institutions he did brilliant work, indicating a high degree of intellectual capacity, and the three honorary degrees of the seminary were conferred upon him.

Father Dorsey is a man of athletic build and possessed of great physical strength. His countenance is most benignant, his manners suggestive of poise, reserved strength, social tact and great delicacy of feeling. To the discharge of his sacred duties he brings a mind thoroughly consecrated in the fullest sense to his priestly calling.

Rev. Dorsey has been flooded with invitations to visit almost every section of the country, but he will not accept them prior to entering upon his special field of labor at Montgomery, Ala., next fall. On July 13, 1902, he sang solemn high mass at St. Augustine Roman Catholic Church, Washington, D. C. Once before—during the life of Father Tolton—a colored man celebrated mass in this church. Now, as then, a vast throng crowded the aisles, the doors and portico of this magnificent edifice, listening in silent reverence to the deep, rich, musical tones of a Negro's voice reading in the language of the Caesars, thus filling the most sacred office of a church which has existed in all ages, among all people, in all climes.

Father Slattery is noted for his defense of the colored race, and his devotion to their cause. He preached a forcible sermon, arguing strongly for colored priests in the colored churches. He made a number of brilliant points in favor of the Negro:

"The African church of early days was the most glorious part of the Western church. Origen, Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine were all Africans. The foremost western races of to-day furnished the slave marts in those early times. Since then the Aryans have advanced, and the Blacks have become the slaves—hewers of wood and carriers of water."

"The Negro, as a free man in our Western world, has not had a long or

fair enough trial—only 40 years. A fair show and no favor are all the Negro claims. Has he had them?"

"The common objection to Negro priests is on the score of morality. We do not think the whites can afford to throw stones at the blacks on this point; mulattoes, quadroons and such folks don't drop from the skies. If the stand of denying orders because some fall away, had been taken from the tenth to the fifteen centuries, Catholicism would have been dead before Luther's time."

"The spirit of the political party inimical to the Negro, to which the bulk of Catholics belong, dominates many Catholics. It is this un-Catholic sentiment which looks askance on Negro priests."

"The very men who will lynch a Negro will have Negro domestics, and trust the care of their homes to the sable race. The record of the whites in the daily papers gives a pretty poor showing. Are the 99,900 Negroes of Baltimore to be condemned because 100 commit crimes?"

Father Slattery spoke like a man, and we honor him and thank him.

Father Slattery's reference to the first spread of Christianity brings out the fact that in addition to its effect on the belief, the lives and conduct of men, it had also important intellectual results. There thus arose a series of theological writers, both in Greek and Latin, who are known as the Christian Fathers, among whom the blacks were most famous:

Tertullian. Born at Carthage, A. D. 160. First of the Latin writers of the Church. His chief work, his "Apology for Christians", written about A. D. 198.

Origen. Born in Egypt, A. D. 185, editor and commentator of the Scriptures, wrote in Greek.

Cyprian. Archbishop of Carthage, in the middle of the third century. His chief work, "Unity of the Church". He suffered martyrdom under Valerian.

Augustine. Born in Numidia, Africa, A. D. 354. Bishop of Hippo, known as the Father of Latin Theology. A man of powerful intellect and eloquence. His chief works are: "On the Grace of

Christ", "Original Sin", the "City of God", and his "Confessions" (an autobiography).

"The common objection to Negro priests is on the score of morality."

Utter nonsense!

Yet how rotten are our politics and religion when it is necessary for a priest to defend a helpless people against malicious outrage at this stage of progressive civilization. Generally, too, there is a curb upon every tongue when the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed Negro is under discussion. Wealth, party, and (in some measure) piety are against us.

The immorality of the Negro is a popular fad constantly sounded in the public ear. Says Goethe: "The phrases men are accustomed to repeat incessantly, end in becoming convictions, and ossify the organs of intelligence."

But why this mighty cry rising to heaven against one race alone when all are guilty of the same crime? The wish is father to the thought.

After 250 years of bondage, suddenly the chattel became a man. Ignorant of civilized life, untrained, unintelligent, his ambition and manhood crushed and degraded to the level of the brute, race-womanhood best described by Phillips when he said: "The South is one vast brothel, where half a million of women are flogged to prostitution, or, worse still, are degraded to believe it honorable."

Of this race the highly cultured American Anglo-Saxon exclaims, after only 40 years of partial manhood: "The Negro is hopelessly immoral!" Their judgment is guaged by the most severe moral tests known to man.

The Negro is true to his environment; he is no better and no worse than those whose conduct he copies in living, dress, education, religion and morals. The social evil is everywhere, growing while we sleep. The curse which is a veritable hell to the multitude is common to whites and blacks, yellows, browns and reds throughout the Republic; from the Puritan New Englander who sells her honor

for a political position in her own State to the descendant of the F. F. V.'s, who does the same at the magnificent capital of this opulent Union.

The Southern white woman poses in the eyes of the world as the most virtuous of women. We sincerely hope she is. But human nature is the same the world over, and we mark the fact that handsome Negroes cut a wide swath in some communities. And the sin brings its punishment in lynchings and burnings and the torments of the accursed—to the Negro. No guilty woman hesitates one instant to sacrifice her dusky lover to save her reputation.

Let him who is without sin cast the first stone. The Negro meets harsh rebuke, indignant denunciation, scathing sarcasm and pitiless ridicule at every corner. Citizens think it a small matter to ruin a race of men. Father Slattery may well say: "A fair show and no favor are all the Negro claims; but he has not had them."

The influence of the South is everywhere. She does not hesitate to avow her terrible meaning.

"We took the Government away. We stuffed ballot boxes. We shot Negroes. We are not ashamed of it. We eliminated all the colored people that we could under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

"I want to call your attention to the remarkable change that has come over the spirit of the dream of the Republicans; to remind you, gentlemen from the North, that your slogans of the past—brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God—have gone glimmering down the ages." [Tillman.]

These things will not come true as long as the Catholic Church speaks with the true-hearted ring of a Rev. Dr. Slattery.

Once the Negro had many such friends—giant men—Garrisons, Sumners, Phillips and Ben Butlers espoused the lowly Negro's cause.

But in politics it is the dollar that is against us as it is in everything—fraud, bribery, corruption, have destroyed principle.

The Negro, too, has been bullied until he is gradually submitting to all indignities for the sake of a dishonorable peace and the almighty dollar.

sink deep. In General Butler's life was a lesson for the youth of our entire country. But the monument to him was talked down by a Negro!



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See Page 432.

"Mammon leads them on.
Let none admire that riches grow in hell;
that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane."

As Rev. Slattery said, we do not protest against the evil of disfranchisement as we should. We do not stand by our friends as we ought.

No one will deny that our liberties are slowly and surely slipping from our grasp.

Monuments are schools whose lessons

God save us! What are we coming to?
What have we to expect when the spirit of New Orleans regulates the monuments to Massachusetts' sons?

Somewhere there is a subtle force operating against us.

"They work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that we no less
At length from them may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe."

"No discrimination because of race, color, or previous condition" is the motto of the Catholic Church, and she is fast regaining her old power in the world, because of her charity towards all. The policy of the Catholic Church, too, is in favor of an educated clergy, upon whose strength the people may confidently lean.

A bit of history.

At the commencement of the period of conquest, the Roman dominion was confined to the peninsular of Italy; at its close it extended over the whole of Southern Europe from the Atlantic to the straits of Constantinople, over a portion of Northern Africa, Egypt, Asia Minor and Syria. Before the conquest she was merely one of the "Great Powers" of the then known world; at its close she was the only Great Power left.

The addition of conquered countries resulted in a new feature of Roman rule called Provincial government, and a vast population of various races and languages were all bound together by the power of Roman rule. The effect of foreign conquest was good and bad; but the evil outweighed the good. Wealth poured into Rome. The political system became corrupt. Great prizes in great offices at home and abroad caused unblushing bribery and corruption.

Vast masses of people ceased from honest industry to subsist upon the price

of their votes, the middle class was obliterated and there remained but two extremes—grandee and pauper. The country filled up with a motley parasitic population and the result of intermixture appeared in the degeneracy of the Roman race itself.

The decay of virtue soon became apparent in a great increase of luxury—extravagance in houses, villas, pleasure gardens, dress, food, drink—\$5,000 were often paid for an exquisite cook. The lustre of Roman power and glory were then at their height. What a grand thing it then was to be a Roman citizen—followed, feasted, flattered! What a career was opened to them who wished for wealth or aspired to fame! But in the midst of glory the germs of decay were ripening.

All this seems very familiar. History repeats itself. There is nothing new under the sun. Decay stands with tottering limbs and feeble breath, I fear me much, at the doors of the great American Republic, and lisps that we draw near the gates.

Man has always been spiritually little, weak, and, towards a helpless reca-infernal.

Plain words and harsh criticism? Well truth is harsh, and justice uncompromising.

If there is salt in the preaching the galled horse will wince.

But to change public opinion?

That is a difficult problem!

* THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Oh, I know the night is falling
On the long day of the "Trust,"
And I hear the people calling
For a leader who is just.
He shall come and he shall lead them
To the glory of the light,
They shall know that God has freed them
From the tyranny of Might.

* Courtesy of *The New York American*, 1902, by W. R. Hearst.

Oh, I know when comes the master,
 He will make us understand
 That the world's supreme disaster
 Is monopoly of land.
 Human wrongs could all be righted,
 Joy could sit beside each hearth,
 If the minds of men united
 In demanding back the earth.

Yes, I hear the people's voices,
 Growing stronger as they call,
 And my hopeful heart rejoices
 At the meaning of it all.
 For the cry is from all classes,
 Save the plutocrats of greed,
 And this mingling of the masses
 Means a force the world must heed.

Not for one, but for the many,
 Is the richness of the soil.
 God reserved no rights for any,
 Save the willing sons of toil.
 Hear, ye weary shop repiner;
 Hear, ye homeless slave of rent;
 Hear, ye bowed and pallid miner;
 For man's use the earth was meant.

Let your voices swell the chorus
 That insists upon our claim.
 We can sweep all things before us,
 If we focus on this aim.
 Put away the bun and sabre—
 For in thought lies greater might.
 Know the Earth belongs to Labor—
 And let Labor claim its right.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION A PRECEDENCE FOR THE NEGRO.

D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER.

In the Forum for the month of May, 1902 appears an article entitled "The Negro and Higher Learning", written by Prof. W. S. Scarborough of Wilberforce University, Ohio.

The views expressed by the writer are worthy of serious reflection, not only because of the Erudition and scholarly ability of the writer, more especially in the branch of instruction of which he treats,

but also because the question of the difference or precedence between an industrial education for the Negro in the United States, and what is known and accepted as a classical or higher education, is the vital question of the hour, in regard to the lasting progress of the Negro race in America.

The trend of the article by the learned Professor leads to the belief that he re-

gards the higher education of the Negro as essential to his progress. There can be no serious dispute about this proposition, if by the term "Higher Education" is meant entire education. But if, on the contrary, higher education means the exclusion or restriction of a division of knowledge, the question arises which should have the precedence in the progress of the Negro? If the Negro be discriminated against in seeking knowledge, that which he is denied in common with others, is the element which needs determination, as to his necessity for obtaining it; not only for the mere possession, but also for the resultant benefits.

It is credited Mr. Herbert Spencer in saying, "That a true education is a ladder which has one end in the gutter and the other amidst the stars," indicating the unlimited gamut of man's aspiration or knowledge. But should any one rung be taken out of this ladder, below the topmost, it is easy to perceive how one ascending may be restricted from reaching the topmost.

The Negro in his progress since his emancipation from slavery in the United States, has been largely the ward of the philanthropic white man not only in his education, but also his material worth. Much less in the latter than the former. His spiritual development and his educational advancement have both been pushed forward to the detriment and disadvantage of his material and industrial progress. Hence when Mr. Booker T. Washington announced his famous propaganda of industrial education for the Negro, although not in any wise an original thought, since General O. O. Howard, President of Howard University, had the Industrial annex from the inception of that institution in full working order; so likewise Rev. Jos. Price, President of Livingstone College, N. C., many years before, the idea of Mr. Washington received the greatest recognition and acceptance, because the time was ripe in the public mind to determine as to the precedence of the different branches of education for the Negro. The Negro had learned Greek, Latin, higher mathematics, and had entered upon the pro-

fession of law and medicine, but was yet denied the rights of civilized opportunity as enjoyed and engaged in by all other races in his midst. And the question why was this thus, was the question of the hour when Mr. Booker T. Washington delivered his famous speech at Atlanta which has done so much good for the Negro, with so little evil. It is the little evil which doubtless Prof. Scarborough seeks to eliminate, while accepting the good done, when he writes, "I would have the Negro taught the dignity of labor, the nobility of work; that idleness is a crime, and that to every task of hand or brain the best within him should be brought," and then continues "But while the Negro must have these in order to rise, he must, if he would reach the highest point of civilization, have the other and higher learning as well." Thus the reader sees that Prof. Scarborough deems it of no significance under the present condition of the Negro, to determine whether or not industrial education should have precedence of a "higher learning".

This the writer of this article assumes to be of vital importance under the present condition of the Negro race in America, notwithstanding the confusion of interpretation made by some as against others, as to what is really meant by the industrial education so strenuously advocated for the Negro. Those who would have the Negro as the peasant class in America, limited to a certain sphere, and a more limited degree of civilization than his whiter fellow citizen would deny him a "higher learning", and restrict him to manual labor, skilled or unskilled, another and juster class, looking rather at the economic advancement of the Negro as the surest foundation for his "higher learning", believe that to secure a higher learning for the Negro an industrial basis must be secured. In other words, he must advance from material worth to intellectual advancement by his own energy and skill. Commerce, trade and agriculture have always preceded the intellectual development of any race, and the Negro must not expect to be an exception. The Greek waned under the

pure ideal in art and thought. The Roman perished with arms as a livelihood. The Saxon and Anglo-Saxon have lived and prospered beginning with the commerce of tin, extending to the high intellectual development of science, art and literature. Says Daniel Webster: "The elevation of character which comes from the ownership of property is lasting."

The Negro cannot much longer remain a ward. He must take his stand as an heir to citizenship reaching maturity.

The higher learning he seeks he must be able to maintain. Prof. Scarborough must see this when he complains that "the higher education of the Negro is in danger of languishing on account of lack of adequate financial support."

The Negro must be capable of endowing as well as being endowed in his institutions of learning. If he would have his Etons, Cambridges, Yales, Dartmouths and Ann Arbors, he must be able to substantially maintain them. That he should have them to the end of a higher education is as necessary to his higher development as it is to his white fellow-man. But how has the latter reached this higher attainment? Is it not through his industrial and commercial development? Are not white men of higher education either themselves the product of early industrial training or the sons of those so engaged? Are not most of our lawyers, doctors, Scientists and literati of the white race the sons of farmers or merchants? So likewise must the Negro reach a higher education than the common school affords. He must begin at the lower round of the ladder, and by industrial, as well as classic toil, reach the topmost rung. He must be able to maintain his sons at these institutions of higher learning as does the white race. Our McKees must use their wealth more to promoting self-advancement than has been recently illustrated. It took a father of material worth, such as young Tanner, the famous painter has, to maintain a son in the studios of France. I concede there are exceptions; but this is the rule. "Higher education is to be the principal factor in forcing recognition through achievement along the lines to

which the world pays the highest respect and honor," says Prof. Scarborough. Experience does not prove this to be so. How many of our colored graduates have been forced by condition of want of recognition to enter upon recognized menial services, because their employees were of the class who had an industrial and commercial status and their own race had but little or none? Out of what source are we to support our professionals, may even our tradesmen, if the line of demarcation is made between the black and white laborers in their employment as is now evidenced in well nigh every business engaged in by the white race.

It has always been a source of regret by the writer that those who complain or criticise the social condition of the Negro, offer no remedy for improvement or reform.

What then is the remedy so that a higher education for the Negro may become more easily attainable by and through his industrial and commercial progress? This question may be answered in the remark made by one that "The high-water mark of society will never be reached until every man has an opportunity to develop himself." What a Negro most then needs is a wider and less restricted opportunity for self-development. The doors of our institutions for higher learning are open wide to the Negro, but the industrial gates stand afar and in many instances closed.

If the African Methodist Episcopal Church had not carved out its opportunity among the several religious denominations, it would not have its bishops and clergy, its schools, colleges and universities, owned, maintained by its self-energy, to the value of several millions of dollars.

So likewise in civil affairs the Negro must gather material worth, to the end of owning houses and lands, and possessing money to maintain and support its own members, when shut out by prejudice.

The hard hearted Pharaohs who criticise the Negro, and call him inferior, are those who would have him make bricks without straw, and who deny him the straw. Nothing remains but an indus-

trial education for the Negro, such as will fit him for the struggle of existence among the other races. The differentiation which marks the two races, black and white, is caused by the product of difference in material worth, more so than intellectual advancement.

It is easy to perceive how ineffectual even industrial education above the higher learning will be in the solution of the Negro problem, unaided by equal opportunity for its exercise. Today the Negro as a rule cannot get equal employment in the industrial marts with his white fellow citizen. Storekeepers, sellers of merchandise, manufacturers, banks and offices alike, either refuse to employ him or only in a limited and inferior degree, both as to number and class of employment.

Thus we see how many evil results may arise, unless the so-called Negro problem is squared and measured by the rule of equal opportunity by the white race, in whose hands the solution must ultimately rest. This responsibility is seldom and but little reflected upon by those who criticise, or even seek reform in present conditions. A thousand Tuskeges, or ten thousand Booker T. Washingtons, will avail but little, despite the great good Mr. Washington is doing in preparing the Negro for the coming struggle for existence, unless the white race aid in the solution by giving the Negro equal opportunity to labor in the

fields of industry carried on by the dominant race. The other proposition is, that the Negro himself must create this demand. This I deem Mr. Washington is wisely and well doing in his efforts at Tuskegee. So likewise are other instructors along like lines. I have somewhat strayed from the original proposition, by seeking collateral proof, to show that industrial education should have the precedence in the education of the Negro under present condition. A higher education will always reach its plane when the material advancement of the Negro is attained. I have hitherto contended for a higher education for the Negro as against those who claim that he is unfit to receive it. It is this distinction between right and expediency which has hampered Booker T. Washington in the interpretation given his statements about industrial education for the Negro.

The Negro hater says Washington means an inferior education for the Negro. Mr. Washington has denied this; but the virus has entered the body, hence we find Prof. Scarborough and others properly contending for a higher education for the Negro, upon the ground that the Republic is entitled to the highest development of all of its citizens. This article is written for the purpose of differentiating between the right to a higher education for the Negro and the expediency of an industrial education for the mass.



WINONA.*

A TALE OF NEGRO LIFE IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XV.

About 1840 a white man appeared in Buffalo, N. Y., and joined his fortunes with the Indian tribes of that section, finally becoming their chief with the name of White Eagle, and making his home on an island in Lake Erie.

Buffalo was the last and most important station of the underground railroad. Among the fugitives was a handsome slave girl whom the chief married; she died, leaving him a daughter, Winona. Another fugitive died, leaving a male child whom the chief adopted, by the name of Judah. The children passed their childhood in hunting, fishing and attending the public schools.

In 1855 Warren Maxwell, an Englishman, came to America for his law firm in search of the heir to the Carlingford estates, which were left without an heir, the legal claimant having fled to America to escape a charge of murder. Maxwell arrives at Buffalo in a heavy storm, and stops at a hostelry kept by Mr. Ebenezer Maybee. In the night Winona and Judah bring the news that White Eagle has shot himself. The two men return to the island with the children; find the chief dead, and the verdict is murder by unknown parties. The children are friendless; Maxwell is greatly interested in them, and proposes taking them back to England with him. He leaves Buffalo for a few weeks, and upon his return finds that the children have been claimed by their mothers' owners under the Fugitive Slave Act, and taken to Missouri.

Two years later Maxwell visits the plantation of Colonel Titus, still searching for heirs to the Carlingford estates, on which Titus has a distant claim, and there he finds Winona and Judah. Judah visits him by night, and tells of the cruelties he has suffered. Winona and he are to be taken to St. Louis the next week and sold. They plan an escape. Maxwell agrees to meet them on steamer.

While waiting their arrival Maxwell meets Mr. Maybee, and learns that he is bound for Kansas, to assist the Free Soilers in swinging Kansas into the list of free states. Warren tells him the story of the children, and asks his advice.

Maybee proposes an escape by the underground railroad to John Brown's camp in Kansas.

The fugitives after escaping from steamer gain the shelter of Parson Steward's cabin, a station of the underground railroad. In the morning they start for John Brown's camp, where they leave Mr. Maybee, Winona and Judah. Maxwell and Steward start on the return trip, the former promising to rejoin them on the trip to Canada. The next night the two men are attacked by the "Rangers" under Thomson. Steward is killed and Maxwell made prisoner.

Maxwell is taken from the mob by Colonel Titus, tried, and sentenced to be hanged, after one year in the penitentiary, for inciting slaves to escape. Disguised as a boy, Winona is thrown into jail as a runaway slave, and traces Maxwell's whereabouts for John Brown's men, who rescue him from his perilous position.

A rescue band headed by Captain Brown, and aided by Winona, disguised as a boy, enters the prison and releases Maxwell, who is then taken to the Brown camp and nursed back to health.

Soon after this the antislavery men are attacked by the Rangers, who are defeated with great slaughter. Colonel Titus is killed; Thomson is captured by Judah, who compels him to leap to death from a high cliff to the bed of the Possawatamie River.

CHAPTER XV. (Concluded).

A superb, masterful smile played over the ebony visage of the now solitary figure upon the mountainside. In his face shone a glitter of the untamable torrid ferocity of his tribe not

pleasing to see. The first act in his bold and sagacious plans was successful; once free, it only remained for him to carry them out with the same inexorable energy.

The upraised hands and straining eyeballs, rigid and stonelike, the gaping, bloodless lips, the muttered curse—all had passed from sight like an unpleasant dream. Judah, intently listening to the ominous thud, thud, thud, of that falling body, the swish of displaced bushes, and the rattle of gravel and stones, was not moved from the stoicism of his manner, save in the fearful smile that still played over his features. Then, as he listened, there came a last awful cry, a scream that startled all nature and awoke echo after echo along the hillside—a scream like no sound in earth or heaven—unruman and appalling. He made a step forward to the brink and looked over and then drew back.

A while he leaned upon his gun in meditation. He was a morbid soul preying upon its recollection, without the gift of varied experience; it was not strange that vengeance seemed to him earth's only blessing. To him his recent act was one of simple justice. Hate, impotent hate, had consumed his young heart for two years. An eye for an eye was a doctrine that commended itself more and more to him as he viewed the Negro's condition in life, and beheld the horrors of the system under which he lived.

Judged by the ordinary eye Judah's nature was horrible, but it was the natural outcome or growth of the "system" as practiced upon the black race. He felt neither remorse nor commiseration for the deed just committed. To him it was his only chance of redress for the personal wrongs inflicted upon Winona and himself by the strong, aggressive race holding them in unlawful bondage. Time and place were

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forgotten as he stood there like a statue. He was back in the past. His thoughts ran backwards in an unbroken train until the scene before him changed to the island and the day when the careless happiness of his free youth was broken by the advent of the strangers, Colonel Titus and Bill Thomson. Then had followed the murder of White Eagle.

Yes, once he had a friend, but he was dead—dead by a man's hand. And he—but a moment since went over the cliff. It was well!

As through a mist, queries and propositions and possibilities took shape, there on the cliffside, that had never before presented themselves to him. As he stood in the blazing sunlight, his brain throbbed intolerably and every pulsation was a shooting pain. Why had he been so dull of comprehension? What if a thought just born in his mind should prove true? O, to be free once more!

There was a rustle of leaves, and out from the shadow of the trees filed a number of the anti-slavery men headed by Captain Brown and Parson Steward.

"Well, Judah," said Captain Brown, "we've been watching your little drama. You promised to kill him and you've done it."

"Boys," returned Judah, "and all of you, I leave it to you if I'm not right in ridding the world of such a beast as Thomson."

The men set up a cheer that echoed and re-echoed among the hills. The women in the cave heard with joyful hearts.

"I'd kill a snake wherever I found him," said one; "wudn't you, Parson?"

"Sure," replied the parson. "This is a holy war, and its only just begun."

"This is a great day. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; we've put to flight the armies of the Philistines," said Captain Brown.

"It is justice! I am satisfied," said Judah, scanning each solemn face before him with his keen eyes.

Parson Steward wore the same calm,

unruffled front touched with faint humor that had characterized him when first introduced to our readers. He was a trifle paler, but that was all that reminded one of the fact that only by a miracle, as it were, he had escaped death at the hands of cruel men. Judah grasped his hand in both of his.

"No wonder we have won, Parson; I heard them cry: 'Look at the Parson!' and then they fled in every direction."

"They reckoned he was dead, an' 'lowed he was a ghost. By gum, how they broke! It was easy work to pick them off," broke in one of the men.

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me where you come from, Parson; you've been dead to us for weeks past."

"Yes; we all want to learn how the Parson got here," said Captain Brown.

"Oh, I been pretty near you right along," replied the Parson, not a whit hurried or excited by the interest of his audience. "That night on the road with young Maxwell was a terrible one. They caught me off my guard for the first time in my life. I was filled with shot and left for dead. Next morning Reynolds got wind of the proceedings and went out to find my remains and give me a decent burial. I was breathing when he got me. That settled it. He toted me on his back to his house and hid me in his loft, and there I lay eight long weeks and every one thinking me dead. Boys, it was a close shave, and when I thought of my wife and children it was tough, turrible tough on the old man, but I left them in the hands of that God who has never failed me yet, and here I am right side up with care, and the old woman and kids safe and hearty here in your camp." He ended solemnly, and the men doffed their ragged hats in humble homage.

"Amen!" said Captain Brown. "All's well that ends well," and they continued their tramp up the mountain-side to the cave.

Impelled by a morbid fascination, Judah climbed down the mountain path seeking the bed of the stream below where lay the body of his foe.

CHAPTER XVI.

All through the long morning Winona patrolled her beat listening with anxious heart to the sounds of distant firing which the breeze brought to her ears from time to time. At noon one of Captain Brown's daughters brought her coffee; it was the only break in her solitary vigil. She scanned the horizon with anxious eyes, but having no field-glass was unable to distinguish friend from foe among the figures scarcely discernible with the naked eye.

In the dim vistas of the woods it was cool and shady, but the sun beat down mercilessly upon the sides of the cliff, and as she watched the shifting rays she wondered how the battle went in sickening dread, and then rebuked her own impatience for news. As the hours wore on, the shadows began to lengthen; their long fingers crossed the hills pointing darkly toward the river. The girl was unhappy and fearful in her mind; yet she tried to comfort herself, but for a time her firm head played her false enough to picture flames leaping from the woods from the low roofs of the huts amid the corn-stalks, and little children under merciless hoofs, and the awful tumult of flight for life. That was no more than they must expect if the Rangers won. "But they won't win!" she thought, with a brave smile on her face and a heavy heart in her bosom.

Overcome at length by the restless fever within, she determined to risk all in an endeavor to obtain news of her friends—of Warren. She started toward the battle line about the time Judah met Thomson on another spur of the mountain. Reaching the stream Winona followed the bed for some distance in the shadow of the cliff.

Suddenly, far above her head, she heard the gunshot, the scream of agony tearing through space, at once an alarm and rallying cry; it meant to the lonely girl all the savagery of battle; it might mean havoc and despair. She covered her face with her hands a moment, removing them the next in-

stant in time to see a falling body drop into the water almost at her feet. Terror rendered her motionless. The soft waves stole up and flung themselves over the quiet body huddled there breast high in the stream. Then a new thought came to her—"if it should be Warren!" Gathering herself up, she stumbled through the grass to the edge of the river, fell on her knees on the bank and surveyed the helpless shape lying there. A groan broke from the white lips. She nerved herself to move nearer. She took the unconscious head in both hands and turned the face toward herself and—looked into the sightless eyes of Thomson.

Her relief was so great that she sobbed aloud; then after giving broken thanks that it was not Warren, she rose from her knees and began to look about her for means to succor the man before her. He was her enemy, but the mother instinct that dwells in all good women, which can look on death, gave her calmness and strength to do, and the heart to forgive.

She turned to seek help and faced Judah coming out from the trees. "Oh, Judah, he is alive!" she exclaimed, pointing to the inanimate figure in the water. Judah gazed at her in surprise, then said:

"What! Not dead yet? I thought I had settled his case for all time. How came you here?"

"I came out to look for the wounded. Help me to carry this man to camp; surely you are satisfied now. You cannot shoot a dying man," she said, sternly catching the ferocious light that still glimmered in his eyes as he lifted his gun to the hollow of his arm.

"I did it for you as much as for myself. Have you forgotten your father?" he added, reproachfully.

"I do not forget. God forbid! But you have done enough."

"Not enough," replied Judah. "He is the hater of my race. He is of those who enslave both body and soul and damn us with ignorance and vice and take our manhood. I made an oath; it was no idle threat."

He poised his gun. Quick as a flash the girl threw herself before the unconscious Thomson. "You shall not! You make yourself as vile as the vilest of them—our enemies. Let the man die in peace. See, he is almost gone."

"Yes, Judah, it is enough; she is right," said Warren Maxwell's voice as he joined the group by the stream. "Surely you must be sick of bloodshed. Have you not had enough?"

With a glad cry Winona was folded in her lover's arms.

"Let it be as you wish," said Judah after a short time, as he silently viewed the happiness of the lovers. Then he prepared to help Warren lift Thomson from the stream. They turned faint and sick at the sight of the man's wounds. "His back is broken," said Warren, in reply to Winona's questioning eyes.

"It were more merciful to shoot him on the spot," said Judah, but even he felt now the sheer human repulsion from such butchery master him, as they moved slowly and carefully up the steep ascent.

The Rangers were completely routed by the desperate valor of the Brown men. Incredible as it seemed, most of the enemy had been killed outright and a number of prisoners taken, who were to be tried by court-martial and shot, according to the rough justice of the times.

The anti-slavery men met with small loss, but among the wounded was Ebenezer Maybee. With the other wounded men he was carried back to camp; at sunrise the next morning he was aroused from his stupor by a volley of musketry. Steward was at his side. He asked what it meant.

"Well, partner, you know we won the fight," said he. "Captain Brown is a shootin' all the pris'ners; well, now, ain't that tough fer a prefesser?"

"No, not all the prisoners," replied the Parson. "The most of them have been begged off by young Maxwell. He's the most softest hearted young feller I ever met for such a good shot."

"This yer's a good cause to go in, Parson."

The Parson answered grufly, in a choked voice: "You ain't goin' nowhere, partner; we'll pull you through."

Maybee's face worked, and he planted a knowing wink in vacancy. "We've been partners fer a right smart spell, ain't we, Parson?"

The Parson frowned hard to keep back the tears. "You're a man to tie to, Maybee."

"No, now," sputtered Maybee, breaking down at last; "d— ye, Parson, don't make a baby er me." Then with a change of voice he asked, "What's come o' Thomson an' the colonel?"

"Devil's got the colonel and he's waiting fer Thomson; we've got him with a broken back next door to this house. Judah did it. My! but that boy's as ferocious as a tiger."

Maybee nodded. "Well, he's a good boy, is Jude; I've knowed him sense he was knee-high to a toad; been through a heap; don' blame him fer bein' ferocious. I ain't sorry I jined the boys, Parson, fer all I got my ticket. It's a good cause, Parson, a good cause, and you'll see a heap o' fun befo' you're through with it; wish't I could be here to see it, too. You found your ol' woman and the kids all safe, Parson?"

"I did," replied the Parson, cordially.

"Jes' break it gently to Ma' Jane, partner, that I got my death in an hones' fight, an' tell her she's all right, havin' everything in her name an' power of attorney to boot."

"I will do so," promised the Parson, solemnly.

One of the men came in with a message for the Parson. Thomson was conscious and going fast; he wanted the Parson and Winona.

Thomson still lived; none knew why; his stupor had left him conscious. Paralyzed in every limb, he could talk in a strong voice and was perfectly sane, and recognized those about him, but he was going fast.

"How long do you give me, doc.?" he asked Warren, jokingly.

"Until it touches the heart," replied Warren solemnly.

"Then it will be soon?" Warren nodded.

Thomson appeared to be thinking. "No," he muttered finally with a sigh, "I got to own up. Colonel's dead, ain't he?" Warren bowed.

"Well, then, 'tain't no use holdin' out. Bring in the gal and Judah, an' take down every word I say if you want the gal to have her own. You're a lawyer, ain't you? Sent out here on the Carlingford case, warn't you? Never struck you that me and the Colonel knew where to find the man you was huntin', did it?" His voice was spent, and Warren, his mind in a tumult, held a glass of liquor to the dying man's lips, and then sent for Winona and Judah and Parson Steward. They came instantly, and with the transient vigor imparted by the liquor Thomson opened his eyes again and said, in a clear tone: "I'm here yet, Judah; I almost got the one chance you offered me, but it ain't for long I'll hender you; I'm goin' fast."

No one answered the wretch, baffled alike in base passion and violent deeds, but Parson Steward began a fervent prayer for the dying. Something of his awful need for such a petition must have filtered through the darkness of the sin-cursed heart and he presently comprehended dimly the great change before him. He whispered at the close:

"That's all right, Parson. I know I deviled you an' tried to kill you; I did the same to the nigger—an' to Maxwell—but I done the girl worse 'n dirt. That's me you described in your prayer—a devilish wicked cuss, but I warn't always so, an' d—— me ef I ain't sorry! I'm goin' to try to make the damage I've done, good—to the girl, anyhow."

"Miserable sinners, miserable sinners, all of us. Madness is in our hearts while we live, and after that we go to the dead. God forgive us," muttered the Parson, not noting the dying man's profanity.

"Take down every word I say, Mr.

Maxwell, an' let me kiss the Book that it's all true."

The scene was intensely dramatic. Winona sat with clasped hands folded on her breast; she knew not what new turn of Fortune's wheel awaited her. Judah's dark, handsome face and stalwart form were in the background where he stood in a group formed by Captain Brown and his sons, who had been called to witness the confession.

As for Warren Maxwell, he felt the most intense excitement he had ever experienced in his life. His hands shook; he could scarcely hold the pen. Most of us creatures of flesh and blood know what that terrible feeling of suspense, of dread, with which we approach a crisis in our fate. It is indefinable, but comes alike to strong and weak, bold and timid. Such a crisis Maxwell felt was approaching in the fate of Winona and himself. There in we recognize the mesmeric force which holds mankind in an eternal brotherhood. Stronger than all in life, perhaps, is this mysterious force when a man feels that he has

"Set his life upon a cast,
And must abide the hazard of the die."

"Mr. Maxwell, you came to America to find the lost Captain Henry Carlingford, heir to the great Carlingford estates. You thought you were on a hopeless quest, did you not?" Warren nodded. It was noticeable that the man spoke in well-bred phrases, and had dropped his Southwestern accent. "You found the captain all right, but you never knew it. White Eagle was the man you wanted!"

There was a cry of astonishment from the listeners. Winona was in tears. Into Judah's eyes there crept the old ferocious glitter as he said:

"And so you murdered him! I have suspected as much for two years."

"No, no, Judah; I wasn't in that. Titus did the killing."

Now Warren lost sight of all personal interest in the case, seeing nothing but its legal aspect. He wrote rapidly, questioning the man closely.

"Why did Col. Titus commit this murder? How came you to know this?"

With great effort Thomson replied:

"Titus hated him because he stood between him and a vast fortune, and he was also jealous of his wife's love for Henry Carlingford; he was her lover from childhood, and she loved him until death."

"Then if you know this, I want you to tell me who killed young Lord George. Miss Venton was affianced to him. You can tell if you will, for Miss Venton married Colonel Titus." Warren spoke sternly and solmenly.

Thomson muttered to himself and then was silent; all waited breathlessly in painful silence. Would he solve the riddle, and tell the story of the crime for which a guiltless man had been condemned by a jury of his peers years before?

"No, it won't neither," they heard him say, and then he spoke aloud: "Everything must be made clear?"

"Yes," said Warren, "if you wish to help this poor girl whom you have wronged so cruelly."

"It won't be against you when you get on the other side, Thomson. Free your mind, my friend; it'll do you good. Terrible, verily, sir, is the Lord our God, but full of mercy," said Parson Steward.

"I'll take your word for it, Parson, but I never was much on religion; perhaps I'd fared better if I had been. Well, then, I killed Lord George. I swore to bring disgrace upon the entire Carlingford family. And I have done it; I have had a rich revenge. I was Lord George's valet; my sister, Miss Venton's maid. Lord George could never resist a pretty face, and my sister was more than that. Miss Venton loved Captain Henry, and Lord George found her an indifferent woman. She but obeyed her father's orders, and so Lord George made love to the maid, deceived her, and when he tired of his toy abandoned her to the usual fate of such women—the street. I found her when it was too late, and I swore re-

venge so long as one lived with a drop of the blood in his veins.

"One day the brothers quarrelled bitterly over Miss Venton; then was my chance. I shot Lord George in the back, and fled, knowing that suspicion would fall on Capt. Henry. It did; and two of my enemies were out of my way, for the Captain was tried and convicted and lived an outcast among savages for years; that was my little scheme for getting even. For the sake of his daughter Lillian, Colonel Titus killed White Eagle and held Winona as a slave, thus cutting off the last direct heir to Carlingford."

The faint voice ceased. The narrative was finished with great difficulty; the man failed rapidly. With a great effort he added: "Will you call it square, young fellow?—you and Winona—and Judah? I've done you bad, but I've told the truth at last. Mr. Maxwell—you know the rest—I reckon you'll marry the heiress—I'm glad.—Land in Canidy soon, boys; they'll be after you inside a week—big Government force—." Warren preserved his impassiveness by a struggle; the others followed the faint voice of the dying man with breathless attention; they felt that every word of this important confession was true.

Maxwell was filled with a hope that agitated him almost beyond control.

"Why, surely," he said, at length, in a voice that trembled in spite of himself, as he rose and joined Winona and Judah at the bedside, "I'm awfully grateful to you for telling me this; it makes my work easy."

"I sort o' hated to tell, fer a fac'," he said, falling back into his usual vernacular, "but I'm glad I done it." His voice failed; a gray shadow crept over the white face; all was still.

"Let us pray," and Parson Steward broke the silence. As they knelt about the bed, the crack of rifles broke in upon the fervent petition for mercy sent upwards by the man of God. It was the volley that carried death to the last of the captured Rangers. Guilty

soul joined guilty soul in their flight to Eternity.

Ebenezer Maybee expressed no surprise when told of Thomson's confession.

"These happenings 'min' me o' the words o' the Psalmist that I've heard Parson quote so often: 'Thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.'"

"Amen," said Steward. "But full of mercy, also, since they will deliver this poor girl from the hand of the spoiler."

Many tears were shed over Maybee's precarious condition, for he was dear to every soul in the camp. Winona and Judah established themselves as nurses at his bedside, bringing all their Indian knowledge of medicine to bear upon his case, and declaring that they would pull him through.

"My children," he said, after musing a while on the exciting tale just told him, "I believe I can match that story o' Thomson's. I have a surprisin' secret to unfol' to you. It will make the whole business clear. White Eagle must a per-ceived his end, an' he says to me, says he, jes' about a month before his disease, he says, 'Maybee, keep this here package if anything comes across me, 'tell my girl's a re-sponsible age.' After he was dead I said to myself—in the words of Scripter, 'a charge to keep I have' an' 't ain't safe to keep it; so I give the package to Ma' Jane an' she has it unto this day."

CHAPTER XVII.

A week later our fugitives started for Canada via Buffalo, N. Y., by a circuitous path well known to Captain Brown. Mr. Maybee went along in an improvised ambulance, much improved in health and bearing well the fatigue of travel.

The Brown camp was deserted, and the Government troops, when they arrived, found only the blackened remains of the once busy settlement. Where the Rangers had paid the penalty of their crimes against the farmers of Kansas, the grass covered the sod as if it had never been disfigured or stained. The last gun had been fired

in Kansas by Brown's forces, and he was next heard of in the Virginia insurrection which ended so fatally for the intrepid leader.

After many startling adventures and narrow escapes from capture, a group of bronzed and bearded men and one woman rode up one morning to the entrance of the Grand Island Hotel. It was our friends and the Brown family. The other refugees had passed in safety over the border into Canada, and the fugitive slaves were, at last, rejoicing on free soil.

The front of the hotel was deserted, the women being busy in the rear with their morning duties, and the usual hangers-on not being about.

Mr. Maybee, who was lying on a bed in the bottom of the wagon, sat up as the cavalcade paused, and cried:

"Ma' Jone! Ma'—Jane!"

"Ya'as," screamed a female voice from the rear, not "like a song from afar;" or, if so, it was set in four sharps. "What's up neow?"

To which Maybee, probably reckoning on the magnetic attraction of female curiosity, made no reply, which diplomatic course instantly drew his worthy better half—a big one, too—and far better than her vocal organ. She came followed by the cook, Aunt Vinnie, and 'Tavius. "Law sakes!" she cried, sticking her plump arms akimbo and staring in amazement at the company before her, "if it ain't Ebenezer—an' the Englishman—an' Jude!—an' 'Nona!'" Her astonishment could go no farther. The next instant she had folded the girlish form in her arms in an agony of joy.

"My precious child! Thank heaven we've got you back safe! It's been an awful time fer you."

"Wall, darn my skin!" cried Maybee, wiping his own eyes in sympathy with the weeping woman, "here's me, wyounded an' dyin', been a stranger an' a pilgrim in hos-tile parts fer months, an' when I git home the wife of my bosom ain't no eyes fer me nor tears nuther—everybody else is fus'. I call all you boys to witness my treat-

ment; I enter a suit for divorce at once. Ma' Jane, I'm goin' ter leave your bed an' board."

"You ain't no call to be jealous, May-bee, as you well know. Ef you're sick, I'll nuss you; ef you're hungry, I'll feed you."

Then these pilgrims of the dusty roads received a royal welcome from the bewildered woman. Their brown hands were shaken, their torn clothes embraced, their sunburnt faces kissed with a rapture that was amazing.

"Come in, everybody. 'Tavius, git a move on with them hosses and things! Vinnie, stop your grinnin' an' hustle with the dinner."

Mrs. Maybee expanded, metaphorically,—literal expansion would have jammed her in the doorway,—on hospitable cares intent.

'Tavius marched away grinning, while Mrs. Maybee ushered her guests into the house. How long seemed the time to Winona and Judah since they had been torn from that kindly shelter by the slave-hunters; terrible, indeed, had been the times that followed so swiftly.

After the travelers were somewhat rested and refreshed, the story of their adventures was rehearsed, and the stranger one of the wrongs and sorrows of White Eagle and his true name and position in the world was told to an interested crowd of listeners, for the news of Maybee's arrival with Winona and Judah had been industriously circulated by 'Tavius as soon as he could steal away from his duties, and a crowd of leading citizens filled the office, hall and piazza, anxious to see the wanderers and hear the miraculous story of their escape.

"Now, Ma' Jane, you remember the papers I gave you—White Eagle's paper's?"

"Of course."

"I want you to fetch 'em out and give 'em to the child before us all. Then Mr. Lawyer Maxwell will see ef they is all correc'."

Mrs. Maybee brought a long tin box and placed it in her husband's

hand. He opened it. "Let's see. Three legal dockymen's and a few pieces of jewelry. Them's 'em, I reckon. There you, my girl," he said, tenderly, as he handed the package to Winona. Her attitude was at once tragic and pathetic as she drew back, for one instant, and stood in silent self-repression. A dizziness swept over her. What would the papers reveal? Their contents meant life or death to her hopes. She took the papers without speaking and passed them on to Warren almost mechanically.

"Read them—I cannot."

"Right, child," said Maybee.

There was breathless silence in the room as Warren unfolded the paper lying on top of the packet like a thick letter. All—honor for dead and living, ancient lands and name, home for the fondly loved child—lay sealed in the certificate of marriage and birth lying in Maxwell's right hand. The other papers related to his own story—a record of happenings after the fugitive from justice had arrived in America. The jewelry was jeweled family portraits, including one of Captain Henry when a young man; also a ring bearing the family crest. Nothing was missing—the chain of evidence was complete, even to the trained eye of the legal critic.

Then followed congratulations and good wishes from the friends who had done so much to make the present joy possible.

"I for one," said the representative to Congress, "from this day out condemn this cursed 'system' of ours. We're a laughing stock for the whole world, to say nothing of the wickedness of the thing."

"Right you are, Jameson; put them sentiments down for every man of us," cried a voice in the crowd.

Judah could say nothing, but he wrung Warren's hand hard.

"You go with us to England, Judah, and share prosperity as you have shared adversity. You shall choose your own path in life and be a man among men."

"I ain't any words to say, my girl!" Maybee said huskily to Winona; "but you know what's in my ol' heart, I reckon, by what's in your own. I know you won't forget us when you're a great lady. Poor White Eagle, he had a rocky time of it, sure."

* * * * *

Many visits were made to the island by our three friends before the day when they embarked from Canada for old England. Oh, the rare delight they felt in the movement of the light canoe as they glided over the blue waters of the lake, and the thunders of Niagara sounded in their ears like a mighty orchestra rejoicing in their joy.

Again they stood on the high ridge where lay the sun-flecked woods, climbed the slopes and listened to the squirrel's shrill, clear chirp; watched the blackbirds winging the air in flight and heard the robin's mellow music gushing from the boughs above their heads. The Indian-pipes with their faint pink stems lay concealed among the bushes as of old.

Beneath the great pine that shaded White Eagle's grave they rested reverent, tempered sadness in their hearts. Winona buried her face in her lover's bosom with smothered, passionate sobs. Warren folded her close to him.

"My heart's dearest, you must not grieve; your time of mourning is past. He is happy now as he sees your future assured. Through you he has conquered death and the grave; justice and honor are his after many years of shame." And she was comforted.

They made no plans for the future. What necessity was there of making plans for the future? They knew what the future would be. They loved each other; they would marry sooner or later, after they reached England, with the sanction of her grandfather, old Lord George; that was certain. American caste prejudice could not touch them in their home beyond the sea.

A long story full of deep interest might be written concerning the subsequent fortunes of John Brown and his sons and their trusty followers—a story of

hardships, ruined homes and persecutions, and retribution to their persecutors, after all, through the happenings of the Civil War. But with these events we are all familiar. Judah never returned to America. After the news of John Brown's death had aroused the sympathies of all christendom for the slaves, he gave up all thoughts of returning to the land of his birth and entered the service of the Queen. His daring bravery and matchless courage brought its own reward; he was knighted; had honors and wealth heaped upon him, and finally married into one of the best families of the realm.

Winona celebrated in her letters to Mr. Maybee the wonders of her life in England, where all worshipped the last beautiful representative of an ancient family. The premature, crushing experiences of her young girlhood, its shocks and shameful surprises were not without good fruit. She is a noble woman. She is fortified against misfortune now by her deep knowledge of life and its inevitable sorrows, by love. Greater joy than hers, no woman, she believes, has ever known.

* * * * *

At intervals Aunt Vinnie found herself the center of groups of curious neighbors, white and black, who never tired of hearing her tell the story of Winona's strange fortunes. She invariably ended the tale with a short sermon on the fate of her race.

"Glory to God, we's boun' to be free. Dar's dat gal, she's got black blood nuff in her to put her on de block in this fersaken country, but over dar she's a lady with de top crus' of de crus'. Somethin's gwine happen."

An elderly white woman among the visitors drew a long breath, and declared that she had been lifted out of her bed three times the previous night.

"To be course," said Aunt Vinnie. "That's de angelic hos' hoverin' roun' you. Somethin's gwine drap. White folks been ridin' a turrible hoss in this country, an' dat hoss gwine to fro 'em; you hyar me."

"De mule kicked me three times dis

mornin' an' he never did dat afore in his life," said a colored brother; "dat means good luck."

"Jestice been settin' on de sprangles ob de sun a long time watchin' dese people how dey cuts der shines; um, um!" continued Vinnie.

"A rabbit run across my path twice comin' through de graveyard las' Sunday. I believe in my soul you're right, Aunt Vinnie," said Tavius.

"'Course I'm right. Watch de sun an' see how he run; gwine to hear a

mighty rumblin' 'mongst de dry bones 'cause jestice gwine plum' de line, an' set de chillun free," and as she retired to the kitchen her voice came back to them in song:

"Ole Satan's mad, an' I am glad,
Send de angels down.

He missed the soul he thought he had,
O, send dem angels down.

Dis is de year of Jubilee,
Send dem angels down.

De Lord has come to set us free,
O, send dem angels down."

(The End.)

WILL NOT THE ANGLO-SAXON HEED?

G. A. DUNGER.

Will not the Anglo-Saxon heed
The warnings of the day;
Or will he strike with ruthless rage,
Our manhood rights away?

On life's great sea we only ask
An equal chance as men;
For this we hope, for this we pray—
For this we'll e'er contend.

In the great whirl of business life
You'll find the Negro growing,
But then like other nations, white,
There's still a number "showing."

Despise not honest toil in youth;
In age 'twill bring repose,
And crown the glory of your life,
With a most happy close.

A man's a man for aught of worth;
Though high or low his station,
But if we worship gaudy show,
We'll never be a Nation.

We must educate the heart and hand,
Of every son and daughter;
Not that our boys alone hew wood,
Or our girls draw all the water.

But to develop artistic skill
 In every trade and calling;
 That we may be prepared to stand
 Though oppression's strong and galling.

Oppression makes a people rise,
 It kindles latent powers;
 This has been true in every age,
 And must be true in ours.

Then will not the Anglo-Saxon heed
 The warnings of the day;
 Or will he still, with ruthless rage,
 Strike all our rights away?

DANIEL MURRAY.

Bibliographer of Afro-American Literature in the Library of Congress.

EDWIN A. LEE.

Among the self-made colored men, the subject of this sketch stands conspicuous. Born in a slave state, though of free parents, it was but natural that he should suffer to some extent from the iniquitous sentiment regarding colored people and the restrictions upon education in their behalf. He comes of good, sturdy Scotch-Irish stock on his father's side from James Stuart, the Earl of Murray, who was the half brother of Mary Queen of Scots, and who it is known took part in the rebellion against her, and by some is charged with having encompassed the death of Mary's husband Darnley, who, while isolated, because ill of smallpox, was killed by an explosion of gun-powder. Earl Murray in turn was killed by an assassin, James Hamilton three years later, 1570, some say in revenge for the death of Lord Darnley. On the death of Queen Elizabeth, Mary's son ascended the throne of the United Countries as James 1st of England and 6th of Scotland. He immediately began to seek out those who had been foremost in the rebellion against his mother. The Murrays fled from one place to another, al-

ways being under a ban, until at last after numerous harassing adventures, and feeling that there was no future for them in Scotland, they joined Cecil Calvert's expedition under his brother Leonard and landed at St. Mary's Maryland about 1634. They retained the name Murray rather than that of Stuart, since it served to better hide their identity. Out of this family came our hero's father, George Murray, who was born at Centreville, Queen Anne's County, in Street, near Lexington, August 10th, 1773, and died in Baltimore on Forrest 1890, at the advance age of one hundred and seventeen years. His father was an exhorter in the Methodist Church for fully 80 years. His father's immediate ancestor, William Vans Murray, became very prominent in the affairs of Maryland, his State. In Lanman's "Biographical Annals", etc., will be found the following account of William Vans Murray: He was born in Maryland about the year 1755. In 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary struggle, in which he took an humble part, he went to London, and entered as a student of law at the

Temple, remaining three years. On re-returning to his native State he engaged in the practice of law, and was immediately elected to a seat in the Legislature. In 1791, he was elected a member of Congress and served three terms, or until 1797, when he declined further service. President Washington appointed him Minister to the Netherlands; an in connection with Mr. Davie and Mr. Ellsworth negotiated a treaty with France in 1800, having been continued by President Adams as Minister at The Hague, for that purpose. He possessed great keenness of wit and delicacy of taste, and was distinguished for his eloquence and learning, having a mind well stored with science and literature. He died December 11th, 1803".

In the above as we have a picture of the ancestry of our distinguished subject on his father's side, and how well he sustains the family name and traditions his own career will tell. On his mother's side, there was no Negro blood, a fact clearly discernible to every one who saw her eyes, features, and hair; each indicated unmistakably Indian mixture. Here we have a composite subject, and from this individual's life we may glean the facts along with others which must go far toward solving the question as the deterioration of the human race by amalgamation as is claimed but not proved. It is not too much to say that those who believe or advocate such a theory can find nothing in the career of our hero to bring them comfort, but much to justify the truth that the mulatto, given an equal chance, will outstrip either of his ancestors. That the Indian and the Jew who are singularly pure in their blood are deteriorating or standing still must be admitted by every truthful investigator. There are strong reasons to justify the statement that there are less Jews now in the world than there were in the time of Christ, nineteen hundred years ago. The mulatto race now numbers in the United States about two million; there 1,100,300 by the Census of 1890, the growth of amalgamation in less than two hundred and fifty years from the parent stock unreinforced by emigration. The Indians have stood still,

certainly they have not increased to any appreciable extent. Years ago, it was generally believed, the responsibility for such belief resting upon desire and ignorance, that the mulatto was a hybrid and was of weak physique and doomed to die out; and some in their zeal were able to picture the thoughts and reflections of the last one, like Macaulay's New Zealander sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge contemplating the decay of Centuries. But they are not dying out; indeed, they have greater stamina, larger families, more prolific in sexual union, greater mental power, and a larger per cent. of increase than either the white man or black man. But why were not these facts known before? There are two reasons,—first, prejudice against the Negro and all his kindred, prejudice which has been defined by one, "As opinions received without examination. A second ignorance engrafted on our natural ignorance. A person armed with old opinions, which without examination he opposes to the new. The necessity of weak minds, the art of false ones".

Secondly, lack of time for observation and testing of theories.

It was fortunate for the growth of the mulatto race that these false ideas gained currency, otherwise the growth of the race would have been greatly retarded. No one it seems bothered himself about its growth, believing it would cure itself and die out.

Mr. Murray's father, of whom mention has been previously made, was gifted with a remarkable memory, a characteristic seen and admired in his son. He probably knew the Bible by heart and could recite the remaining verses of any passage that might be suggested to him. This he could do verbatim et literatim. His knowledge of the works of Josephus, the Jewish historian, was quite extensive.

Sir Walter Scott delighted to tell the following story, illustrative of his family connection with the Murray's of Elibank, who lived just over the border on the Scotch side that separated England from Scotland. Lady Francis Williams Wynn in her "Diaries of a woman of quality 1797 to 1844", London, 1864, at page 40,

tells of a visit she made Scott in 1807 before he had grown so famous through his writings. Scott told her the story as follows: "Scott of Harden, one of his ancestors, was a famous border thief, and at one time when he had despoiled the neighboring English of all their cattle or frightened them away, he began to fear that from disuse he might become less expert at the honorable trade he pursued; that to keep his hand in he amused himself with seizing and driving off the cattle of one of his own country men and Scotch neighbors, Murray of Elibank, and ancestor of the present Lady Elibank. Murray soon found means of revenging himself and at last captured Scott and his followers and brought them together with all the cattle prisoners to Elibank Castle. When they arrived it happened that sitting on the Castle wall was the Countess of Murray, his wife, who perceiving the prisoners all bound and the armed men who accompanied them, asked her husband what he intended doing with Scott. "Why, hang him, to be sure; what else can be done with the robber?" was the emphatic answer. The more prudent wife exclaimed, "What! hang such a winsome mannie as Scott of Harden, when we have three such sorry damsels at home? No, man, think a minute". Murray was after much persuasion by his wife induced to send for one of his daughters whose ugly face and immense mouth had acquired for her the name of "Mag O' Mouth Murray". He proposed to Scott that he consent to marry her, leaving him no other alternative but hanging. Scott, it is said, surveyed her long and earnestly, evidently seeking some redeeming quality, but at last, unfortunate prisoner that he was, ungallantly refused to ransom his life by marrying her; and said Sir Walter, "It was not until the rope which was around his neck and tied to the tree, began to tighten that he so far relented as to accept marriage with Mag, and sorrowfully bent his steps homewards, taking with him his ugly wife, a sad and deeply repentent man".

It was a favorite expression with the associates of our subject, though not al-

together true, that he remembered the contents of all the books in the Library of Congress, more than nine hundred thousand, and could tell the shelf location of more than half of them, his associates relieving themselves of the work of hunting out the shelf marks, a very laborious task, but contenting themselves by asking our hero, who nine times out of ten could give the exact shelf number, and this in regard to the varied books called for by hundreds of readers during a busy day.

In 1887, Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, determined to start a new magazine, and to awaken public interest in the new venture proposed one hundred prize questions and a prize of \$100 to be awarded to the person sending in the greatest number of correct solutions. There were probably more than ten thousand persons competing for the prize. Washington City alone had several hundred, among others Mrs. Catherine S. Olds and Miss Mary French, who subsequently became the wife of her cousin, Daniel C. French, the noted sculptor. Mr. Murray gave his assistance to Mrs. Olds and Miss French, who were working together, and when the names of the lucky ones were made known, it was Mrs. Olds and Miss French. They expressed in warmest measure their deep obligation to Mr. Murray, and Mrs. Olds presented him with a handsome copy in 2 Vols. of her father's, Nathan Sargent's, "Recollections". His knowledge of the sources of information is very great, which enable him to find readily remote and obscure passages and quotations in the works of the comparatively little known writers. This joined to his remarkable memory for events and authorities would necessarily be of great service to any one contending for a prize under such conditions. It is not so surprising that the two ladies won; the surprise would arise in that, having his assistance, they could not win. In connection with the Negro exhibit of the Paris Exposition, 1900, Mr. Murray made up a bibliography of the books and pamphlets written and published by colored men,

and was able to show a list of more than two thousand titles. The number startled the literary world and was heralded all over the civilized world, since no one dreamed such a showing possible. The Paris Exposition authorities awarded Mr. Murray honorable mention for his labor. It is expected that the showing at Saint Louis will exceed in the matter of Afro-American literature, all previous exhibitions because the Afro-American is now alive to the literary power within him. This effort of Mr. Murray's may justly be regarded as one of the most substantial gains in the matter of race progress, credited to the effort of one individual, during the Century.

Daniel Murray was born in the city of Baltimore on McElldery street, near Asquith, March 3d, 1851. His parents were free and fully alive to the benefits of education and though their circumstances were limited, still they were sufficient to enable him to give Daniel every educational advantage possible in a slaveholding state. Among his father's warm friends was Bishop Daniel Alexander Payne whose deep interest in education was shared by his father. So when the time came for naming the subject of this sketch what other name could suggest itself than that of his father's warm friend who stood sponsor at his baptism which was performed by Bishop Jas. A. Sharter. When about five years old he was allowed to go to a small primary school in the neighborhood taught by Miss Catherine Young (afterwards Mrs. Holland) later to Charles C. Fortie, a noted school teacher in Baltimore, then to Alfred Handy, to W. H. Hunter, to James Lynch, who became Secretary of State in Mississippi; to Rev. George T. Watkins and then to the Unitarian Seminary, later he took up the study of modern languages and acquired no little fame in that line. Young Murray like most successful men commenced early to carve for himself a niche in the temple of fame, having the world as his university. Like most self-made men he ascribes much of the success of his after career to the tender care bestowed upon him by his mother, who was a thoughtful, schrewd

and thrifty woman. When young Murray was but ten years of age his mother gave him \$5 and carried him to the savings bank and opened an account in his name charging him to add to it diligently, which he was eager to do, and by industry out of school hours and during vacation was able to accumulate several hundred dollars.

In the fall of 1861 young Murray, fired by a desire to assist the Union cause, was taken into the 22d Pennsylvania, Col. Lyle, as a drummer boy, but his mother being unwilling he could not go. He was present and saw the attack on the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment in Baltimore, April 19th, 1861.

In July, 1863, when the rebels under General Early invaded Maryland and approached Baltimore, young Murray joined the ranks to repel the invaders, but being too young to handle a gun, supplied the men with water while throwing up batteries around the city, and while so engaged detected a rebel in the act of poisoning the spring from which the water supply was drawn, he saw him empty a white powder in the spring. The miscreant fled as soon as the alarm was given, but was hunted and caught in a neighboring house secreted between mattresses. Murray identified him as the man whom he saw, while in hiding, having suspected his actions, empty into the spring the contents of a paper as previously mentioned. For this young Murray was held in grateful remembrance by the authorities and continued in the service until the force was reduced, gradually from over 5,000 to 19, he being among those at the final muster out.

Mr. Murray, though a man of somewhat medium build and delicate organization, being about 5 feet 8 inches in height and fairly proportioned, yet he is able to encounter fatigue in the prosecution of any enterprise that seems scarcely possible to one of the strongest appearing build.

He has a heart of steel; and for the rapid dispatch of business the most amazing talent joined to a constancy of mind, self-possession and untiring energy that insures success, if possible, in spite of

every obstacle. As long as the obstacle appears not absolutely impossible he knows no discouragements, but in proportion to its difficulties properly augments his diligence and determination to win success; and by an insuperable fortitude, frequently accomplishes what his friends and acquaintances had conceived to be utterly impracticable. His friendship is of the most ardent kind, though free from fulsome manifestations. The idea being that if he is enlisted in behalf of a friend in any contest, nothing save defeat can induce him to give up the fight. These traits in Mr. Murray's character have won him, as may readily be inferred, many strong friends who in gratitude are warm in their expressions of esteem. The friendship thus formed not being limited to the colored race but far stronger and more numerous among the Caucasian. This is shown by the splendid opportunities accorded him by extension of large credit by which he was enable to make a moderate fortune. It is interesting to hear Mr. Murray recount the many evidences of friendship accorded him by the banks and wealthy individuals. Says Mr. Murray that, though carrying on operations involving many thousands of dollars and largely on credit, he never was financially embarrassed at any time, always being able to get all the extension of credit or increase in loans he needed. In this connection it is proper to say: in the Municipality and the Government no man in Washington is able to exert greater influence than he. In the halls of legislation, the Executive Mansion and District Government his voice is listened to and accorded full consideration. His opposition to anything in the Municipality which may fairly be considered inimical to the colored people is ever strong and persistent.

He has known personally nearly all the Presidents since and including Lincoln, and tells with evident pride how when a boy eleven years of age President Lincoln took him in his arms and kissed him. It seems that the Sanitary Commission had been granted the use of the Senate Chamber in 1863 for a reading by the celebrated tragedian, James E. Murdoch,

so to add to the interest and swell the receipts Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were announced to be present. Half past eight o'clock having arrived and no sign of the President, the reading began, young Murray was standing in the rear door of the chamber opening on the rear lobby when the President's footman carrying Mrs. Lincoln's wraps appeared, followed immediately by the President. Through the open door of the Senate Mr. Lincoln saw Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, and sent young Murray to apprise him of his presence. This he did, and returning in advance of Mr. Wilson, President Lincoln caught young Murray and lifting him up hugged him and kissed him on the forehead before setting him down. The incident is a notable one, since there are few living persons who were kissed by President Lincoln.

It was the habit of young Murray to spend his vacation in Washington with his half-brother, Samuel Proctor, a leading caterer, who was also keeper of the Senate Restaurant, then known as the "Hole in the Wall". In this connection our subject became known to the leading Statesmen such as Senators Sumner, Wilson, Wade, Sherman, Howe, Hamlin, Edmunds, Allison, Gorman, Byard, Thurman, Conkling and many others.

Mr. A. R. Spofford, then Librarian of Congress, who learned of his relationship to Mr. Proctor by seeing him around, asked that he might come with him, promising to make a man of him, our subject being nineteen years of age. It was accordingly arranged and in January, 1871, he entered the Library of Congress, in which service he has acquired merited distinction. Mr. Spofford soon evinced a warm friendship for his protege and promoted his fortune by every means possible. On the 1st of July, 1897, Mr. Murray was appointed Chief of the Periodical Division, but the friction incident to caste, necessitated a change after a few months. Mr. Spofford was unable to hold him in the place. He encouraged him to save his earnings and invest them and loaned him the necessary money to make a start in this as in other

things, exhibiting a deep interest in his welfare. Mr. Murray always says that there are two men in Washington to whom he owes a everlasting debt of gratitude, Hon. A. R. Spofford and Mr. Brainerd H. Warner. They were instrumental in putting thousands of dollars in his pocket. On one occasion, through the treachery of a colored man with whom dealings were had by a third party, Mr. Murray was brought face to face with a great crisis which involved the loss of five thousand dollars. On being apprised of the matter, Mr. Spofford instantly came to his rescue and furnished him \$2,100 with no other security than his faith in Mr. Murray's integrity. Mr. Murray speaks with equal gratitude of Mr. B. H. Warner, who secured him property which was not open to him as a colored man and backed him up financially in the improvement of the piece, for which later Mr. Murray declined an offer of \$25,000.

In 1878 a permanent form of government was organized for the District of Columbia, with three Commissioners in control, the U. S. Government bearing one half of the expense of the District. In the years following efforts were made each year up to 1894 to repeal the Union and have the District bear the total expense. The repeal was championed by Mr. De Armond of Missouri and gained such strength that in 1894 it was very near success. The people were in a state of alarm and frequent meetings were held by the citizens. Early in the year Mr. Murray in an article published in the Star had spoken of the financial aid given to Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Rome and St. Petersburg by the several European governments of which they are the capital. So imminent was the matter that the Board of Trade was called to devise means of defence. At this meeting it was decided to call on Mr. Murray for the information which appeared as the basis of his article on European capitals. So a committee, consisting of Mr. B. H. Warner, President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Theodore W. Noyes, Editor Evening Star, and General W. H. Birney, was appointed. It was arranged

that Mr. Murray should elaborate his article on "Governmental Aid to National Capitals". This was done, and presented to the Committee of Congress, whereupon Mr. De Armond acknowledged his error and agreed to abandon the matter, which ended then and there. The citizens of the District were loud in their expressions of appreciation and sought some means of attesting their gratitude. The Board of Trade considered the matter and on ~~another~~ *motion* of the President, elected Mr. Murray to membership. The first colored man so honored.

When the Committee of Citizens was organized, October 2d, 1899, to go to New York and receive Admiral Dewey, triumphantly returning to Washington to receive the thanks of the nation and the \$10,000 sword voted by Congress and escort him to the Capital, Mr. Murray was selected to represent the colored people on that historical occasion and made that ever memorable journey.

When on the occasion of the second inauguration of President McKinley, March 4th, 1901, it was decided to give the colored people a chairmanship in the preparation. Mr. Murray was selected. It being the custom at each inauguration for the colored people in Washington to give a ball to the visiting strangers. In 1897 Mr. Murray was made chairman, and through his connection with the Board of Trade was able to secure the "Builder's Exchange Hall", a place in every way worthy, and which had never been used by the colored people before. This was considered a great triumph in overcoming prejudice for which Mr. Murray has acquired lasting fame, but a greater victory was yet to come. In March, 1901, the second inauguration of President McKinley took place, Mr. Murray again being made President of the "Ball", and won the unprecedented triumph of securing the "Armory of the Washington Light Infantry", the finest dance hall in Washington. These things are mentioned to show Mr. Murray's influence in a city where prejudice to color is very strong.

Soon after the declaration of war with Spain, a delegation of colored men called

on President McKinley and generously offered the services of the race in support of the government. They were graciously received, but in each instance when regiments of colored troops were organized under the U. S. Government, the office of lieutenant was the highest rank accorded to a colored man. Considerable feeling among the colored people grew out of it and it was decided that three of the most influential colored men then in Washington should call on the President and ask him to appoint Major C. A. Fleetwood, a colored man of recognized military reputation, a Colonel. Major John R. Lynch, Hon. George H. White and Daniel Murray were named. Mr. Murray was the spokesman. The President received them cordially, and to the credit of the President it must be said he then and there offered to appoint Major Fleetwood a Lieutenant-Colonel, saying he had given out every colonelcy as the reason of not complying with the request of the delegation, and two days after did appoint Mr. John R. Lynch a Major or Paymaster with that rank.

At the close of the war when the matter of reorganization of the army was in progress it was decided by the War Department and so announced in the public press, that no more colored troops would be mustered into the service, as a protest, a violent storm of discontent among the colored people spread over the country. The strongest kind of representations were made to the President to reverse the War Department, but no action was taken until Colonel John R. Marshall, of Chicago, Ill., who had commanded the Eighth Illinois in the Spanish-American War, came to Washington, and in company with Comptroller Charles G. Dawes called on the President and urged him to reverse the decision of the Adjutant-General. The President told Colonel Marshall that his advice led him to believe that the colored people were well satisfied with what he had done for them and were not anxious about further service in the army. Col. Marshall then asked the President if there were not some colored man in whom he had confidence and whom he could confidently

believe to represent the true situation. It was finally decided that Mr. Murray, whom the President knew, would tell him the truth without any fear that the same might affect his personal fortunes. Mr. Murray was sent for and after a conference at the White House lasting two hours and a half, at which were present Hon. Charles G. Dawes, Hon. Geo. B. Cortelyou, the President and our hero, it was decided to reverse the War Department and organize the 48th and 49th regiments as colored troops, and give to each company a colored captain, a gain of one rank above what had been previously accorded.

The credit for reversing the War Department in the matter is due to Colonel John R. Marshall and Daniel Murray. Mr. Murray's representations in the matter are said to have been unusually strong.

Mention has been made of Mr. Murray's election to membership in the Board of Trade. It is proper, also, however, to state that while engaged in collecting data for presentation to the Congressional Committee, he saw the necessity and drafted as the result of his investigations into the municipal laws of the European cities, *a new assessment and taxation law* to take the place of the one then in operation. This shows his great versatility. It was favorably received by the Board of Trade, endorsed by the District Commissioners and by them sent to Congress for enactment. The Chairman of the District Committee, Senator McMillan, gave it his approval and pushed it to a law. Here was one of the capitals of the world making its assessment and collecting the taxes under a law derived by a colored man. The Senator afterwards wrote a letter giving Mr. Murray credit for the law which has given great satisfaction and is said to be the best Washington ever had.

The law provides for a permanent Board of four Assessors, one chief and three assistants, who should sit at all times. Previously the practice had been to select them triennially, give each about five months' salary and discharge them. The men selected knew but little

about real estate values and were poorly equipped for their duties. The selections were invariably made from among those who were out of work and could summon some influence to bear upon the appointing power. After the assessment was made it was invariably followed by a howl of dissatisfaction and discontent which lasted until the next triennial period. Mr. Murray's law in operation was found to be so equitable that after eight year's trial there has not been one suggestion for a change.

Certain it is that the Afro-American is making good progress, when according to Mr. George Kennan, the American writer, the Serfs of Russia, emancipated in 1860, three years before the slaves of the South, and given large grants of fine government lands and loans of government money with which to stock the same, are not equal in their progress and development to the Negro, who was peniless when set free.

Mr. Booker T. Washington says, on the authority of Prof. W. E. DuBois, that the Afro-American of Georgia own in land 1,400,000 acres and pay taxes on \$15,000,000 of real property. This is a fine showing, but is exceeded by the value of the property held in Virginia, which is said to aggregate fully \$30,000,000.

The deep interest evinced by Mr. Murray in industrial education of which mention later grew out of his personal experience as a builder. Mr. Murray for about fifteen years carried on building operations in which capacity he was able to give employment constantly to about fifty men. In his work he felt the need greatly of skilled mechanics and was obliged to refuse many profitable contracts through inability to secure the necessary workmen. He then began to agitate for the introduction of Industrial Training in the Public Schools that colored boys might become skilled mechanics through that means, because shut out from obtaining such knowledge by the trades unions.

A number of fine residences in Washington, D. C., and Anacostia, D. C., attest Mr. Murray's skill in the building line.

One of the most pleasing in this connection is St. Luke's Church, which was remodeled in 1894 under Mr. Murray's direction. For this work Mr. Murray declined the usual builder's fee, which would have netted him about \$600. This he presented to the Church, then in charge of Rev. Wm. Victor Tunnell, D. D. No man in Washington ever did more to demonstrate the skill and capacity of colored mechanics than Mr. Murray, he and Mr. Jas. H. Merriwether being the leading colored men in the building trade. In this Mr. Murray amassed a respectable fortune.

The magnificent Armstrong Manual Training building, located on P street, near Second street, may justly be regarded as a monument to the energy of Mr. Murray in behalf of industrial education in the District of Columbia. Seeing as early as 1890 that conditions in the field of labor were becoming more and more threatening and competition more persistent and intense, he adopted Mr. Booker T. Washington's view that the colored man would, if qualified, have the opportunity of his life. Mr. Sayers, of Texas, a good friend of the Negro, was Chairman of the Appropriation Committee of the House with Mr. Williams, of Illinois, in charge of the District Bill. Mr. Murray succeeded in interesting the committee, appearing before them for the purpose. On the Senate side the Hon. Arthur P. Gorman had charge of the District Bill, and at once manifested a lively interest in the cause. In reporting the item providing the preliminary action towards a full Manual Course, Senator Gorman took occasion to speak of Mr. Murray in the highest terms, saying: "The committee was deeply impressed with his argument; that he was broad and liberal in his view advocating the new system no less urgently as a great benefit to white boys as well as to colored." Mr. Murray always speaks in terms of gratitude of Senator Gorman, Mr. Williams and Senator Wm. B. Allison.

The opposition to his views in the effort for Manual Training was very pronounced and in some instances bitterly

personal, degenerating to malicious falsehoods, but he persevered and continued to press the matter on the authorities and Congress until at last the appropriation was made, and the building erected. Dr. W. B. Evans, his brother-in-law, who aided him and knew his plans, and who is eminently qualified for the work, became its first principal. The building, ground and equipment, cost about \$175,000. Mr. Murray tells an interesting story of a sad experience and a palpable injustice which grew out of his efforts. Learning through a conversation with Commissioner Ross that the District would vacate the premises on First street used for District Headquarters, Mr. Murray at once saw Mr. Thomas W. Smith, the owner, with a view of securing it for a colored Manual Training school.

The rent was \$3,600, but to aid the effort Mr. Smith took off \$600. The authorities were paying for very unsuitable rooms for the Colored Manual Training Department \$1,800, so only \$1,200 was needed. Senators Allison and Gorman were seen and were willing to insert that sum in the pending District Appropriation Bill. Full of elation over his success, Mr. Murray hurries to the Commissioner and informs him of the fact that the money will be given. In the meantime the news reaches the head of the white Business High School who posts at once to the Commissioner's office and points out what a splendid place the Smith building would be for his crowded school. It is agreed to give the building to the white Business High School, notwithstanding Mr. Murray secured the appropriation and reduction in rent that better quarters might be given the Colored Manual Training Department.

We previously mentioned the particulars of Mr. Murray's connection with the formation of the law under which assessments are made and taxes collected in the city of Washington. It will surprise some to learn that he is also the author of the bill the principles of which are found in and known as the "Crumpacker Bill". At the meeting of the Afro-American

Council in Washington, D. C., in December, 1898, a steering committee, consisting of Hon. George H. White, of North Carolina, Cyrus Field Adams, of Chicago, Ill., and Daniel Murray, of Washington, D. C., was appointed to deal with all matters of legislation before Congress.

The whole matter was outlined in an article published in the Evening Star of January 25th, 1899, giving a history of the Afro-American Council and its aims. At the session of the Council in Chicago, August, 1899, Mr. Murray presented a report in which the full history of the matter was set forth. At the meeting of the Council in Indianapolis, 1900, he made a report on lynching and the remedy, also on the "Jim Crow" car law, both of which attracted attention at the time.

As may be easily inferred from a knowledge of the race, Mr. Murray had considerable difficulty in awakening any great interest among the colored people on the subject of a denial of their rights. Prof. Kelly Miller had just issued his article advocating an abandonment on the part of the colored people of the South of the right of franchise, since a certain class at the South were inimical to their peaceful enjoyment of such a right. It is proper to say, however, that Mr. Murray bitterly antagonized such a cowardly proposition, saying he had found some people so happily constituted that a denial of rights awaken in them no complaints, nor does a curtailment of privileges bring distress, the greater calamity either to themselves or others is not considered an affliction. They feel as little anguish at their own misfortunes, as an undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral. Mr. Murray's skill in constructive legislation is very great, in this trait resembling Alexander Hamilton who was a perfect genius in this respect. He is the author of the "Freedmen's Inquiry Bill", introduced at the first session of the fifty-seventh Congress by the Hon. Harry S. Irwin, the same being introduced into the Senate by Senators Kean, Debow and McComas.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS ON THE RACE QUESTION.

ROBERT W. CARTER.

For three centuries representative white men have discussed the civil and political rights of the Afro-American race. They have endeavored to settle their status as citizens of a great republic, and their moral standing in the society of the great human family. Legislators of large influence have by both word and act done much to retard the enlightenment of the dark-skinned people's, while eminent statesmen have willingly given their great powers by voice and act for their intellectual and material advancement.

But while these are facts, the work is yet unfinished, and the race question yet prominently before the American people, among whom the Afro-American finds friends as well as foes, in his constant struggle for civil and political rights. And it is largely now as it was when our National Constitution was shaping itself. For then, while many men stood like a huge mountain advocating the civil and political rights of the white race only, others were uncompromising in their attitude in the Negro's favor.

While some pleaded for the supremacy of the white race, others of the white race contended for the legal rights of all. And we can easily see how the two different opinions which presented themselves to that convention long years ago are as firmly as ever contending in the legislative halls of America today.

The two questions which confronted the National Convention referred to were: "Shall the Negro be admitted the civil and political equal of the white, or shall he be recognized only as the white man's slave?" These two questions created two decided opinions, each representing a party, each determined to fight against the other. Both sides were strongly debated, but

neither reached a satisfactory or definite conclusion until General Lee, representing the slave question, met General Grant, the representative of civil and political rights to the Negro, at Appomattox. Slavery was then dead after four years of bloody struggle, and the end brought freedom to the Afro-American race, after two and a half centuries of servitude on American soil.

But this condition of affairs aggravated the spirit of the former slave master who returned from Appomattox to rebuild his war-wasted homes. This feeling was intensified when he thought of the acts Congress would soon pass making his former slaves his civil and political equals in the affairs of both state and nation.

His anticipation in this direction was not in vain, for when the Thirty-ninth Congress convened there was started a mighty battle, a great legal contest, and the Negro problem was a prominent question over which much time was spent in strong and lengthy debate.

For then all the states lately in Rebellion must re-enter the Union, but they must come in as free and not as slave States. They must recognize their colored population as a free people, not as slaves; as citizens, not as aliens, and all males of twenty-one years must be allowed to vote. This part seems to have been the unfinished business of the National Convention held many years before; but then it was the indispensable duty of the Thirty-ninth Congress to settle it for all time. In this Congress, as in the National Convention of long ago, the Negro had warm friends and many strong foes.

Here his rights were discussed by different opinions, as in that Conven-

tion long ago, but his friends finally triumphed, his foes were defeated, and the former slave was given the ballot and a seat in Congress.

This elevation of the former bondman of the African race was bitterly disapproved of by some Northern demagogues as well as the ex-slave holders in the South. The Negro was not offensive when in servitude, toiling late and early uncompensated; to this no objection was raised; in fact, his presence during that period was earnestly desired in the South.

But now free and having a constitutional privilege to vote and the right to aspire, obtain and hold political office according to character and ability, his presence was an objection to those people living upon the soil of his birth.

And this is the chief cause for all the trouble in the South today and why the Negro's presence is not desired there. For it is plain that, when he was in bondage, having no right to vote, no privilege to study or practice law, was unfamiliar with the science of medicine, could not read nor write, and was not permitted to familiarize himself with any of the higher aims of life; there was then no objection of the Negro on Southern soil because of his brutal instincts. For it is clearly evident that those characteristics of the Negro were not then discovered. For if they had been, how would the slave masters, on leaving home to fight against the North, and to rivet tighter the chain of bondage about his slave, leave in the care of these Afro-American people the protection of the loved ones of his bosom?

But now that the Negro is free, having the same rights as his former master to vote and to aspire to higher positions of life, to practice law and medicine and to familiarize himself with the financial and mercantile business of the country, he is now suddenly discovered to be too brutal and too near a savage state to remain any longer in the South. It is the Negro's progress in education, his intellectual and business advancement that makes

him more refined and profound, and causes him to be unwelcome as a resident upon the soil where he gave so many years of free labor.

This is the real cause of all the trouble and not that there is any reasonable ground to lay the objection of any special crimes attributed to the Negro, or that he is now any more a savage or any nearer his primitive condition than when in slavery. But the learned editor of the New York Journal in a recent editorial comment on the Negro question has this to say: "The Negro, close to the primitive stock, is less able than a white man to control primitive instincts."

We do not agree with any such statement applied distinctively to the Negro race, for the white man, whether close to or far from his primitive stock, is as given to brutal instincts and savage impulses as the Negro ever was or ever will be. There is no Republic in the world where there is so much vaunt about civilization as in this country, and yet at the very doors of our court houses, our schools and our churches, black men are hung without the consent or sanction of any law save mob law. They are burned at the stake, while the poor unfortunates are crying for mercy, and the hot flames are ebbing away their lives. White men, with years of civilization and Christianity behind them, add horror upon horror, and shame upon shame by cutting off their ears, fingers, and toes and removing other parts of the anatomy too shameful to mention. In the dark continent of Africa, or among the wilds of the distant seas, where no church is seen, no gospel is heard and no constitutional law proclaimed, worse atrocities could not be committed.

It would seem fair for those of the white race who choose to criticise the Negro, and are ever ready to lay at his door many faults and brutal characteristics, first to consider, after whom do they copy. Whether the white race is free of such faults, and whether the Negro is alone responsible for the

deeds he commits. For every Negro that has been lynched and every one burned at stake are given this awful death by men of the white race; and to put it as is usually comes from Southern dispatches—done by the "Best Citizens." Then if white Christianity, with long centuries of culture, education and refinement, which the Anglo-Saxon people have enjoyed, calling themselves the Apex of the human family, commit these awful deeds, what can be expected of a people that this same Christianity and refinement treated so very ill for many years? The learned editor above referred to in his criticism of the race question says that "the Negro lacks vital force of intelligent dissatisfaction."

But have we not intelligently complained of our wrongs? Are we not all the time complaining? Have the disfranchisement laws, moulded and shaped by Southern prejudice, gone into execution without intelligent protest by all the able editors of Afro-American press? Have not these same editors pleaded most eloquently against lynch law and mob violence in the South? Have the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church been silent as to the God-given rights of their people? Have not the Afro-American ministers of all denominations, together with the common masses, given their disapproval of the "Jim Crow Cars," now running in the South, by a constitutional law?

But be the answer what it may to these questions, the South, including its white ruling classes, is not free from committing atrocities upon the Afro-American race, nor from making and executing laws to hinder in many ways their progress. For the unjust disfranchisement of the colored man is an endeavor by the Southern whites to invalidate his citizenship and deprive him of his inalienable rights.

Lynch law and mob violence are to intimidate the Afro-American people and keep them forever in a terrorized condition. The "Jim Crow Cars" which are now running by constitutional authority in the South are aimed to for-

ever brand the Negro race of people as inferior members of the human family.

But in their effort to degrade the Negro race they cannot do so without working harm to the State and bring disgrace upon themselves. For the disfranchisement laws now prevailing are a blot upon Southern jurisprudence; mob violence and lynch law are a sad commentary upon Southern Christianity; the "Jim Crow Cars" now running by constitutional authority are a stain upon Southern civilization. But where will the learned editor have us make known our dissatisfaction for the existence of these evils?

If he tells us to go to the courts in the South, he is too well informed not to know that it would be impossible to get a fair decision. If he persuades us to go to the Supreme Court at Washington, he must know that this great national tribunal is apparently to an alarming degree in sympathy with the acts of injustices perpetrated upon the colored race by his white brother of the South land.

For from '76, the time that the South got back in the "saddle," to the present time, elections have been carried by fraud and intimidation. White men have been elected in counties and in Congressional districts where the blacks outnumber the whites three to one.

The House of Representatives, the United States Senate and the Supreme Court of the Nation have full knowledge of these lawless acts by the Southern whites, and of their intention to perpetuate these frauds and continue the intimidation, in spite of what the Constitution and especially the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution demand.

Again, the learned editor will remember that it was the National Supreme Court that denied the Afro-American people their civil rights, for it was this high tribunal that gave the death blow to the "Civil Rights Bill." We have held indignation meetings throughout the land, where we

have passed resolutions condemning the lawlessness and wrongs perpetrated upon the Negro race by white ruling classes in the South, and we shall continue to so agitate until we receive simple justice which is all we ask. In the name of law and order we have appealed to the courts for redress, but have received no favorable reply. In the name of justice we have made known our grievances in a petition to Congress and the Supreme Court of the United States! Yet our wrongs have not been righted, but injustice and tyranny is practiced against us by a race of free people, living under the one flag and governed by the same Constitution.

Therefore, in the name of Christianity and civilization, we will henceforth come before the people. For yet among the Anglo-Saxon race the Negro has friends as of old. He had them when the National Convention was forming the Constitution; he had them in the dark and gloomy days of slavery; in the Thirty-ninth Congress they stood as a "Gibraltar" defending his rights, and are no less firm today.

To these, therefore, we will unfold our message of dissatisfaction from the pulpits, from newspapers of the Afro-American people, and from the public platform. For they will give us their sympathy when we are driven by lead from the ballot box, and will scorn with us the laws upholding this outrage. They will drop for us the sympathetic tear when our fellow-man is lynched without due process of law and burned at the stake without Christian consideration. With us they will bow their head in shame when they behold the "Jim Crow Cars" wherein as a people we are compelled to ride.

Will not the learned editor of the New York Journal turn his eloquent columns against these great wrongs? Or will he, with others, continue to dwell upon the thought of "Negro inferiority," his "passive submission to authority" and the idea that his primitive stock is too near his savage state and therefore an objection to his stay

in the South? But it is not a passive submission to authority on the Negro's part! It is committing himself to circumstances over which at present he has no control. But whether moral or immoral, whether savage or civilized, ignorant or educated, the Negro is not wanted in the South, and he is therefore invited to return to Africa, as a healing medicine to the Negro question, as they have determined that he cannot rise in this country to the political and civil equal of the white man.

But could the Negro rise to the fullness of manhood in Africa? Would he reach the height of civil and political liberty in the Philippine or in the Sandwich Islands? Could he accomplish in Cuba that which they say he can never achieve in America? In Africa he will find the soil red with British and Dutch blood, who were late in war for the possession, and the better right than the other, to the black man's land. In the Sandwich Islands he will find a white President instead of the former dark skinned Queen. In the Philippines he will find the North American shooting to death the natives, and devastating his home to get full possession of the soil. In Cuba the American prejudice would be harder to bear than during the late Spanish rule. But with all of these facts looking us square in the face, we are yet persuaded to cast our lot in Africa, the "land of beauty, fertility and comfort," to avoid "white competition and no longer be led by false hopes of rivalry, or of social identification with the white race."

But when and where did the Negro seek social identification with the white race? The Negro never enters or seeks to enter the dining room of any gentleman without an invitation. We are aware that the Washington-Roosevelt dinner caused much useless comment, mostly from Southern people, who think and talk as do Senator Morgan, yet we entertain the opinion that Mr. Washington was there only by the unexpected invitation of President Roosevelt.

And in our way of thinking, social equality, recognition or identification between races and different nationalities of men will take care of itself in spite of what may be said for or against it. But is it business "identification" you hint at instead of social equality? If so, it is useless for what social or business "identification" did the Jews ever seek in this country, and yet they are the leading business people and the ablest financiers of the country; in fact, of the world.

Their business ability, push and energy and their success cause social equality and identification to seek them, and not the social identification with Japhet's race.

And if it is thus with the Jews who have been ostracized, snubbed and ignored in business and in social circles, yet have overcome the obstacles and are now succeeding in the world of finance, of trade, and of mercantile business, cannot the Negro race of people do as they have done? Be yet patient and long suffering, yet be skillful and energetic, until this unreasoning prejudice against which we are now

struggling be overcome? This is what must be done, but not in Africa, nor in the Philippines or Sandwich Islands, nor in Cuba, but here on American soil, where the Negro was born and where he worked for many years uncompensated, his father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, and the father of these fathers.

Then why now a great exodus to Africa? If here we have lived for three centuries, most of the time in ignorance, why should we go now that we are becoming more enlightened? Is it not better to "bear the ills we have rather than to fly to others that we know not of?" If the American flag is dear to the Negro's heart, and Senator Morgan says "it ought to be," then why should we leave behind that which is dear to us?

We will not go, distinguished Senator, but will stay here upon this soil and advocate our cause, will plead for our rights until our breath becomes poor and our speech weak and faltering; until our voice become inaudible to reason, Christianity and civilization, supported by the Everlasting Arm.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

XII. HIGHER EDUCATION OF COLORED WOMEN IN WHITE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

Can the Negro woman learn anything? Is she capable of the highest mental culture? are questions which have been conclusively answered in the series of articles closing with this number.

We have seen that every slave State had laws against the education of the Blacks, and that the present régime of State government in the South land is in opposition to the highest educational development for the race.

We have seen, too, that the Anglo-Saxon woman, in convention assembled, has sought to place the indelible stamp of hopeless intellectual inferiority upon

the Negro race in spite of voluminous testimony to the contrary. There is none so blind as they who will not see; none so hard to convince as they who wish to believe the worst of their fellow-beings.

Is the course adopted toward the unfortunate Negroes of this country according to the teaching and spirit of the Gospel which is so proudly and austere heralded to heathen nations at an annual cost of millions? We look in vain for a trace of the graciousness attributed to the female character or the meek gentleness of Christ, in the position assumed

by the Anglo-Saxon woman toward her dark-skinned sister. In the struggle for supremacy now going on in the world of women, the first principles of development are lost sight of. Whatever is divine in ourselves is most fully developed by the endeavor to make it beneficial to our neighbor. Herein is scope, and motive, and reward for the most patient effort of self-culture. In the wonderful scheme of God's earthly government, the doing of good to others is the direct means of achieving success in life for ourselves. All science, commerce, industry, spread blessings abroad, leading to fame and fortune if pursued for the benefits spread abroad. Women's education and work are no exception to this rule. For the sake of our country and its future dearest interests women of every nationality should be encouraged and invited to bear a part in the Christian duty of doing good to our neighbor, and should be trained to understand that duty and to do it.

In denying the intellectual capacity of the Negro woman, our fair-skinned sisters have forgotten that they themselves have but just gained intellectual equality in the great world of endeavor.

The condition of woman in antediluvian times was that of a drudge, and in all the higher relations of life, an inferior being.

The condition of woman in Palestine and the European states before the Christian era, was that of ignorance and imprisonment. Roman nations were distinguished for their virtue and dignity, but the law gave the husband the same absolute right to the services and even the life of his wife, as he had to those of his slaves. But the later history of pagan Rome is a terrible one, warning all peoples of the necessity of the high principles being instilled into the heart of womankind, for the fall of Rome was due as much to the wantonness and wickedness of its women as to the demoralization of its men.

The Jews attempted to preserve female purity, and the law placed women in the absolute control of parents and husbands.

The advent of Christianity exerted a

favorable influence on the condition of women throughout all countries. And in the whole life of the Redeemer there was a compassionate thoughtfulness for women, an evident desire to raise her from her lowly condition, and to confer upon her some relief from the severity of the sentence pronounced in Eden. From that time until now we date her elevation. For the first six hundred years of the Christian era, the Christian woman was practically free from the subjection under which she was formerly bound. It is to the honor of the sex that in every century of the Dark Ages, there were women who sought to raise their sex from degradation; women who established schools and institutions of learning, and thus attempted to turn the attention of their sisters from frivolity and dissipation.

In the century which followed the Reformation, more than half the thrones of Europe were occupied by queens, some illustrious for their virtues, other equally conspicuous for their vices. Isabella of Spain, Catherine de Medicis, of France, Mary and Elizabeth of England, Elizabeth of Hungary, Mary, Queen of Scots, were remarkable female rulers, and their reigns compare favorably with those of the kings who preceded or succeeded them.

The eighteenth century was also remarkable for its intellectual women, some of whom were never surpassed for the vigor of their style, while others exhibited a grasp of intellect and a power of grappling with important questions of finance and political economy hitherto supposed to be beyond the ability of the sex. It was reserved, however, for the nineteenth century to witness the higher and much fuller development of the female intellect. This century gave the world Queen Victoria who may be considered the leading figure in the advancement of all womanly excellence. In literature woman has achieved a high position. In science a few great names demonstrate the capacity of the sex for high attainments in astronomy, mathematics, political economy, psychology and moral philosophy.

In mechanic arts they have exhibited skill in manipulation; in trade and commerce trained women have exhibited decided abilities. But in the Crimean War, the Civil War and the war in Germany, the remarkable executive ability of woman was fully demonstrated on the battlefield and in hospitals.

The Negro woman having risen from no greater depths, though enslaved, than the Anglo-Saxon woman, feels her womanhood stir within her and boldly advances to scale the heights of intellectual advancement, feeling that the door has been opened for her to take an active, intelligent and resolute part in the march of human progress. It seems almost as if the inspiration of the times had created a new race of colored women, a new tide set in, new forces called into play, a new era in the world's history and through all this the moral and social regeneration of a race. The command of God to the woman of color is: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." So, let us press forward in faith believing.

If we look closely into the mass of all that has been lately written and spoken against us, it resolves itself into two main heads: first, the question as to the right of the woman of color to live in the world on the same terms as a white woman does—to work as she does, to be paid as she is, to elevate herself, intellectually and socially as she does—to make use, in short, of all that is elevating in life; and, second, the question as to the colored woman's competency so to do.

As to the first question, we do not discuss a right. We assume it. Assertion would weaken our position. That we have the right is a self-evident truth. It rests with our enemies to prove why we should not enjoy the privileges we claim. "The burden of proof," says Mills, "is supposed to be with those who are against liberty; who contend for any restriction or prohibition, either any limitation of the general freedom of human action, or any disqualification or disparity of privilege, affecting one person or kind of persons, as compared with others.

The *a priori* presumption is in favor of freedom and impartiality."

As to the question of competence, it must be settled by the law of natural selection and the application of the same practical tests that settle this question for the Anglo-Saxon woman. The only proof of competence is performance. The world belongs to them who take it, black or white.

The great advantage in co-education of the races lies in the self-reliance engendered in students of the weaker race, the perfect development of a manly or womanly spirit, and, in women more particularly, refinement of manner and the inculcation of the highest ideals in morality—in social life and in the home.

Most of the institutions for the higher education of women have a corps of teachers endowed with rare attainments and possessed of the purest principles of Christian womanhood. The benign influence poured upon susceptible youth by the close association between teachers and pupils in four years of academical life can hardly be estimated, especially for a race where every effort has been made to degrade its womanhood. We are happy to record that undaunted by the cruelty of caste prejudice, many young colored women have entered the sacred precincts of celebrated institutions of letters, and successfully combatting great obstacles have demonstrated to the world their peculiar fitness for service in the sacred inner courts of intellectual pre-eminence, regardless of race. In these schools our women have occupied unique positions, the great searchlight of publicity being constantly cast upon their every action. Thus they have become pioneers in the field of letters; indeed, in every field of human life where great personal effort rebounds to the good of humanity.

We do not wish to be misunderstood; we do not imply that our race schools are not doing excellent work; it is the great opportunity of presenting an object lesson to the on-looking world, which lies within the grasp of the colored student in white institutions.

In 1860 we may well imagine that the

United States was scarcely the place where one would seek colored students in white academies. But there was one such miracle in the then city of Charlestown, Mass.

The Charlestown Female Seminary was and is an institution of learning, patronized by exclusive and aristocratic circles for the education of their young females. Fifty years ago the cream of the South was gathered within its walls, and also many daughters of West Indian planters received instruction there. Mrs. Mary Livermore was graduated from the Charlestown Female Seminary many years ago, and other illustrious white women claim the institution as their alma mater.

In 1860 Miss Hattie H. Allen was graduated from the Charlestown grammar schools, and because of her Negro blood was denied admission to the high school. Being a bright, intelligent girl, and well known and liked by the white citizens, an effort was made to have her admitted to the Seminary. Miss Badger—since then well known as a teacher in the Boston Girls' High School—was the preceptress of the school; she offered no objection to receiving a colored girl.

Miss Allen was received at first as a special pupil, and gradually worked her way into the different classes, no opposition being expressed; she was finally admitted to the full curriculum of the school. On the day of graduation, three years from the time of entrance. Miss Allen was one of eight to receive a diploma, and as a special mark of favor, the colored girl was the valedictorian of her class.

After this Miss Allen taught penmanship for a while in the seminary, leaving to accept a position to teach in a private academy in Canada, where her color was no bar.

There was a profound sensation in educational circles when it was announced that a colored girl, Miss Alberta Scott, a native of Cambridge, Mass., and a product of the school system of that famous city, was about to enter Radcliffe College, and compete for honors there with the highly cultured white of Ameri-

can society; but so it was. Miss Scott's proudest hopes were realized and she was graduated with distinguished honors.

Since then a number of other young colored women have entered this university and among them is Miss Burrill who is a student at the present time. Among the young matrons of Boston, we record with much pleasure the name of Mrs. George W. Forbes. Mrs. Forbes was Miss Marie Elizabeth Harley, of Kingston, New York, an historic city on-the-Hudson, nestling at the foot of the Catskill Mountains. Miss Harley married Mr. Forbes of the West End branch of the Boston Public Library, November 29, 1900.

Mrs. Forbes finished her education at Kingston Academy, which ranks with the highest institutions of learning in New York State. Mrs. Forbes was the only colored graduate and remembers her alma mater with pride and pleasure. She is a very clever young woman; she is a stenographer of ability and is well up in newspaper work, being one of the staff of city reporters for the Boston Guardian in which her husband is interested. Added to all this, Mrs. Forbes is a cultivated musician and a pianist of ability; while Mrs. Azalia Hackley was in Boston on her concert tour, Mrs. Forbes was her accompanist on a number of occasions.

Mr. Forbes is a graduate of Amherst and has been connected with the West End branch of the Boston Public Library for years; in fact, since it was first opened to the public. No other colored man in Massachusetts has been selected for library work by the city government. Mr. Forbes is an interesting figure in the public eye; from the fearless position he has assumed in race matters, he is being felt in all race questions.

Wellesley College, too, was destined to receive a representative of our race in the person of Miss Elizabeth Baker, of Cambridge, Mass., now Mrs. William H. Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis is the mother of two sturdy sons, and is absorbed in plans for the education of her children on the strict lines of solid moral and intellectual

training that shall advance the race through individual effort.

This young woman is particularly interesting to us by reason of the fame that has come to her husband. W. H. Lewis is a well known Harvard athlete, having played on the football team while at Harvard Law school, and later becoming a

Cambridge; his summers are spent at Nahant where the home of Senator Lodge is located.

We have been represented at Vassar College by Miss Anita Hemmings who was born in Boston and educated in the public schools of that city. None of us will soon forget the wave of excitement



MRS. GEO. W. FORBES, BOSTON, MASS.

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trainer of the undergraduate. He entered upon the practice of his profession in Boston, living in Cambridge; he gained the confidence of all citizens by his strict attention to business. In 1901 he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature from Ward 5 of Cambridge, solely by the white voters. He is the first colored man to go to the general court in five years. Colored citizens of Boston cannot gain a seat in the House. Mr. Lewis has built a fine home on Upland road in the beautiful suburb, North

which swept over the country when Miss Hemmings was graduated. Being a very beautiful girl, her connection with the race was denied by many current publications. Miss Hemmings is now employed at the Boston Public Library. Dr. Clark, who is at the head of Guilbert Academy in Winsted, Connecticut, had for a pupil in his school Miss Estelle Hill, a colored young woman. She was graduated from the academy June 6, 1897, and Dr. Clark was so thoroughly convinced of her intellectual ability that he urged her to enter

Boston University and make the most of all opportunities offered her. Nothing daunted by the thought of obstacles, Miss Hill presented herself at the university and was received without hesitation. Miss Hill was not the first colored girl to enter Boston University; in 1891 Miss Anna May Barbadoes of the Haverhill High School entered Boston University and remained two years. Both of these ladies tell the same story of a cordial welcome being extended to them by teachers and pupils.

Miss Hill was graduated in 1901; since then she has married the Rev. W. H. Lucas, a cousin of Dr. Booker T. Washington.

In reviewing the careers of these young women we must not fail to note one important fact: three of them have become the wives of progressive college men. Education has not caused these women to shirk the cares and responsibilities of private life; rather, we believe, each feels the blessing which her example must be to the entire race. Education, with us, does not encourage celibacy but is developing pleasant homes and beautiful families.

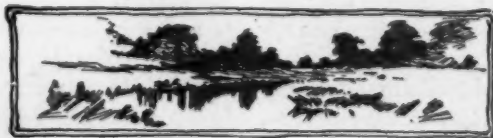
The highest degree of moral culture is necessary between a wedded pair for the care of those Christian virtues which make home most like heaven in its serenity, unselfishness and attractiveness. No true man can object to thus developing the higher nature of women; we all have the happiness of knowing a far greater number of examples of women, intelli-

gent and cultivated, active in good work, interested in all that is worthy of interest, who by the development of their faculties have added grace and luster to their natural attractions. Even men who look only for agreeable companions, acknowledge that they are to be found rather among the educated than the uneducated.

And the world has need for all the higher work of which woman is capable. In cities, villages, prisons, workhouses, in art galleries and in letters, in all branches of industry, the world is the debtor of the woman of any race who can do it service.

We who are near to the heart of the Negro—we know that a wonderful transformation is going on within the secret forces of his being. We do not fear the future, but we look forward with confidence to the time when Phoenix-like, he shall arise from the ashes of his past and become the wonder of ages yet unborn. The current of human progress is slow, sometimes apparently backward, but never permanently checked.

"The firmament breaks up. In black
eclipse
Light after light goes out. One evil star,
Luridly glaring through the smoke of
war,
As in the dream of the apocalypse,
Drags others down. Let us not weakly
weep
Nor rashly threaten. Give us grave to
keep
Our faith and patience."





[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

Not in recent years have the various out-of-door college sports met with more decided success and general popularity with the public than that which has marked the close of the present season. Each and every meet of the brawny young athletes on both track and field has been characterized by its host of admiring followers of the healthy pastime, while new records have been established for many events. Most notable has been the rise to higher recognition of the school boys and minor college athletes. Prominent among those of the interscholastic ranks is J. B. Taylor, Jr., of the Philadelphia Central High School, who holds the 440 yard dash championship. At this distance Taylor has met and defeated during the past season all of the leading school boy cracks of the country, capturing some of the most exciting, bitterly fought and closely contested events of the year.

Beginning his season's career at the indoor intercollegiate meet, held at the Philadelphia American Academy of Music, February 27th, where he won both the final and qualifying heats of his race, Taylor finished the season by easily winning his race from a large field in the remarkable time of 51½ seconds, at the closing meet of the interscholastic championship games, held at Franklin field, Philadelphia, May 23d, thereby winning the American interscholastic championship.

However, the most notable of his season's victories is that won at Princeton, May 3d, where after a poor start from the head in a condensed field of twenty-three competitors, stumbled and twice being fouled, he won out— amidst thunder-

ing applause, the most exciting and heart-breaking race of the day.

Taylor will enter the University of Pennsylvania in the fall, where he will begin his course of study in architecture.

Miss Emily A. Harper is a Detroit girl and while attending the Detroit High School, at the suggestion of her father who is a firm believer in Manual Training, she learned two trades, with the aid of which she partly worked her way through the University of Michigan. Miss Harper was graduated from there in 1896 with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy together with a teacher's diploma in Latin. She taught Latin, French and English in the Colored High School of Washington, D. C., for five years. She was then promoted to the position which she now holds, assistant principal and head teacher of English in Armstrong Manual Training School, Washington, D. C.

Her sister, Miss Gertrude I. Harper, is the only colored trained nurse in the government service, and is employed at the Fort Hall Indian School at Blackfoot, Idaho.

Professor W. E. Dorsa is well known in literary and musical circles in Greater New York. He is the chorister of the famous St. Mark's Lyceum, the Mt. Olivet Baptist Sunday school and the Zion Baptist Church choir of New York city; and his voice has been heard to good advantage before many large gatherings.

As a tenor soloist, he takes first rank; and as a composer of comic and classical songs, he has hung his name on a peg near the head of the class.

His contributions to the music loving world extend over a period of several years; and have been eagerly sought after and widely sung.

soloist for the Canadian Jubilee singers; E. Bernard Suffan, pathetic tenor of the Asaph Concert Co., and a few others. Mr. Dorsa is now in touch with our New



J. B. TAYLOR, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Prof. Dorsa numbers among his pupils such well known songsters as Gerald Miller, familiarly known as Australia's premier basso; Mme Marie Dorsa, soprano

York office and is giving our general agent there considerable aid in increasing the circulation of the Colored American Magazine.

Prof. Geo. W. Johnson, whose portrait appears in this issue, was born at Ann Arbor, Mich., July 29, 1879.

Mr. Johnson is a gentleman of pleasing appearance, genial, ambitious, a hustler and well up in his profession. He has

existence behind them. But in this era with only forty years of material existence to speak of and when our attention must be devoted to providing the smaller necessities of life, we cannot apply Anglo-Saxon quotations to ourselves,



Mr. GEORGE W. LYTLE, New York, N. Y.

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gained for himself an enviable reputation in the practice of his profession of physical culture.

There's an axiom in life that occasion always produces the man. This quotation was never more truly applied than in the cases of our more fortunate brethren, the Anglo-Saxon, with ten centuries of

hence "man produces the occasion." This has been clearly demonstrated by Prof. J. H. Blackwell, of Richmond and Manchester, Va., educator, financier and man of affairs. Not unlike most of our prominent personages, he was born in obscurity "mid the green fields of old Virginia", at Marion, of slave parentage, the year Pickett's charge ended in utter rout before the invincible forces of

Meade at Gettysburg. At the early age of 5 years he removed to Manchester, Va., and was immediately placed under the tutelage of Rev. Dr. Binga, a foremost Negro divine, who instilled the first rudiments of his training and prepared him to enter Richmond Institute in 1877, from which he graduated in 1880 with the honor of being the youngest student to graduate therefrom. He began his professional career as teacher in the Manchester public schools; so well did he perform his duties, he was promoted principal in 1888, and assigned to the Manchester Colored High School, which position he has creditably filled since. His business career began in his election as secretary of the Virginia Fair Association in 1891. In 1898, in connection with Rev. G. C. Coleman, Mr. W. H. Hatcher and other gentlemen, he organized the Benevolent Investment Relief Association.

Mr. Blacwell joined the Baptist Church in 1876 and has always labored to its advantage. He is superintendent of the Baptist Church Sunday school in the home of his adoption, and an ex-president of the District Sunday School Convention. He is a prominent member of the better known fraternal organizations and of the Board of Trustees of the Temperance Industrial and Collegiate Institute at Claremont, Va., at whose last commencement he delivered the annual address.

His career again brings to mind the old adage, "Where there is a will there is a way."

W. F. YOUNG.

The subject of this sketch is one of the most noted pioneers of the "Old North State".

He was born a slave and was thirteen years of age at the close of the Civil War in May, 1865. Without a dollar or an acre of land that could be called his own, he launched out into the world upon hope and determination to ameliorate his condition and elevate himself to that position in life where he could extend a help-

ing hand to his oppressed race. Between the age of thirteen and twenty he attended such day and night schools as were accessible in those days, and obtained a thorough knowledge of the English branches.

Though a self-made man in the truest sense of the word, he has seen much of public life, and through his business integrity and trustworthiness, won the respect of the entire people.

His ascension to public prominence, though not rapid, brought with it more honor and greater responsibility. From the public school room he was elected to the position of County Commissioner which he held with credit for six years, conducting the business of this office to the satisfaction of the board and his constituents.

In May, 1875, under President Grant's administration he was appointed Postmaster in the town of Littleton, his present home, and was the first colored man in the State to receive an appointment as Postmaster.

As to how well he filled this position and the general satisfaction that prevailed, may be known by the length of time he held the office, which was fourteen years. So thorough was his honesty and business capacity that he was never financially short, nor behind with the government in his settlements one hour during the fourteen years. He was many times complimented by the postoffice inspectors upon the businesslike manner in which the office was conducted.

He has filled other important positions in Halifax county, in which his services gave entire satisfaction, one of which was the office of Justice of the Peace, which he held for twelve years.

He was appointed in 1897 to a clerkship in the enrolling office of the General Assembly of the State, and served in that capacity during the sitting of that body.

His latest achievements in public life were made in the journalistic field, and his efforts in that following as in all others have not been void of success. In April, 1899, he founded the "True Reformer", of which he is editor and proprietor, and in the face of apparently in-

surmountable obstacles, the "Reformer" under his management has grown from a five column semi-monthly to a flourishing six column weekly, with the largest constituency of any Negro journal in Eastern North Carolina.

Miss Tillie Sharp is a young society lady of Milwaukee, Wis., and is a bril-

New York Central Dining Car Department as fourth man in the kitchen, and by strict application worked his way up to his present high standing.

Mr. Lytle is an active member and deputy of the New York Central Dining Car Cooks and Waiters' Association.

About two years ago he purchased a handsome private dwelling with spacious



Miss TILLIE SHARP, Milwaukee, Wis.

liant electionist. Her future in this her chosen line of effort, promises to be very successful.

Mr. George W. Lytle has the distinction of being the youngest chief cook in the employ of the New York Central dining car service. He was born at Ashville, N. C., in 1874, and at an early age he graduated from the Normal and Industrial school at that place. Being thrifty and ambitious he made his way North, and in the early '90s entered the

grounds on East One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street, New York city.

This beautiful place is in the most fashionable part of the Bronx, and nets him a splendid monthly income.

The A. M. E. Zion Church, on Pennington street, Newark, N. J., has for its pastor and spiritual adviser the Rev. Florence Randolph, the only regularly ordained woman preacher in the A. M. E. Conference.

Though born, reared and educated in

the city of Charleston, S. C., Mrs. Randolph has been so long and so closely connected with the religious and intellectual interests of New Jersey that she is looked upon as one of her daughters. She studied Theology without any assistance and first gained distinction as a Sunday school worker and organizer. In 1897,

Conference admitted Mrs. Randolph to membership and made her an authorized preacher of the Gospel.

As a preacher Mrs. Randolph is simple, forceful and convincing in her style, interpreting the great truths of Christ's teachings in such a way that a child might hear and understand. She has a



Prof. W. E. DORSA, New York, N. Y.

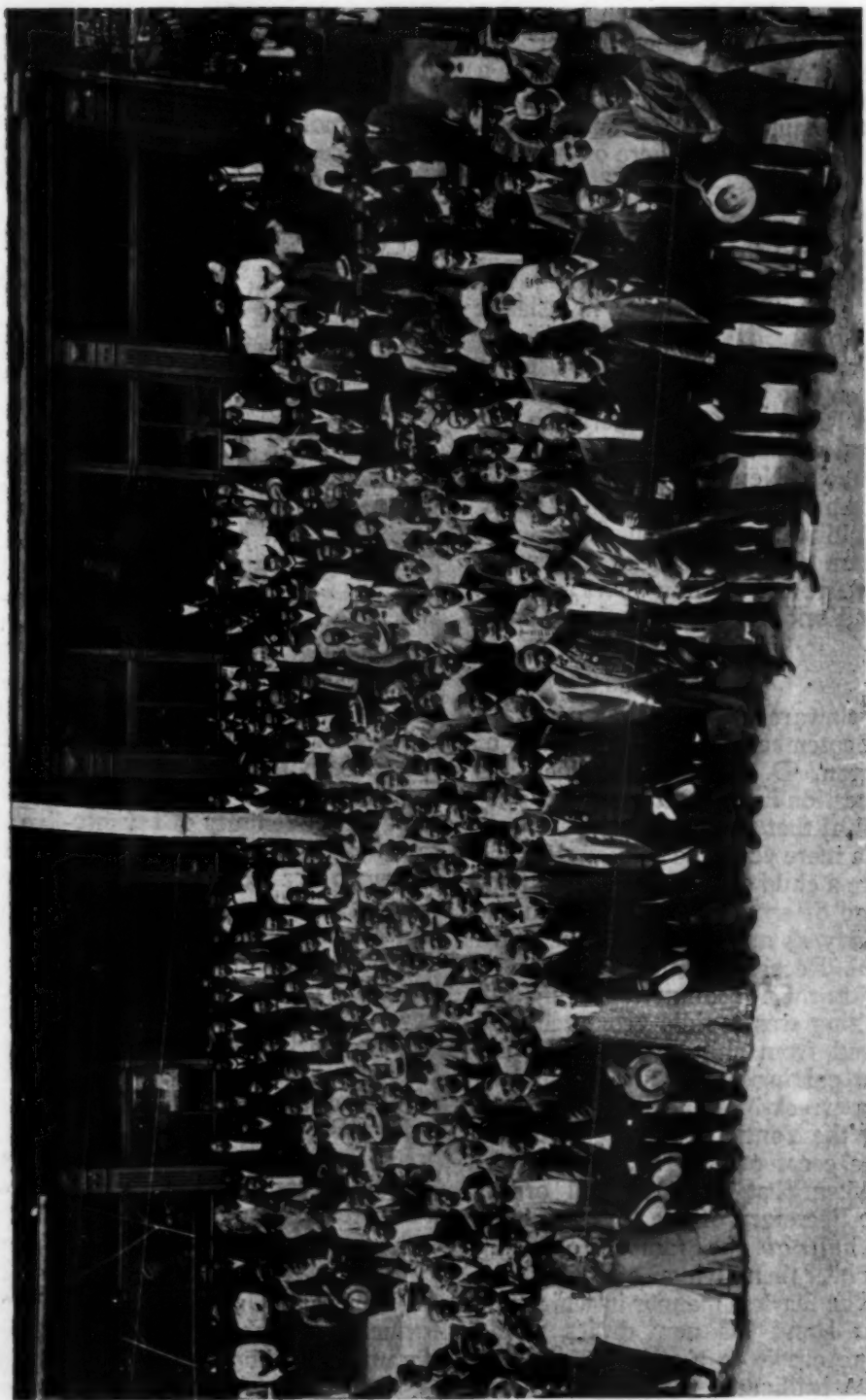
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during the pastorate of Rev. J. C. Temple, Mrs. Randolph was made a local pastor of the A. M. E. Zion Church in Jersey City.

In this capacity she rendered inestimable service to the regular pastor in carrying on the affairs of his parish. At one time she was left in charge of the church and gave complete satisfaction. Later, on the recommendation of Bishop Alexander A. Walters, the New Jersey

pleasing personality and in the pulpit she is generally calm and subdued in her manner, endeavoring not to stir up the way to repentance.

As pastor of the Newark A. M. E. Zion Church, Mrs. Randolph is laboring most earnestly to build up a congregation which was naturally on the verge of collapse, and thus far her efforts have been crowned with encouraging success. Whether or not we agree as to the pro-



THE THIRD ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE, RICHMOND, VA.

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priety of a woman preaching, is a matter of little note when we see this woman. Subject to all the frailties of her sex, encumbered with all the duties of a mother and wife, still finding time to devote to the cause of Christ and the up-building of the kingdom here on earth.

We desire to correct the statement which appeared in our September issue concerning Miss Marie L. Jackson, under the title "The Negro in Classic Music."

Miss Jackson was born in Harrisburg, Pa. When two years old her parents removed to Richmond, Va., where she was reared and educated.

She came to New York before she was fully grown and studied Elocution under Mme. Baldwin, of London, Eng. For three years she took special lessons in Dramatic Art and for four years attended the New York training school in Dramatic Art.

Mr. Delaware Whiting (see page 372 of our September issue) is a native of Washington, D. C., and obtained his early education in the H. H. Garnett public school of that city.

From a mere youth he seemed destined to become a child of the sea, and in 1889, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in the U. S. Navy as apprentice boy on board the U. S. Receiving ship "Dale", then stationed at the Washington Navy Yard. Mr. Whiting was rapidly promoted, and transferred from ship to ship. It was just after passing the required examination as a wreck-blower that he was assigned to the Yantic, then wreck-blowing along the coast of the Delaware breakwater, when that ship received orders from the Secretary of the Navy to blow up the hull of the famous old ship "Waterloo", then lying off Chatham, Mass. The fearless manner in which this lad went about his new duties would have done credit to a veteran, and the work was brilliantly performed. From that time on "Del", as he was wont to be called, could be relied upon whether the ship sank or swam.

What Mr. Whiting is pleased to call the beginning of his foreign mission, was in September, 1890, when he was transferred from the Yantic to the Pensacola, bound for Bluefields, Nicaragua, when he was promoted to the rank of second-class apprentice. While sailing through the Straights of Magellan, the Pensacola encountered a severe gale, in which the ship lost three men and two boats.

The storm lasted seventeen days, and delayed them in reaching the west coast of Chili. The Pensacola's provisions ran low and the crew for the first time knew what real hunger was. They cast anchor, prayed (a very strange thing for the sailors to do) and waited for the day.

While lying in port at Valparaiso, the Pensacola was fired upon by the Chileans. Mr. Eagan, the American Consul, was appealed to by Admiral McCan for protection. Mr. Whiting was then a signal boy on the Pensacola, and it was the signal given by this black boy that assembled the crew for the onslaught in which several Americans were killed as well as Chileans,—the history of this affair which afterwards became known as the Chilean Imbroglia, is well known to most Americans. The United States had to pay an indemnity of seventy-five thousand dollars to Chili for loss of life and injury to her citizens. This was one of the most thrilling experiences our subject had during his career as a child of the sea. Mr. Whiting is now employed in the office of ex-Assistant District Attorney J. M. Brady and C. M. Russell, Esq., and law clerk and interpreter. He speaks Spanish, French, Italian and Hawaiian, and has circumnavigated the globe twice.

Mr. Whiting fell in love with *The Colored American Magazine* while on a Broadway car, and has ever since been a firm friend of our publication.

The Grand United Order of True Reformers, undoubtedly the strongest race organization known, has just held its twenty-first annual meeting at Richmond, Va. Delegates from throughout the country were present and submitted many glowing reports.

The Home Office of the Order is a credit, and its capacity and facilities are unsurpassed for the handling of large conventions. Here the third annual meeting of the Negro Business League was held with such success.

The Order is now perfecting arrangements for the placing of large co-operative stores in various large cities, which will be of much benefit to the various communities. May they be well supported.

The Colored American Magazine, with the aid of the Grand Worthy Secretary Wm. P. Burrell, will give its readers a general synopsis of the Order and the many branches of its good work in uplifting, inculcating character and instilling unity, in an early number. This article will be full and comprehensive, and will be illustrated by cuts of many of its officers, offices and stores.

THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE.

RIENZI B. LEMUS.

With clear skies and delightful indoor weather, three hundred members of the above league, some ex-slaves, gathered in True Reformers' Hall, Richmond, Va., on August 25th last, to tell their stories of early struggles and late successes, as a stimulus to posterity, and right well did they succeed in their purposes. Thus in striking contrast to the old political conventions of bygone days, was called to order the third annual gathering of the National Negro Business League in regular convention assembled by W. F. Graham, President of the Local League, after which the National President, Booker T. Washington, took the chair.

His Excellency the Governor of Virginia was scheduled to deliver an address of welcome, but he failed to respond, being unfortunately called away by the death of a member of his staff, which he announced in a telegram to the assembled body. On a regular motion Mr. Washington's address was postponed to the evening session.

The scene at the Reformers' Hall, historic in itself as the headquarters of the results of the energy of the immortal Wm. Washington Browne, as well as a monument to Negro industry and intelligence, will long be remembered. The walls of the entrance hall were profusely decorated with photographs of Negro industries arranged by States, all the work of Negro photographers.

Conspicuous among them the Negro town of Mound Bayou, Miss., presided over by its founder, Isaih T. Montgomery, the former slave of Jefferson Davis, thus presenting an excellent opportunity to observe the black man's ability in the arts of photography and decoration. The auditorium was tastefully decorated with bunting and American flags to which was added during the evening session the brilliancy of the illuminations, the whole mingled with the able discussions and plain, encouraging statements of the delegates, made a lasting impression.

The first session was taken up in routine matters and two able addresses, but the evening session will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be in attendance. President Washington was introduced and made his annual address. Among other things he said: "We must get rid of these gripsack leaders. They get about too fast, and all their possessions are in their grips. Hereafter you will be judged by what the people of the community in which you live say about you."

He urged all to accumulate property and spoke at length on the necessity of the bankbook. "There are diamonds right at our feet in the South, notwithstanding we have all kinds of trials, but we must stoop down and get them."

At his conclusion, Rev. W. F. Graham,

President of the Local League, spoke on the "Negro in Insurance," and told of the wonderful progress of the American Beneficial Insurance Co. of Richmond.

Miss Susanna Belle Anderson, of Springfield, Mass., was then introduced and sang a selection. Miss Anderson is a prima donna lately returned from a most successful European trip. She was repeatedly encored, and presented with a beautiful bouquet, after which the President thanked her.

Mr. H. A. Tandey, one of the leading contractors of Kentucky and located at Lexington, was next introduced. He told how he served his apprenticeship without compensation, eventually working up to be foreman when his employer died with a partially completed contract on his hands. Mr. Tandey took up the work at that point and carried it to its present success by close application to business principles. He constructed the County Court House at Lexington, Ky., and other large buildings throughout Kentucky and Central Ohio.

Perhaps the most interesting speaker of the evening was Mrs. Dora A. Miller, of New York city, on "Dressmaking." Starting with \$75.00 she has now built up an annual business of two thousand dollars. She said that as nature hadn't done much for some in the way of forms it remained for the tailor and the dressmaker to supply the deficiencies. She said: "God made the woman and the dressmaker the lady," which caused considerable laughter.

Mr. C. A. Howard, the Chicago shoe polish monarch, told a story which should be a stimulus to all young men, of how he started to experiment with his polish while a Pullman car porter, eventually leaving the service with a capital of \$180 to embark in the business. He told how after selling out one load he would go for another, until now he has realized a business of \$9,000 annually.

The old war horse, Dr. J. A. W. Bowen, after a worthy introduction by the President, who commented him for his ability to get five thousand persons apart after getting them together, responded to the unique subject, "Three

feet make a yard." The doctor said: "If it took one thousand years for the Anglo-Saxon to succeed 'twill take us just as long." He emphasized the necessity of ethics, economics and politics as essential to success, and urged all to stop talking about ancestry; but let each go forward and be respectful.

Hon. Jno. C. Daucey was next introduced and made a short speech, stating that since Emancipation the Negro had contributed fifteen thousand million dollars to the wealth of the country.

The sessions were all conducted along the lines outlined by the President in his annual address, viz.: that he would rather have one man that could do something than twenty who could make a speech. All the delegates seemed to have entered the meeting with that spirit and the sessions were harmonious from start to finish.

The last evening session was held on Tuesday, August 26th. Judge Tirrell of the District of Columbia spoke of the lawyer's relation to business and said, among other things, that the lawyer and the business man should go hand in hand. Mr. G. Grant Williams, of Hartford, Conn., tall, soldierly and full of business, spoke on barbering as a profession. He talked at length on the necessity of being clean, and proved beyond a doubt that barbering was a profession that needed men to see the professional side of it to be successful.

President W. L. Tayler, the successor to the late W. W. Brown of the True Reformers, spoke on "The Negro in Banking." He was a most worthy representative of this line of effort as the head of an organization with a capital and surplus of \$215,000, and where nearly \$300,000 is on deposit.

The "Negro as a Silk Operative," by Mr. Thurston, of Fayetteville, N. C., was well placed. We know that our people are in nearly every vocation and it pleased us much to know that he takes part in this productive industry. Mr. Thurston explained at length the ability of our people along this line.

At the last session in the morning of August 27th, Nashville, Tenn., was se-

lected as the next place of meeting, at a date to be selected by the executive committee.

The delegations present were many and they all presented a genteel and businesslike appearance. Among the most conspicuous delegations was that from

the floor to the strains of the latest music, and had a resident of some of the gay European capitals looked in he would simply have concluded it an elite cosmopolitan affair during a diplomatic season.

Thursday, August 28th, an excursion



W. F. YOUNG, Littleton, N. C.

See page 454.

the People's Mercantile Association of Washington, D. C.

On Wednesday evening, August 27, Price's Hall was the scene of much gaiety, it being the occasion of the banquet tendered the visiting delegates by the local league. Beautiful ladies and courteous gentlemen gaily tripped over

was given to historic Hampton and Burroee Beach. At the latter place are two well kept hotels, owned and operated by Negroes.

The delegates seemed well pleased with Richmond, and voted the convention a good success.

THE STATUS AND THE REMEDY.

T. DARRINGTON SEMPLE.

T. Darrington Semple in the Chicago Record-Herald said recently:

The Negroes of the South have been as yet only partially emancipated. In that they are in a great degree still in the same deplorable state of industrial oppression and servitude into which they



GEO. W. JOHNSON, Cleveland, Ohio.

See page 452.

were plunged when Grant refused Lee's sword. The sincere philanthropist, the reformer and the Negro educational dreamer are lacking in the first principles of success to wit: an intelligent or intimate knowledge of the situation. Hence the harm that is done the Negro and those affected by a constant disturbance of the peace by wild theories on education and the political rights of the industrial slave of the South today. Booker T. Washington is the only person in the shape of a "platform reformer" that has ever touched on the candid truth as to the status and a remedy. Now, what are they?

Status 1. The Negro produces 10,-

000,000 bales of cotton and upward that bring on an average \$250,000,000 yearly, working the land at \$2 an acre or on halves, with the landlord or merchant furnishing supplies at enormous rates of interest, in many instances as high as 100 per cent., especially when the latter, the merchant, does the advancing.

2. With but few instances to the contrary, the fruit of the Negro's entire labor goes at the end of the year to the landlord or the merchant, and this has been the case since 1865, thereby engendering in the breast of this industrial slave a hopeless conviction that however he toils, to him can come only bread, meat and shelter, surprisingly meager and inferior in quality.

Remedy 1. Let the money powers who claim sincerity in emancipation in the first instance complete their work by extending it to industrial emancipation, by organizing banking institutions on the same principles as the Southern merchants are operating, except that they lend money in the East or West. The local laws are all built for the security of the landlord and the merchant, and in rare instances have they failed to make fortunes. The Negroes would become prosperous if they were charged 8 per cent. interest, and this is much in excess of the legal rate in the East and West.

2. Unless there is a reorganization and rehabilitation of the Negro, go slow on lofty education and swelling his ignorant head as to politics.

I am a citizen of the state of New York, but a native of Alabama, with interests in plantations. I have no political ax to grind and no feeling in the matter except for the welfare of the Negro and the property interests of the South. I mention these facts lest I be classed as another ignoramus without intimate knowledge of the Southern Negro.

It is a singular in the history of human affairs, as time rolls on, how dim the glory of a good work begun can become if it is not carried to a logical and

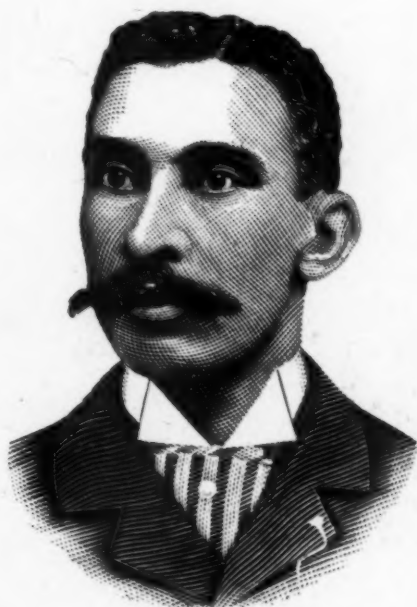
honorable conclusion. When the Negroes were freed they had nothing but bone and muscle, practically no sense of management or business, and were the prey of usurers, shylocks and oppressors. The emancipation heroes thought their work was completed, but was it?

Would Lincoln have stood by these thirty-five years and abandoned the Negro to his present hopeless fate and con-

not been able to get money at reasonable rates, and hence could not let it out otherwise than they have done.

The money powers since 1865 have resided and kept their money in the East and West, so that if any section is responsible for the Negro's industrial slavery, it is not the crippled, suffering South, but the East and the West.

Many may say the Negro is essentially



J. H. BLACKWELL, Richmond, Va.

See page 453.

tented himself with "platform reform?" Would he, as Great Britain now contemplates in the event of the surrender of the Boers, have provided a system of financial emancipation, whereby every man willing to work could obtain the means in the shape of money at reasonable rates?

It is not nice to blame those who are perhaps of pure intentions but suffer from ignorance, nor will I in this letter. Still I deem it but justice to lay before the Northern emancipators and "platform reformers" the fact that the Southern landlords and Southern merchants have

a brute, ignorant and vicious and a hopeless business proposition. Who has yet tried him by giving him a dog's chance to improve in a business way? Who would not become brutish under similar conditions?

The fact is the Negro is affable, peaceable, polite and willing to work. Who wants religious instruction, who wants education, who wants political decency, who cares for right or wrong if doomed to want forever the bare necessities of life, such as adequate shelter, food and clothing and a fair chance in the game of life?



THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE G. U. O. T. R., at Richmond, Va.

See page 498.

GEORGE L. KNOX.*

Remarkable career of the Editor of the "Indianapolis Freeman"—Born a slave, he is now owner of a great Afro-American Newspaper.

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

"Nothing is impossible to industry." This is the motto of Perianther inscribed on the Delphian temple. Without labor nothing can be accomplished; nothing is

That this is true is shown in the life denied to well-directed labor.

record of George L. Knox, born a slave, but now a man of wealth and standing in the city where he lives.

George L. Knox was born in Wilson county, Tennessee, September 16, 1841. When he was but two years old his mother died. His master died when he was but three years of age and this caused a breaking up of the estate. Young Knox was sold for \$300, and was bought by the old master's son, who also bought his sister and brother, and thus the family was kept together. When George was six years old he was bound out to work on another plantation, where he learned the shoemaker's trade. His duty was to make shoes for the entire plantation and all surrounding plantations. He stayed at this place until he was twenty-one.

About this time the war broke out, and young Knox's master was made a lieutenant in the Rebel army. He was considered a good man to his slaves and was liked by most of them. When about to go to war, he sent young Knox back to the old plantation in Wilson county to take care of the place and look after his wife until he returned.

After he had served a year, the Confederate Congress passed a law to the effect that all soldiers over thirty-five years of age could return to their homes, so home he came. He, however, was not permitted to remain home very long because the Confederates were forced to draft men, and rather than endure the conscript he re-enlisted and when he went back, he took young Knox with him.

Although Knox stayed one month only he suffered great hardships. The Con-

federate soldiers were very mean, and as they thought they would lose their slaves anyway they did not care how they treated them. After enduring their abuse for a month Knox told his master that he had had enough of that kind of soldier life and begged to be allowed to go back home. The master thinking that the Yankees would not come that way finally allowed him to go back to the old plantation, which he did. In a short time the master ordered Knox to return to him. Having made up his mind that he would never go back to the Rebel army and suffer as he had suffered, young Knox turned from his master intending to make his way to the Union lines. For ten days he remained in the woods, with very little food, sleeping on the ground at night and hiding in the swamps and bushes during the day, for he was in constant fear of being captured and taken back to his master who would have forced him to work for the rebels.

At last he made his way to the house of a friend about eight miles from the old home, where he stayed for a week. This friend had managed to communicate with a brother of Knox and it had been determined that all should make their way to the Union army. They walked twenty-five miles thinking that they would overtake the army at Murfreesboro, but they were disappointed and were obliged to go further. This was a long, tiresome and dangerous march. They were constantly in fear of meeting rebel soldiers and had to sneak away into side paths and out of the way places to avoid persons whom it would have been dangerous to have met. When they came up to the Union Cavalry they were greatly frightened by the noise and confusion of camp life. The refugees were not allowed to remain as orders had been received not to permit any slaves to remain

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inside the lines. So Knox and his party were compelled to plod on, and on they went until they reached the Infantry Post and General Wagoner's department. It was about noon when they reached the place with drooping spirits and feelings of awe for they had heard that the Yankees treated runaway slaves cruelly, often selling them to traders who carried them off to Cuba. They were, however, received with kindness and put in charge of the Quartermaster, Captain Commons, a man now living in Indianapolis, Indiana. Knox was given six mules to drive, the brother went to the 6th Infantry, John Biggels, the man who kept Knox while he was hiding from his master, was also given six mules to drive and the old man was made cook for the Second Brigade.

About the latter part of June orders were received to march to Chattanooga. This march was full of hardships. Sometimes they were forced to march all day, only stopping at night to rest and eat. On Sunday the army arrived at Chattanooga. The Confederate soldiers were stationed at Chickamauga and on Thursday the battle took place. Knox's part came after the battle was ended; then he was obliged to drive his team over the battle ground and pick up the dead and wounded. This was no pleasant task. Next Knox had orders to go up the Tennessee on a foraging expedition. The teamsters were often sent out on such errands. Sometimes they would be gone seven or eight days, and would come back laden with corn, potatoes, chickens and everything else they could get hold of. They were always joyfully received by the poor, half-starved soldiers.

In December the siege was lifted and he then witnessed the great battle which took place on Mission Ridge and Look-out Mountain—that great battle above the clouds, where ten thousand men were killed and wounded. It was a successful day for the Unionists and the camp that night was a scene of revelry.

Then orders were received to march to Knoxville to relieve Burnside. This was another long, tiresome march through water and mud knee deep, the

greater part of the way. After three or four weeks they came to Knoxville, then to a place called Dandridge, where the Union forces encountered Longstreet in battle and were compelled to retreat. The army finally halted at a place on the Tennessee near Loudon, where it remained until February. The soldiers then obtained a thirty days' furlough and Knox started on his way to Indiana with the Fifty-seventh Regiment. All went well until Louisville was reached. They were there informed by the Colonel that he had received orders to allow no colored persons to cross over without passes.

They had already gone on board the boats, but were hustled off and left behind on Kentucky's shore. There were eleven in all and the adjutant of the regiment was left with them. After a very rigid cross-questioning the commanding general in Louisville gave passes. Many of the soldiers did not believe in freedom for the slave and some of them swore that they would kill the first Negro that landed on Indiana soil, but on account of the delay nearly all of the soldiers had passed on with the regiment, when the refugees reached the Jeffersonville side. One man, however, had waited to make good his threat and when the colored men were about to land, there he stood gun in hand, cursing and calling out that he would shoot the first "nigger" that put his foot ashore.

Of course the Negroes were frightened and did not care about running right into the mouth of a gun, but Knox who was a little braver than the rest stepped out of the boat, at the same time reaching into his hip pocket for his revolver. Seeing that Knox was determined the old white soldier turned on his heel and said: "Well, I'll kill the second 'nigger' that lands." This amounted to nothing for all of the party landed and hurried on toward Indianapolis trying to overtake the regiment which was many hours ahead of them. They came up to the regiment at Seymour, where they were put into a passenger car, the first car of the kind that they had ever ridden in, and went on to Indianapolis.

When the furlough was ended many wanted to re-enlist, but Mr. Knox decided that he had had enough of war and would remain in the city. He went to work as coachman for Judge Martindale and remained two days. Knox then went to work at the Bates House, where he was given a job as yardman, the very lowest and hardest work about the place, but he stuck to it and in a short time was promoted to work upstairs. At this time there was a colored man across the street who had a shoe-shining stand; he employed Knox to shine some boots for him one night. There were one hundred and fifty pairs and Knox agreed to shine them for 50 cents. The work was not completed until 5 o'clock the next morning. Knox did the work so well that the next night the man wanted to engage him again. This time, however, he decided to charge him 75 cents for the work. He continued to do odd jobs of that kind, always saving every cent until he had accumulated quite a neat sum. After six months' time Mr. Knox concluded to become a barber, and began to learn the trade under a man named Rube Gibbs and when he went to Kokomo, Knox went with him and completed his trade.

Returning to Indianapolis he went to work at the Spencer House for a man by the name of Mason. Here he did well, sometimes taking in as much as \$20 per day. He was making money fast and realizing that he had enough to start in business for himself he bought a barber shop. In a short time Knox learned that he had been swindled, for the barber shop was not the property of the man who sold it to him. Without any money he went to the little town of Edinburg, where he worked some time for \$15 per week. He then went to Greenfield, a small town about twenty miles from Indianapolis, and opened a barber shop with one chair, an old keg, a wash basin and a bottle of bay rum. A month later he married Miss Arrilla Harvey of Indianapolis and returned to Greenfield to live. At first the whites were very mean in their treatment of Mr. Knox and his wife, hardly wanting to sell them anything to eat, but in the end these people

became their staunchest friends. His business grew rapidly and he began to make money.

Mr. Knox was now twenty-six years old, but he could neither read nor write. He determined to acquire some knowledge. He would place a book on the stand before him and study while he was honing his razors and in this way obtained the groundwork of the learning he now possesses. Living in a Democratic stronghold, the people of Greenfield, at first very bitter against him, had, after a ten years' residence among them, grown to admire and respect him; so much so that while he was on a trip to Indianapolis, the Democrats placed him in nomination for Councilman and he was really elected. When the Republicans found out how the election had gone, they claimed fraud and another election was held at which Mr. Knox was beaten by one vote. After that the Democrats wanted him to join them outright, saying that he ought to side with them after the way in which he had been treated by the Republicans, but he told them that he was a Republican from principle and that he did not hold the whole party responsible for the acts of a few week-kneed Republicans.

From that time Mr. Knox took an active part in politics, making speeches and assisting the party with his money. He played so important a part in politics in Greenfield that the newspapers charged that George L. Knox was mayor in reality and was running the town into debt. This was of course said through envy and prejudice.

Afterwards Mr. Knox campaigned the state for Garfield. This work was so appreciated by the white people that many came at 2:30 o'clock in the morning after the election, when the result became known, and awakened Mr. Knox to join in the general rejoicing, and he was carried about on the people's shoulders.

In 1884 Mr. Knox returned to Indianapolis to live, and at once embarked in the barber business which was a success from the start. The city people called him a country barber, but ere long they learned what a country barber could do,

for at the end of four years he owned a barber shop worth \$10,000.

In 1888 and again in 1892 Mr. Knox was elected delegate to the general conference of the M. E. Church.

In 1892 Mr. Knox purchased the Indianapolis Freeman which he has published ever since, and which is one of the greatest Afro-American journals published in the country, with a circulation in every state and territory of the United States, most of the provinces of Canada and many of the foreign countries.

Mr. Knox has about \$50,000 invested in his various enterprises and gives employment to sixty people. He is trustee and steward of the M. E. Church, president of the Epworth League and one of the board of directors of the Y. M. C. A.

For six weeks, in the fall of 1901, Mr. Knox made a tour of the South, lecturing in all the leading cities of Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Florida and Louisiana. He delivered addresses to the students at Tuskegee, Atlanta University, Normal College and other institutions of learning.

"DEM TALES WOT GRAN-PA TELLS."

DAVID C. LEE.

Er lubs ter set en heah Gran-pap,
Tell on ther time wen 'E
Wuz nuffin' but er litt'l Kid
Erbout ther size er Me.

'E sezs ez how dey didn't hab
'Lectricity in 'Is Day,
En dat de near'es Candy Sto'
Wuz more'n er mile erway.

En den 'E tells on how de Rebs
En Yank'es uster scrap.
Eh tells youse wat, Ise mouty glad
Dat ise got er "gran-pap"

Wat kin tell Me all de tings 'E's seed
Befo' 'E wuz sot free,
Wen 'E wuz a litt'l Kid
Erbout ther size er Me.

'E sezs thet some day, wen Eh grows op,
En gits Ole en gray laik 'E,
Thet maybe ma litt'l boy 'E'll come
En sot up on Ma knee

Ter lissen ter them Tales Eh tells
(Wonder ef et evah be?)
'Bout wen Eh wuz er litt'l Kid—
Erbout ther size er 'E.

But Eh wont hab no Tales ter tell
'Bout "Slavey" days! dats "Ded",
But Eh kin taik Hims on Ma knee,
En pat "Is Kinky Hed"

FLORENCE GREY.

A THREE-PART STORY. PART III.

RUTH D. TODD.

CHAPTER VII.

It took Jack Warrington quite a little while to find a wrap to put about his loved one's shoulders, and when he did find it he hastened to take it to her, but upon reaching the spot where he had left her, she was not there. "Perhaps," he told himself, "Some of the girls have carried her off; any way I shall ask Miss Payne."

Sadie was seated in the midst of a crowd of young men, flirting, as James always said, "to beat the band."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Payne, but have you seen Flor—Miss Grey?"

"Did I see Miss Grey? Dear me, when and how did you lose her?" she asked in mock surprise, and a mischievous twinkle in her bewitching eyes.

"My dear Jack, don't mind Sadie. She always pokes fun at everybody. Come and sit by me and join in this little discussion we are having, for I dare say Florrie will turn up pretty soon," put in James laughingly.

And not wishing to appear too disconcerted, Jack was forced to join in the merriment which was always sure to be found around the witty Sadie.

But as the time sped on and Florence failed to put in an appearance, James, as well as Jack grew anxious, and went in search of her. By this time two or three other girls, missing the sweet face, had also joined in the search. A servant was called and sent to the villa in search of her, but after a short while returned with the reply that Miss Florrie was not in the house.

"Nonsense," cried Mrs. Grey, trying to speak naturally, "Miss Florence must be in her room," and she hastily left the crowd, and went in search of Florence, herself.

But she returned quite hastily, and with much consternation, saying that she could not find the dear child anywhere,

and wondering what possessed her to play so cruel a trick upon them. It was not like Florence to act so strangely.

By this time the dancing and gaieties had abruptly come to a halt, and even the musicians joined in the search for the missing girl.

Jack Warrington hastened to the little rustic seat in which he had left his darling, the crowd following closely. He was telling them why he left her there, when some one picked up a dainty bit of white lace and a few trampled roses.

"Good God, what does this mean?" exclaimed Jack, in an agonized voice as he stared at the articles just mentioned.

"What, oh, what is it?" asked Mrs. Grey, distractedly rushing up. "My heavens, they are the roses my darling carried in her hand, and that is her kerchief; Oh, God, what has happened to my dear one?"

Just then same one exclaimed, "Here is her fan!" and another, "Here are the roses and the much admired pearl-headed pin she wore in her hair!"

And for a while consternation and distraction reigned supreme.

But what followed can better be described by the insertion of a couple of extracts from the Washington newspapers:

"Negro Heiress Kidnapped."

Special to the Washington — (white)

Miss Florence Grey, the daughter of a respectable and well-bred Mulattress, has suddenly disappeared, and it is supposed that the young woman, who is a very beautiful Octoroon, has been kidnapped. The Greys are very wealthy, and were staying at Grey's Villa, their summer residence, situated about twenty miles from Washington on the Virginia side. A garden or lawn festi-

val was in progress at the time of the supposed abduction, which was brought to quite an abrupt and distracting termination, for the young woman was very highly esteemed by her own people and not a few of the whites."

From an Afro-American news edition:

"The Abduction of Miss Florence Grey," our beautiful society belle."

Miss Florence Grey, our beautiful and accomplished society leader, has it is feared, been abducted from Grey's Villa, their magnificent country place.

Mrs. Estelle Grey, the young lady's widowed mother, and Dr. James Grey, her brother, are quite prostrated over this most unfortunate piece of ill luck, and have offered a reward of \$500.00 for information of the whereabouts of the young lady.

A unique lawn party was going on at the time of this startling disappearance, which was brought abruptly and uncereemoniously to an end, while all—even the musicians themselves, joined in the search for the missing girl, who is a great favorite with all who know her. Special detectives, William Wright and Henry K. Miller, have been despatched from this city, and are doing all in their power to find the missing one. Mr. John Warrington of the well-known firm of "Warrington and Carland" of Boston, was one of the young lady's most ardent admirers, and was in her company a short time before her disappearance. He is quite distracted, and is working like a hero to bring to light the mystery of this strange disappearance."

CHAPTER VIII.

"You, Susan! You Jinnie, you gals better git up an' come down stairs! 'Ere 'tis mos' five er'clock—Miss Kate an' Mr. Rich'd done already come an' yo' all layin' in bed lek 'twas just night. 'Deed yo' better come down here at once!" screamed the voice of mammy,

the black woman, after she had shown Florence to her room, and was bustling about the kitchen, preparing her "Mr. Richard and Miss Kate" a dainty luncheon. In a short time, two girls entered the kitchen, and with a quiet "Good mornin', Aunt Amy, proceeded to busy themselves with sundry duties.

One—the one called Susie—was a tall, dark girl about twenty years of age, and possessing a pleasing and quiet disposition, while the other was short, stout, and rather light complexioned, with a jovial, fun loving disposition, and was always getting herself into mischief by, as her aunt always said—"tendin' to other folks' 'fairs."

"You said Mr. Vanbrugh and his cousin had arrived, Aunt Amy?" she asked, with much curiosity.

"Yas," replied her aunt.

"What an unusual hour for folks to arrive from an institution? Don't you think it seems strange?"

"Dat's Mr. Rich'd's business," replied her aunt, rather sharply. "I tells yo' 'bout niggers, dey never will have nothin' or be nothin' nowhow. Why? 'Cos every last one on um is too pizen meddlesome," and with her head well up in the air, and the tray of dainties in her hands, she indignantly left the kitchen.

She carried the tray to Jenk's room first, and arranged daintily on a little table a plate of cold chicken, some homemade bread, fresh butter, a small pot of steaming, fragrant coffee and a pitcher of cream.

Vanbrugh thanked her, telling her that it seemed like old times to have her fixing things for him in such a motherly way, but that she had better take Miss Kate hers before the coffee got cold, cautioning her to answer no questions Miss Kate might see fit to ask, but to leave her to herself, until after she had rested, when by that time she would probably be all right. But on no account must she leave her mistress' door unlocked.

The woman, whom we shall hereafter call mammy, unlocked the door of Florence's sitting room, entered, arranged

the contents of the tray on a small table and left the apartment, locking it after her.

The room was a large, well ventilated sitting-room, opening into a dainty bedroom beyond. The floor was of polished hard wood, in the centre of which was spread a rich turkish rug, while some exceedingly comfortable chairs and a fine leather couch were arranged around with very good taste. A few good water colors decked the walls and cool, dainty curtains of the finest Swiss hung from the long bay windows.

When mammy entered, Florence had the windows hoisted and was searching about the room for some means of escape.

"Heah, honey, come 'long, eat yo' vittles 'fore your coffee gits cold." She said at the same time spreading the dainty repast on a small table.

Florence did not so much as glance in her direction, and the woman, murmuring, "Po' 'ting," left the room, not forgetting to lock the door after her.

After mammy was gone, Florence searched in vain for some means of escape, but her efforts were soon exhausted, and with a wild, heartrending cry, she threw herself down upon the leather couch. It was some moments afterwards that she heard the grating of a key in the door, and with a cry of alarm she started to her feet and found herself face to face with Vanbrugh.

"You—why are you here? Can you not leave me to myself for even a few moments?" she asked.

"So this is how you repay me for my love and gentle kindness, is it, Florence? Why, why do you compel me to speak harshly to you? Why not be reasonable and come to my arms as my adored one?"

"You forget," she said with icy coldness, "that I love and am beloved by one of my own race.

"It is you who must forget that, Florence," said Vanbrugh, impatiently. "You are mine—I yield you to no man! You shall never even see him again!"

"Oh, misery!" exclaimed she, burying her face in both hands.

Vanbrugh pushed a chair toward her, and she sunk into it, removing as with an effort, her hands from her face. Whatever struggle she had undergone was now passed, and her face was as calm, as white as a statue.

"Listen to me, Florence. You are in my power, and by lowering myself to the standard of a brute, I could force you to submit to anything that I might desire. It is in my power to ruin your character—to bring your proud spirit to the dust. I offered you my heart and hand, and with insolence you hurled them back into my face. And although, I love you still, that insult I shall never forget. I do not desire to marry you now, but I shall force you to live with me as my mistress, and when I am tired of you, when your character is spoiled and your beauty faded, you may go back to your lover and receive the insults you hurled at me." He stopped to see what effect his words carried, but her face wore an expression of mingled scorn and loathing that the meanest hound would have slunk from.

"I thought you a villain, but I had yet to learn what deeds of infamy you were capable of. I do not fear you, for if the worst comes I can but die. And I will die by my own hand before I submit to your brutish, degrading desires. But I will not die without a struggle. As heartless as your servants may be, I will appeal to them, for there may be one who still retains a spark of pity and would not stop to hesitate if one of their own race was in trouble."

"These servants as well as yourself are in my power. Listen, there is yet something else to learn. You are only fifteen miles from Grey's Villa, and yet no help will ever come to you. Your friends and associates, being only Negroes, would not dare to think of searching for you in the home of the Hon. Richard Vanbrugh, and even if they did, they would not know that I am staying at Lesterville until after my desires have been fulfilled.

"These servants here think that you are an insane cousin of mine, who went mad some years ago. They think that I

have brought you here to try and recall your mind by bright, new scenes and my handsome person which you went mad over. Scream then, and they will pay no heed to your cries. Neither will any one else hear you, for few pass this way and there is not another villa within a mile of Lesterville. Therefore, you are in my power and must—will be forced to accede to my wishes."

"Villain—you have planned it well, but advance one step nearer me and I will bury this dagger in my heart, and you shall be held accountable for my murder." So saying, her small, white hand drew from the bosom of her black lace dress a jewelled dagger.

"Stay your hand, my beauty, I will give you three days to think the matter over, at the end of which time I shall come for my reward." And he left her as softly as he had approached her.

The moment the door closed upon him, Florence began to tremble with anguish and fear. "If I remain in this house, I am utterly in the power of this wretch. He has the key of my apartments in his possession. At the end of three days he said he would come again to, oh, God! he will force me to listen to his infamous proposals unless I—oh, God, it is terrible, terrible! Oh, Jack, Jack, could you only know what agony I am suffering! To die alone—oh, my heavens! Oh, merciful Father!" sobbed the girl in the anguish of her soul. So bitter was her grief that she had not heard the door open and a woman enter.

"Lord, honey, what's de matter? Pore Miss Kate, come to yo, ol' mammy nurse, honey," said mammy—for it was she who had entered, with genuine affection.

"My good woman, you will help me—you will have pity and help me to escape from this wretched place! See, I beg you to hep me, on my bended knees. This man, Mr. Vanbrugh, has deceived you. I am not his cousin Kate as he made you believe—"

"Lord, chile, 'deed you is Miss Kate. You is her vary image; you has de same hair—de same eyes and dey are

jest as wile as dey was when you was took away from here five years ago. So ef yo' ain't Miss Kate, dan who is yo'?"

"Oh, God, how can I make you understand! I am Florence Grey, a colored girl—"

"'Deed yo' ain't no colud gal, chile, Lordy, lemme git out heah, 'cos I b'lieve yer done gone clean, spank crazy!" and mammy, with genuine fright, backed out of the apartment, slammed and locked the door, and with quick footsteps sought Vanbrugh, telling that gentleman that "'Deed she was feared of Miss Kate, she was," and "'twas her opinion dat Mr. Rich'd better take 'er back to the insti'shushion ware she come from," adding that "Ef he didn't take 'er back he'd have to send Susan to wait on 'er."

"Why, what is the matter? What has Miss Kate been doing?" asked Vanbrugh.

"Doin'? Good Lord, she is carryin' on very orful, indeed! Why, bless yo' soul, chile, she nearly tore all my close off—beggin' me to save her and glarin' erbout all 'cited like."

The situation was so ludicrous that Vanbrugh burst into a hearty laugh; and mammy, with a "Good Lord, what you see to laugh at?" indignantly flounced out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

To hear that mammy was afraid of Florence was just exactly what Vanbrugh wanted. It would save him much trouble, while at the same time it would place that arrogant young person more firmly in his power. He rung the bell and asked Jennie, who answered it, to send Susie to him.

"Mammy tells me that she is afraid of Miss Kate; do you think that you could take mammy's place as waiting maid?" he asked, as Susie quietly entered the room.

"Yes, sir, I can," answered she, with quiet respect. "Knowing that Miss Kate is a harmless imbecile, I don't think you would be easily frightened by

any of her strange actions, would you?"

"No, oh no, sir."

"You are a good, sensible girl," answered Vanbrugh, significantly, "and if you attend to your duties well, you shall be liberally rewarded. You may go now, but, one thing more, will you try to get that tiny dagger from her, and keep all dangerous weapons out of her reach? For I am afraid she might try to do herself bodily harm," and he handed the girl a silver coin, after which she thanked him, bowed respectfully, and withdrew.

Some moments afterwards she made Jennie, who, if she was a meddlesome Mattie and a chatterbox, could keep a secret, acquainted with the above conversation. "And another thing, Jennie, I don't believe this young lady is Mr. Vanbrugh's cousin at all."

"Why don't you think so, Susie?"

"I have my own reasons, as well as suspicions, and I will tell you exactly what I mean before the day is gone."

And do what she might, Jennie could get nothing more from the quiet Susie.

But to return to Florence—she had composed herself somewhat, and was seated in a rocker trying to interest herself in a book which she had picked up from the table. She had prayed to God and pleaded to humanity and both had turned a deaf ear. So, after all, she thought, though not without a degree of sadness, if the worst came, she could but die. How glad she was that she had her tiny, jewelled dagger in her possession. She had playfully placed it in her bosom last night while she was dressing for the lawn fete, and one of her girl friends had remarked that she looked like a Spanish princess; and another had picked up the tiny weapon and placed it in the folds of black lace, saying: "Now in truth are you a princess, for you have your jewels, dagger, and around you are gathered your pleading subjects and many gallant knights;" and during the fun and laughter that had ensued, she had forgotten to take it out.

Oh, how happy she was then—then!

Why, it was only last night; but to the unhappy girl it seemed that days, weeks had passed since Jack Warrington had clasped her in his strong arms and whispering words of love and devotion, tenderly asked her to be his wife, and she—but here the grating of the key in the door harshly interrupted her. Good heavens, had that wretch come back to torment her again? Could he not leave her alone for even one hour? No, it was not Vanbrugh, it was only the woman with the tray—her dinner perhaps. But this was a new face, not that of the horrid old woman, but the kind, sympathetic face of a young girl, and Florence wondered if this girl possessed a heart as kind and as sympathetic as was the dark though comely face.

Susie—for it was she—set the tray on a table and looked up to encounter two beautiful, sad eyes gazing appealingly at her. She started suddenly and with an expression of infinite surprise, stared hard at Florence.

"She also thinks me mad, and is afraid of me," thought Florence, while Susie was mentally exclaiming: "I have seen that face before! Ah, she is—I cannot be mistaken—Florence Grey—she is certainly Florence Grey!"

"What is the matter? Do I frighten you also, girl?"

"No, oh no! no—no—you do not frighten me, but I have seen your face before—you are Florence Grey, a girl of color!" cried Susie excitedly.

With a glad cry, Florence fell upon her knees at the girl's feet.

"Oh, God of mercy! You are right. I am Florence Grey, and in the power of this wretch! But yours is a kind face—you—you will not turn from me? You will help me to escape from here?" she cried, frantically.

"With all my heart! But rise and calm yourself—we must not be overheard," said Susie, who had now regained her usual quiet manner.

And Florence arose, and leading Susie into the dainty bed-room where they were not likely to be overheard, related to her her pitiful story, ending with:

"And you will help me? May God bless you, but you must have heard that I was very wealthy—and I will reward you liberally—richly if you will only help me to escape, for I fear I should indeed have gone mad if I remained here many more hours."

"Say no more, Miss Florence; my sister and I will do all in our power to help you. As for Aunt Amy, she is the kindest person I know, but being very ignorant, and Mr. Vanbrugh's nurse since the villain was an infant in long clothes, she would place his word above all—everything else."

And after telling Florence that she would come in again later in the afternoon to make some plan of escape, adding that it looked suspicious for her to remain with her too long, she left the apartment.

CHAPTER X.

Susie and Jennie Hill were orphans, whose parents had died within the same week of that dread disease, yellow fever. Both girls were attending the industrial institution at Hampton, Va., at the time, and as can be imagined, the death of both of their parents at the same time, was a sore trial to the young girls; for Susie was just sixteen and Jennie fourteen, and they were left penniless, as well as friendless, except for an aunt, who, as Susie has already said, was very kind to them.

The education of these two girls was brought to an abrupt—a cruel ending, and with as much heart as they had left they were forced to seek employment in Washington, the home of employment. Mammy procured situations for them in the home of "fust class people and none o' yo' po' white trash," in which homes the girls had remained until Dick Vanbrugh returned from abroad and made his plans known to mammy.

His plans were as follows:

Mammy was to procure two other servants, friends of hers, if possible, and go down to Lesterville, one of his small-

est country villas, and make ready to receive him and his cousin Kate, who had lost her reason five years ago, but whom he was going to take to the country to try to restore her reason by new scenery, fresh air, and his own presence. Susie had often heard her aunt talking about this cousin, how, in mammy's own words, "Mr. Rich'd wouldn't marry her and the po' thing took it to heart so dat she run clean crazy, and Mr. Rich'd took er to a private institshusion. But 'deed, chile, Mr. Rich'd was mighty sorry for po' Miss Kate, so shettin' de house up an' payin' fer my board 'twell he come back he went to some place o' nother, I dunno whar. Dat was five years ago, an' when he come home er-gain an' tells me to go down to Lesterville an' fix up tings for he an' Miss Kate, I was most wile wid joy, bress his dear heart.' But mammy did not know that this same beautiful Miss Kate had died two years after being placed in the institution.

Jennie's curiosity had been aroused to such a high pitch by this piece of news that she had not formed any opinion whatever as to the truth of Vanbrugh's plan, but Susie, on the contrary, thought deeply, telling herself that as wild a life as Mr. Vanbrugh had led it was not at all likely that he would take an insane cousin, whom he had treated so cruelly, out of an institution and sacrifice his pleasures for so vain an attempt as that. "Good gracious, who can be silly enough to believe such an absurd story?" she asked herself. But then, Mr. Vanbrugh would reward them handsomely for their services, and beside if there was very much villainy attached to it who knew but what she and Jennie might not gain enough by their faithful services to help repair their interrupted education. She only needed two more years' study before she would graduate, and Jennie—poor, dear Jennie did so long to be a school teacher.

So they had come to Lesterville, and she, Susie, had found out that it was just as she had suspected. Richard Vanbrugh was still at his old tricks. And

this time he had in his power the beautiful Florence Grey, a famous and well-loved girl who had shown so brightly in last season's world of fashion. Try to compel her—oh, the wretch! But even if Florence was only a pauper, she would run the chance of losing anything Vanbrugh might have given them by saving this sweet and beautiful young girl.

So she and Jennie quietly let themselves out of the house that evening about nine o'clock and with fleeting footsteps guided by human sympathy, and a brief instruction from Florence.

It was a beautiful night. The moon was just rising, and myriads of stars peeped forth from the cloudless blue heavens, some peeping through the branches of the tall, wide spreading trees which nearly met over the broad highway, down which the two girls who, with a prayer on their lips and fleeting footsteps, sped onward like two angels of mercy.

"Oh, I hope we won't be missed!" exclaimed Jennie.

"No danger of that until to-morrow morning, the thing to hope is that we may reach Grey's villa before morning. If we don't I fear for the worst," answered Susie, as she quickened her footsteps.

"We ought to reach there before morning; fifteen miles are not so many. Why, Sue, dear, we have often walked that distance in five hours."

"Yes, I know that Jennie; but as we do not know the exact route, we may strike out on the wrong path and are liable to walk twice fifteen miles before we are through."

"Oh, God help us, I hope not!"

"So do I. But don't let's talk any more. It's too exhausting."

CHAPTER XI.

"My dear Jack, brace up; all hope is not yet lost. Mr. Miller tells me that he hopes to give us news of our lost one in a few hours," said a friend of Jack Warrington's early on the second morning after the abduction.

Jack was unable to sleep, and had come out early, and with this friend he was taking a stroll in the early morning air to try and quiet his nerves, which had been on the verge of mania ever since that fatal night. Presently they came upon Jim—Dr. Grey—who was standing against a tree, smoking a cigar and, it seemed, trying to compose his mind.

The others stopped, and all three engaged in an earnest conversation which they had carried on for about five minutes when somebody touched Jack's arm.

All three turned to look and saw two dust laden, excited young ladies.

"Pardon me, sirs, but would you kindly tell us if we are far from Grey's Villa?" asked Susie.

"Why, this is Grey's Villa," answered Jack, staring at them in wonderment.

"Then, oh, thank God, we have found her friends—You sir, must be Miss Florence Grey's brother!" exclaimed Susie, pointing at James.

And before anyone else could speak Jennie exclaimed excitedly:

"We have just left Miss Grey—she is in great trouble—is in the power of an unscrupulous white man, and if you don't make haste you will be too late to save her."

"Oh, my God—do you hear, Jim! Oh, speak girl! tell us where she is that I can find my darling!" cried Jack, with the actions of an escaped lunatic.

Susie was quietly telling Dr. Grey the particulars, adding that he must procure the best horses he could find in order to reach Lesterville in time.

As will be imagined, the greatest excitement ensued for about ten minutes, at the end of which time a carriage with a smart lad in the coachman's seat, and Susie, Dr. Grey and John Warrington on the inside, tore madly down the road.

As it tore through the streets of the village, the well-shod feet of the thoroughbreds made such a noise that all who heard it ran to the doors, window, gates or whichever place was nearest, exclaiming, "A runaway horse!" "Good Lord, it's Grey's carriage!" "I wonder

what's up now!" and many more exclamations.

Jennie had remained behind so as to break the news to Mrs. Grey, that lady receiving her in her arms as she would have received one of her most intimate friends; commanding the servants to bring the lady some refreshments, while with her own delicate hands she relieved Jennie of her dust laden garments, and on the whole, making her as comfortable as possible.

The news had spread rapidly. One of the servants from Grey's Villa had run down to the village and told one family of Negroes, and in a few moments, mind you, great crowds of men, women and children were gathered together in groups, in their houses, yards, pavements and even in the road, conversing, some loudly and vulgarly, others in excited whispers.

Some were saying that "Florence wasn't kidnapped no way, but had run off wid a white man" others that "Dat I'd like to 'cieve dat reward dem two gals would git," "Wonder what time dey'll git back," "I'm jest dyin' to see Miss Florence jest to see how she looks," "Spects she'll turn her nose up at us now and hole her head high'n ever," and other remarks too vulgar to repeat.

The reader perhaps would like to know what has become of Long Tom. That gentleman, after driving Vanbrugh and Florence to Lesterville, unharnessed and stabled the horses and after receiving \$500 in small bank notes to avoid suspicion, walked to the nearest station, and boarding a train, he left for Washington. And, Negro like, after making a loud display, left for a Northern city. It is well to add also that he was killed—cut to death in a gambling affray some years later.

CHAPTER XII.

"You Susan! You Jinnie! You all better come down stairs! Here 'tis most seben er'clock an' nare one un you up yit. I bound if I comes up dere you'll come down quick 'noul!" exclaimed mammy, in her usual loud voice.

"Confound it!" will she never stop yelling! How in thunder is a fellow going to sleep!" He got up, threw on his dressing robe and rung the bell angrily.

"Mammy, what the devil is the matter with you this morning? I want you to shut up that noise yelling after those accursed girls, and let me sleep!" he exclaimed angrily, as mammy answered the ring.

"Lor' bless yo' soul, Mis' Rich'd, I can't get dem chil'en up dis monin' to save my life."

"Then go up and pitch them down; I don't care if you break their d—necks; Anyway, don't let me hear any more of that infernal yelling!" and with this savage response he shut the door, leaving that good old soul standing staring at the panels of the latter object and wondering to herself "what had come over Mr. Rich'd."

Meanwhile, all the sleep having left Vanbrugh's eyes by this time, he began to slowly make his toilet, but was startlingly interrupted in a very few moments by mammy, who was knocking on his door and exclaiming that "Susan and Jinnie can't be found nowhar!" and that "Miss Kate's door was locked from de inside."

"The devil!" exclaimed Vanbrugh impatiently, "I'll be there directly, mammy. Meanwhile, search the park and neighboring woods."

"What in the——" but here he was interrupted by mammy's voice saying that "de big gates was open and two white gentlemen was drivin' in in a buggy."

Vanbrugh finished his toilet quick enough now, and was on the verandah just in time to receive the two gentlemen who had alighted from their phaeton and were ascending the steps.

"Good morning, sir—Mr. Vanbrugh, I presume," said one of the men. They were detectives Wright and Miller. Vanbrugh bowed gallantly, saying in his cold, well bred manner:

"Yes, I have the honor of bearing that title. What can I do for you?"

"We, sir, are detectives Wm. Wright and Hr. Miller; we are searching for a

young lady by the name of Miss Florence Grey. You, sir——"

Another interruption. This time it was the approach of a carriage drawn by a pair of wild horses which came dashing up the wide graveled drive and pulled up before them. Almost before the carriage had stopped the door was thrown wide and two young men alighted.

"By George, what does this mean!" exclaimed both detectives at the same time.

"Florence—my darling—have you found her?" cried both men simultaneously.

"I beg your pardon, my friends, what does this abrupt intrusion mean?" asked Vanbrugh in his cool and most scornful manner.

"Villain! wretch! I tell you, Mr. Miller, she is in this house, suffering—perhaps dead!"

"This girl whom you seek—Florence Grey, is my mistress!" exclaimed Vanbrugh, insolently.

"You lie!" exclaimed James and Jack as with one breath.

"How dare you, you impudent Negro!" and Vanbrugh drew a revolver and aimed it at Jack's head, but with a lightning quickness, that young man knocked his hand back with such force that the weapon went off, the discharge passing through Vanbrugh's brain and he fell dead.

Meanwhile, Susie had alighted from the carriage by the other door and unperceived by the men, had entered a side door which led directly to Florence's apartments, and with "It's I, Miss Florence; all's well, let me in," she had explained briefly to Florence what was happening, had descended the stairs and rushed out on the porch just in time to see the revolver discharge.

Both girls gave a piercing shriek as Vanbrugh reeled and fell heavily to the floor.

Jack caught Florence's fainting form in his arms, exclaiming wildly, "Florence, darling, do not faint. It is I, Jack! Good God, Jim, she doesn't know me! Water, girl, quick! She is suffocating! Oh, Florence! oh, my love, my love!"

"Let me have her, Jack; she will be all right presently. She has only fainted, dear precious girl! How glad, how happy mother will be," said Dr. Grey.

The two detectives, unlike men of their profession, were as excited as the rest, while mammy, who had witnessed all, was on her knees crying, "Po' Mr. Rich'd! po' Mr. Rich'd!"

A few hours later Florence was gathered lovingly in a mother's arms, and many were the tears and rejoicings of that happy household.

Being only a girl of color no great stir was made over this awful tragedy, excepting through the newspapers. Those terrible mediums spread the news far and wide, one paper declaring that the beautiful Negress had run off with the Hon. Richard Vanbrugh of her own free will, and had caused him to commit suicide by deserting him and playing lady when caught up with.

But through it all Florence lived and shone as conspicuously as ever in her world of fashion, which received her with open arms.

And a year later she was the blushing bride of happy Jack Warrington, who took her to his Northern home, where very soon Mrs. Grey and James followed her, the latter bringing with him as his bride the winsome Sadie Payne.

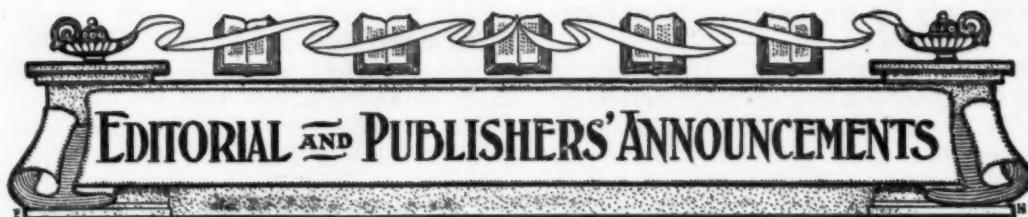
Susie and Jennie were liberally rewarded, and with happy hearts and smiling faces they again took up their studies.

One more word. Mammy was mentioned in the Hon. Richard Vanbrugh's will as an old and faithful servant to whom was to be left \$5,000, the rest of his large fortune to be divided up between different charitable institutions in case he had no wife.

Mammy was simply delighted, saying that "Mr. Rich'd allus was a good boy, and bless his dear heart, she'd soon jine him in heaven."

So with many good wishes and blessings we will leave our dear friends, hoping, as with the ending of a fairy tale, they may live very happily ever afterwards.

(The end.)



COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

5 PARK SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

JOHN F. RANSOM, *President.*WALTER W. WALLACE, *Vice-Pres. and Managing Editor.*JESSE W. WATKINS, *Treasurer*W. A. JOHNSON, *Secretary and Advertising Manager.*

The announcements for the new volume, which will begin with the November issue, are nearing completion after many weeks of special effort. We feel confident in stating that the general make up and contents of The Colored American Magazine for the new year will not only surpass anything heretofore undertaken in strictly race publishing, but will to a marked degree place *our great race magazine* on a par with any of the popular priced magazines of the day. In order, however, that our progress may be more rapid, we ask that each subscriber, reader and friend of the magazine make a special effort to send in to the home office, between now and January 1st, 1903, at least one new yearly subscriber.

It will take but a few moments of your time to accomplish this result and the added interest of these many thousands of new readers and friends will prove of vast help in broadening and deepening the influence of our magazine. We shall be pleased to send to every reader a supply of our new announcements, which will be ready about November first. If you will spread these announcements among your friends and acquaintances there can be no doubt but that you will secure not only one but a number of subscribers. We pay a liberal commission to those persons who desire to use some of their spare time canvassing for us. If you are interested, write for full particulars. Address Circulation Dept., and full information will be sent you by return mail. You will find it very easy to make money between now and the first of the year, as the magazine needs but to be

shown to secure multitude of new friends. We also offer very liberal premiums to those securing subscribers in clubs.

The great serial story, "Winona", ends with this issue, and as our readers peruse its tragic and absorbing ending, we know full well that they will unconsciously ask, "What is to be Miss Hopkins' next story and when will it begin?"

Replying to this general note of inquiry, it affords us a great deal of pleasure to announce that Miss Hopkins has been at work for many months on a story that will begin in the November issue. Its title, "Of One Blood, or The Hidden Life", gives a good general idea of the story.

That this new story will meet the expectation of every reader there can be no doubt. It is the crown and glory of the author's work to date. A most powerful psychological novel, it deals in no uncertain terms with both the temporal and spiritual solution of the greatest question of the age—The Negro. It will run for twelve months. Watch for our full announcement in the November issue.

For many months the Board of Directors of the Colored Co-operative Publishing Company have realized that the general business of the company, in order to meet the constantly increasing demands growing out of an ever widening field, both as to circulation and advertising, demanded that the whole scope and plan of the enterprise be broadened and

deepened, that the work of the proper business development should proceed rapidly and smoothly.

With this end in view, the Board has been for several months at work upon a plan that will within a short time put the entire business of this great race publishing house upon a broad and solid foundation, from which point the business of *The Colored American Magazine* can go forward by leaps and bounds.

The fact is that both the magazine and book business of our company have far exceeded our fondest expectation, as outlined at the time of our first issue nearly three years ago. Upon the completion of these plans of enlargement, now well under way, we shall be in a position to regularly and systematically cover our entire field, which has heretofore been impossible, as well as more thoroughly develop existing agencies.

A full and detailed announcement of all plans, etc., will be made in an early issue of the magazine.

It is interesting, though disheartening, to note the effort that is being made to saddle as many of the heinous crimes as possible upon the Negro. One of the most recent evidences of this seemingly studied purpose is reported from Columbia county, Arkansas. Here, it appears, a white man was known to have in his possession about \$300 in cash. The plan to get it was executed as follows:

Two of his white neighbors went to him during the day and invited him to go out for an opossum hunt at night. Not suspecting anything, he accepted. Soon after he had gone with them a peddler drove up to his house and asked lodging for the night. His wife, though alone, thinking her husband would soon return, decided to allow him to stay and directed him to the barn to put up his team. While he was thus engaged two black men came to the house and murdered the woman, severing her head from the body. The peddler returned from the barn just in time to see what they had done and succeeded in shooting them both dead. He immediately aroused the neighbors, who, on examination, discovered that the supposed Negroes were white women with blackened faces and disguised as men;

not only so, but they were the wives of the two men who had induced the dead woman's husband to go hunting with them. Meanwhile a search was made for the hunters, and it was found that the husband had been murdered also by his treacherous neighbors.

This horrible crime was reported in Little Rock by Representative C. L. Pool, of Calhoun county, and we take the account from the *Sentinel-Record*, a morning daily of Hot Springs.

As we have already said, such an occurrence is indeed disheartening. The Negro has a criminal record of his own which is bad enough without having to bear the responsibility for crimes committed by his white neighbors. This is not by any means the first instance of the kind of which we have heard, as much as we wish it was. Not that we would not have such double dealing exposed, but we are led to ask ourselves how many similar cases occur from night to night of which the public never learns. Should it be surprising that the Negro is being put down as the worst criminal of this country? We have no disposition to lift from the shoulders of the race any condemnation for wrong-doing that they should justly bear, but we ask in all sincerity, Ought not the public, in view of such occurrences as the foregoing, be less ready to charge to the Negro every crime committed by a person with a black face?—*Southwestern Christian Advocate*.

At last apparently a case has been started up toward the United States supreme court putting to test the validity of the new Alabama constitution, which disfranchises Negroes quite generally under a "grandfather clause," and so on. Action is brought in the United States district court at Montgomery by a Negro who prays for an injunction against the state registrars of voters, restraining them from refusing longer to place the petitioner's name on the voting list. It is the Negro's purpose to press the issue of constitutionality to a finality, which is decidedly what should be done, and in North Carolina as well as Alabama.—*Springfield Republican*.

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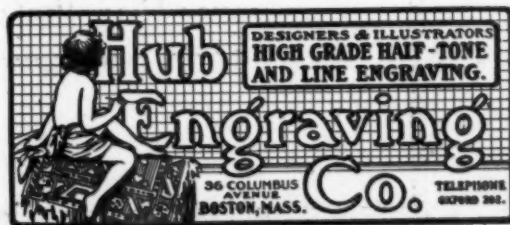
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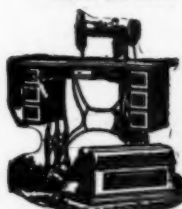
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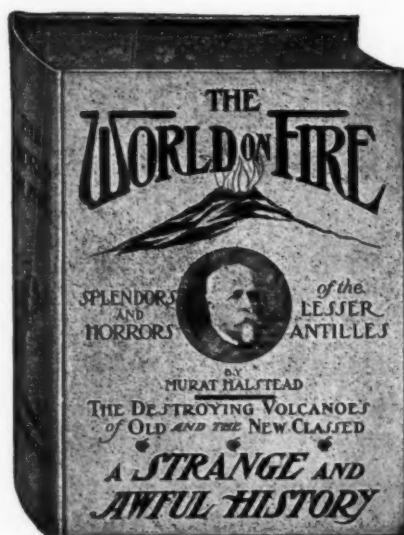
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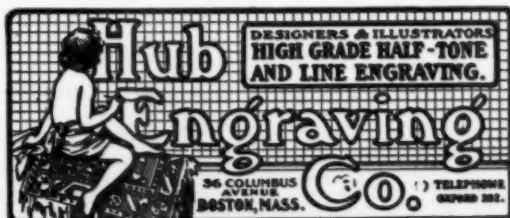
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The July issue will be especially interesting as a distinctively Biographical Number.

Among the many timely and interesting features to appear in this issue, the following will be found of special interest:

MISS J. IMOGEN HOWARD: The story of her life and work, by Pauline E. Hopkins. Miss Howard was for thirty years a teacher in the public schools of New York, and a graduate of New York University, receiving the degree of Master of Pedagogy. She was appointed by Governor Flower in 1892 a member of the Board of Women Managers of the State of New York, for the Columbian Exposition. This sketch by Miss Hopkins will close the articles on "Famous Women Educators."

HENRY O. WAGGONER: His life story. A most interesting romance, in the form of the adventures of the late Henry O. Waggoner of Denver, Col. Mr. Waggoner has been called "the Douglass of Colorado," and the retrospect of his eighty-four years reads like a work of fiction.

MRS. WILLIAM SCOTT: The Noted Evangelist. The story of her life. Mrs. Scott is a lecturer and special agent of education for the American Baptist Home Mission Society. A most interesting story of an interesting and useful life.

WILLIAM BECKETT: A sketch of an eventful life, by Edwin A. Lee. Mr. Beckett is the doorkeeper of the reading room in the Library of Congress, at Washington, D. C. It is remarkable with what ease and kindness he handles the vast crowds who daily visit the Library.

GEO. L. KNOX: Publisher of *The Freeman*. A sketch of his life and work, by Cyrus Field Adams, with portrait. This sketch was delayed from our June issue.

ITHAMAR: The Land of the Palm. By Professor Hamedoe. This interesting article will treat of Siamese history, customs, etc., and will contain a full account of the father of the present monarch, and also a sketch of the present king, whom many of our senators recently honored by introducing a resolution in Congress inviting him to visit America at the nation's expense. Fully illustrated.

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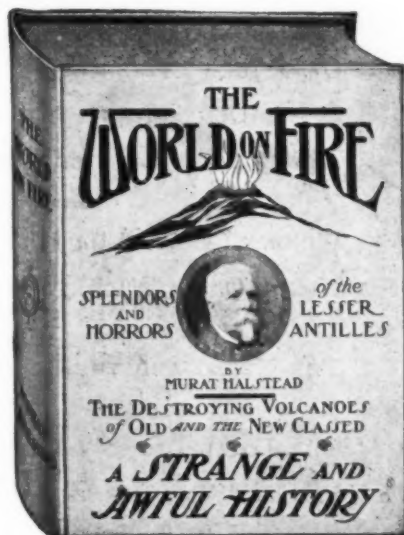
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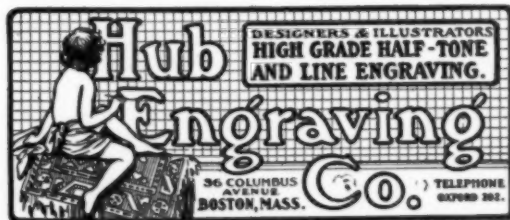
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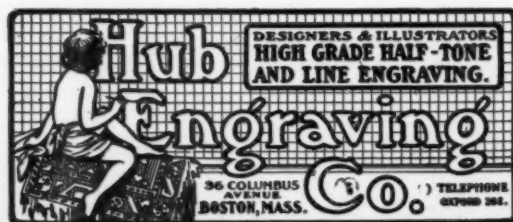
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furious because its author is a southern man and a southern scholar of prominence. Instead of resisting the storm and making an effort to retain his place in the faculty, or to retain his right of opinion, Prof. Sledd wisely acted upon a hint from the trustees and resigned. It would have been of no use for him to defend himself and plead, as Andrews did at Brown and professors have done at Chicago and Leland Stanford, that they have a right to their opinions and that they do not commit the university. By such a course he would only have made a bad matter worse. By promptly resigning he has averted all criticism as a member of the faculty and at the same time has made a statement which may set some, even in the South, to thinking. Had he insisted upon remaining and answering back his critics he might have made it even worse for the Negroes. He is wise to remain silent and let his article speak for itself.—The Chicago Tribune.

The Colored American makes this showing for the race:

The Publishing House of the Baptists is in Nashville, Tenn., and is doing a business of \$60,000 annually.

The Negroes of Philadelphia have tied up in banks, trust companies and other white concerns over \$2,000,000, all told.

Colored men own in the United States 230 rated drug stores with an investment of something over a half million dollars.

The Jacksonville (Fla.) Business Professional Men's League, with 553 members, has invested, not including real estate, \$129,000.

The Georgia Baptist Printing Company in Augusta, Ga., pays \$3,000 annually to employees and does a business that averages \$567 per month.

Mrs. E. Lewis, now of Chicago, has been in the hairdressing business 26 years. Within that time she has taught her trade to 50 persons and saved \$25,000.

Mrs. Josephine B. Bruce, widow of the late Senator Bruce, is said to be an expert in cotton production. She owns a big plantation near Josephine, Miss., a town named in honor of Mrs. Bruce.

W. H. Smith of Wagoner, I. T., does the largest grocery business of any colored man in the I. T. He employs four regular clerks. His goods are bought in carload lots. He is also a heavy cotton buyer.

The Colored Agricultural and Mechanical Association of Lexington, Ky., organized in 1869, is a member of the National Trotting Association. This distinction is enjoyed by no other Negro association in America.

Negroes in the State of Virginia have invested in business \$14,826,536; own \$15,000,000 worth of property, which includes their personal property, and is assessed at \$17,442,227. The taxes paid amount to \$412,870.60 per annum.

T. A. Curry of South McAlister, Ind. Ter., is the only Negro railroad contractor in the Southwest, and probably in the United States. He works from 200 to 300 men and operates his own commissaries, has his own clerks, secretaries, paymasters and stenographers.

Mound Bayou, a Negro town in Mississippi, has a town and rural population of 1,300. This village has several sawmills, 4 public schools, 1 normal school, 5 churches, merchants, blacksmiths, photographers, butchers, druggists, doctors, printers, brick dealers, land agents, log and timber contractors.

Georgia's first bale of new crop cotton was brought into Atlanta July 21 by Deal L. Jackson, a prosperous Negro farmer in the western part of Dougherty county, who owns his own farm. The bale weighed 360 pounds and was classed as fully middling. At auction the bale brought 11 cents per pound. For three successive years Jackson has appeared in the Atlanta market with the first bale of new crop cotton.

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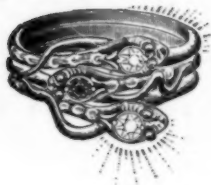
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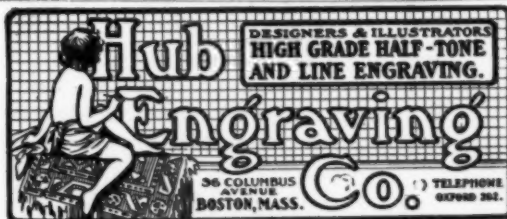
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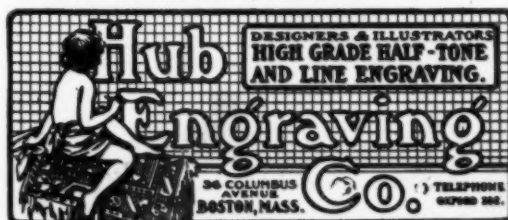
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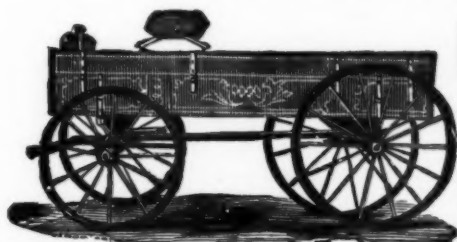
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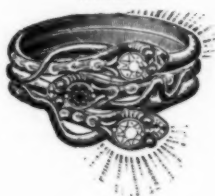
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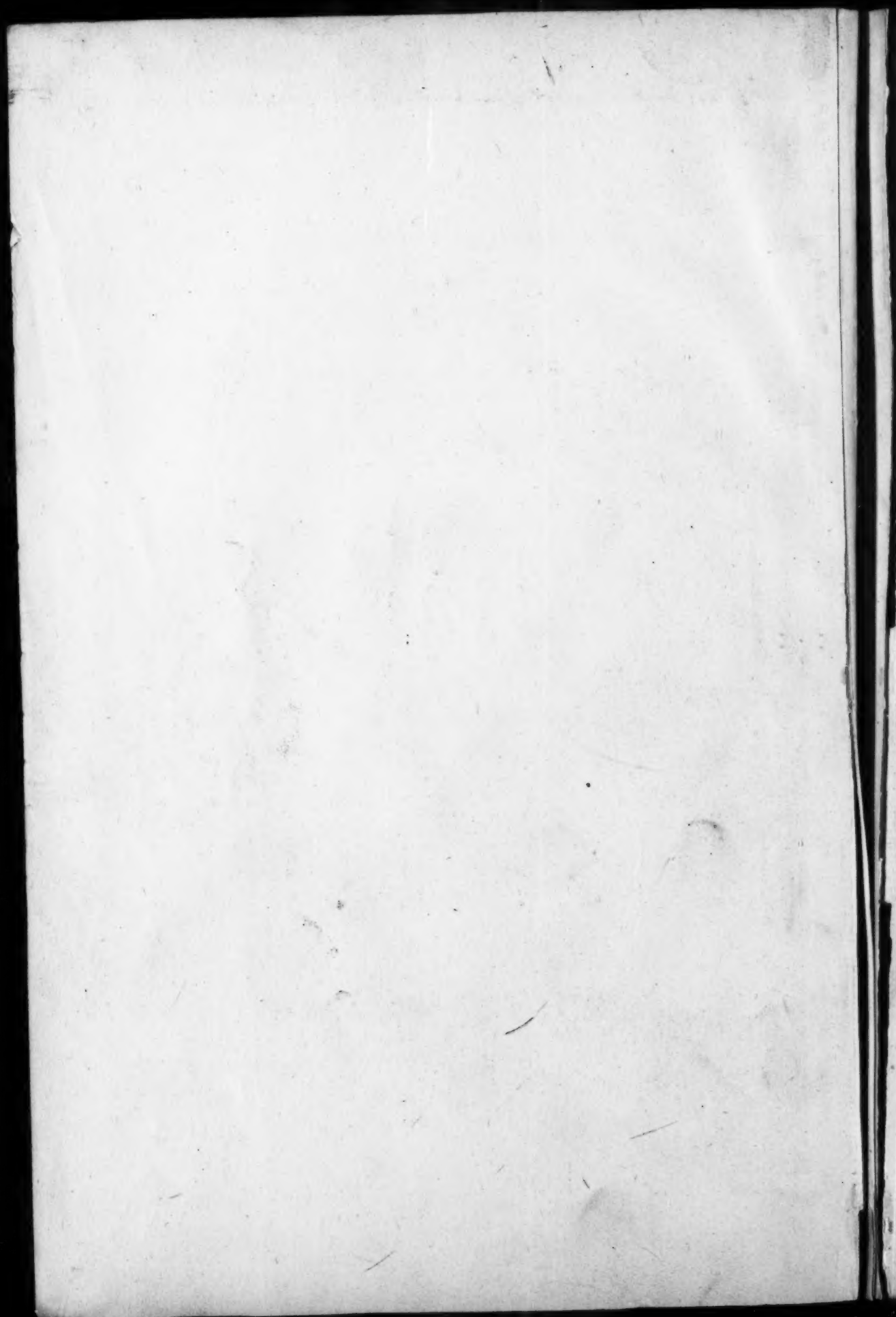
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AN ARAB FUNERAL IN BIZERTA.

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called tales of ancient days: A group of natives were ploughing the soil with rude wooden ploughs. Women, in rude attire, supplied the motive power, while men in wide brimmed hats, guided the old-fashioned farming implements. Probably the reader, to whom only modern machinery is familiar, can not realize that such customs still prevail in these wonderful times of rapid improvement, but here in Bizerta all the farming im-

ing up in groups of three or four persons. Some made their way to the high bridge over the channel that led to the harbor, others availed themselves of carriages and bicycles waiting to be hired for exploring trips, while a few of us preferred to walk leisurely through what is known as "Arab Town."

Black soldiers in gaudy uniforms and Arabs in native costume were everywhere. The population is composed of



PLOUGHING IN AND AROUND BIZERTA.

plements are patterned after the patriarchal period, and we who had become accustomed to strange sights found something new to rivet our attention, and no longer wondered that agriculture had declined under such methods here, where once great granaries flourished for the sustenance of the then known world. The Orient of dreams and poesy is not the Orient of reality; magic appearances conceal the desolate spectacle of a passing civilization.

Very soon our party separated break-

Mussulmans, Jews, Negroes, Europeans, and other nationalities.

Arabs were draped in their "jaram," like the Roman toga; others there were whose costume consisted of a flowing robe supposed to be white. Sometimes this robe is of vivid hued silk, and the gay note of color is very picturesque.

In a few moments one meets an infinite variety of Negroes, from the pure type to those whose lineaments are absolutely Caucasian. Every station in life is found among them. Some are the offspring of

former slaves from the Soudan, some are soldiers, some are merchants. Their manners and customs are distinctive, and they possess a peculiar language of their own. Most of them are converted to Islamism, and are scrupulous in their devotions. They dress always in white.

The scene was variegated, indeed; veiled women, voluminously wrapped, passed us like ambling bundles of clothes.

where else seen, is that the houses, scarce six feet apart in the widest streets, are connected by numerous arcades, happily preventing the walls from nearing each other in a too dangerous embrace. In short, they have more the appearance of holes in a wall. Along these streets were the shops and bazaars, indescribably charming. Odors of musk, of tobacco, orange-blossoms, ottar of



AN ORIENTAL MARKET AT BIZERTA.

Moorish dandies strolled along; at each step it was a new tableau, and one had the desire to stop while the eye followed a curious type, and turning from it regretfully fell on ten others fully as interesting. We moved on, however, but not without stopping to view the donkeys with water jugs in saddles, made for carrying, thrown across their backs, perambulating the streets. In an open lot, a number of camels and donkeys lay huddled together. The dirty, yellow streets are crooked and irregular. What is no-

roses,—the oily extract sold in long vials of thick glass with gold designs upon them, were everywhere on sale. Here, too, we saw the belle of Bizerta, whose distinguishing features were large languishing eyes gleaming through the white folds of thin veiling. Shops of all kinds were there huddled together displaying assortments of wooden shoes and other articles of necessity to Oriental life. We were particularly struck with the exquisitely delicate tones and shades of the silks and velvets of costumes and

draperies. Nothing so delicate of the kind is to be found elsewhere, not even in the delicate colors in vogue on our continents. The transparency, too, of the fab-

Among the curiosities in shops was one that deserves especial mention; the peculiarity of this particular shop was that its walls were not decorated. It



A BIZERTA BELLE.

rics, is incredible; cobweb is the only texture to which it can be compared. Aside from the charm for the eyes and for the nasal organs, there is in these covered bazaars delicious repose from the noise, dust and glare outside.

was double the size of the others and had but one large entrance. From a distance no sign of human life could be seen, but on approaching, I discovered that there was a continual commotion within. In the center of the room were two large



TYPICAL CHARACTERS IN THE SUBURBS OF BIZERTA.

pots, one turned upside down upon the other. Four irregular shaped stakes driven in the floor held the upper pot in position. The middle of a crooked, knotty pole was attached to the top of this queer apparatus, so that the ends extended out about four feet on each side. Two donkeys, one hooked to one end, and one to the other end, thus turned the upper part of the mill. The beasts were blind-folded and walked around in a circle with clock-work regularity. Durra, a wheat-like grain, was put in from an opening in the top of the mill and came out at the bottom, crushed. An Arab boy would occasionally hit the tardy donkeys on the back; they, however, were apparently unaware of the effect intended, and often one quick step to show the boy that his power was respected, they would fall back to the same old gait. An old Arab sat in a dark corner looking on with an air of perfect satisfaction. Now and then he would tap the head of his Neptune pipe on the tip of his wooden shoe. Arab customers came and went carrying quantities of the durra meal.

Market day is the event of the week in Oriental cities; it is held outside the gates of the city. Early in the morning a large open space near the sea is invaded by a swarm of people and beasts; the merchandise is unloaded and spread on the sand under the shelter of mats or tents, and the merchants squat awaiting buyers.

Outside the bazaar once more, we met an Arab funeral. At the death of men or women of every condition, servants, relatives and friends rend their garments, disfigure themselves and utter piercing cries. When it is the head of the family that is dead, his widow dresses in black and puts a rope around her head and body; thus with hair dishevelled, face bloody and bruised, she enters the room of the dead man emitting cries and groans to the noise of funeral drums.

Rich and poor are shrouded in white linen; the mourners then proceed to the cemetery, the body extended upon a bier, with a pall, costly or not, according to the condition of the parties. The bier is borne upon the shoulders of four men, preceded by a number of religious persons. Multitudes join the funeral party until it reaches the grave; there, after new prayers, the corpse is placed at the bottom of an arched grave, with a monument of stone or marble according to the wealth of the family of the deceased.

The day was nearly gone. Looking over the blue Mediterranean we saw the golden sun slowly sinking into its watery bed, leaving the clear sky tinted crimson. We had gone but a short distance down the street when one of our party abruptly halted before a shop—a bakery. I recognized an Arab who had visited the mill we had just left, for durra. I stood and watched him making cakes from the meal that I had seen a short time before running out on the clay boor of the mill. He stirred the dough lazily with fingers of doubtful cleanliness, psalmoding the while the Pharisee's prayer. Despite his dirt he had a certain dignity; from his half-closed eyes came glances fine and piercing. The cakes were formed in shapes like a bun, and put in a rude clay oven. There was no privacy in this Oriental bakery, for I could see the blaze rise slowly beneath the oven, and as the cakes browned they were taken out and placed on trays. Not less than ten large wooden trays were filled with the durra cakes and placed at one side.

Walking along the lagoon or lake, we reached the main street again and much to my surprise the durra cakes were what the street venders were selling.

Once more on board ship, from the deck of the "Dixie" we traced the coast-line, in the purple, tropical twilight, of Carthage sprinkled with illustrious ashes, more remarkable for its memorable facts

than Tunisia, the site of the empire of Carthage, made a province of the Roman world, and later the brilliant diocese of the Christian church; there, too, toward the south, was the long reach of shore which extends from Tunis to Egypt, where the Great Desert advances nearest the sea. Here is an ethnological exposition of African humanity, for from that estuary of sandy desert come fierce types of Negro merchants and caravaneers. A colony of these fierce and untamed

blacks, transplanted in the heart of American caste prejudice in "Dixie's land," would cause the most intrepid white Southerner of the Tillman stripe, to quail, and to literally crawl into his boots.

The shadows deepen; they are cool and transparent; caressing zephyrs pass from time to time. The stars are in the sky; we abandon ourselves to the irresistible charm of a night in the tropics. We sleep, and live over again the experiences of the day.



THE LAGOON AT BIZERTA.

THE PURPLE CONFESSION OF AN AFRICAN MARTYR.

CHARLES W. HALL.

Thascius Cyprianus, Bishop of Northern Africa, sat in his villa at Carthage, looking forth across his splendid gardens to the walls and port of the great metropolis. Floors and wainscots of polished marble, walls embellished with exquisite frescos and priceless mosaics, friezes and

ceilings rich with costly carved woods and highly burnished gold, still told of the almost regal wealth and prominence which this Christian bishop had once held unchallenged.

His thoughts went back to the days of his young manhood, scarce thirty years

before, to the handsome, supple, graceful patrician, whose exquisitely chosen garb and ornaments, dignified and gracious address, and wealth of learning, had made him easily foremost of the gilded youth of his time. He was again the recipient of lordly courtesies, the giver of marvellous spectacles and regal banquets, the colleague of philosophers and statesmen; the comrade of keen sportsmen and tried soldiers, and the darling of proud ladies and patrician maids. Again, as the acknowledged master of forensic eloquence, wedding in silvern speech the inflexible logic and strength of Rome to the enthralling wit and pathos, the fervor and radiance, the intoxicating energy of African Carthage, he stood foremost in senate and forum, admired and beloved.

Again as knight and noble, he rode in war-array in solemn triumph through the rejoicing city, or spurred in mimic battle across the field of Mars. Again as senator and statesman he received the stately approval of his colleagues, the stormy plaudits of the thronging populace, yea even the solemn blessings of the priests of Carthage, as the wisest and most eloquent champion of the city's welfare, and the awful majesty of the rulers and gods of Rome.

That had ended, when the presbyter, Caecilian, had baptised him in the name of Christ the Crucified. Pledged to chastity, because of the unspeakable villainess of the lives of heathen men, and the worship of heathen goddesses; selling his splendid city residence and many a fertile farmstead and forest holding, that he might a little allay the awful poverty and suffering about him, he had boldly attacked the divinity of the Latin gods, and with their divinity the awful and sacred majesty of the emperor of Rome. Now he was bishop of Carthage, and head of a sect whose very virtues were a constant rebellion, and a menace to the empire. Any god or goddess might be

worshipped in the Roman empire, so long as men failed not to adore the Latin gods, and with them the holy and deified rulers of the world. This no man might do who was true to the Christian faith, and worthy of the crown of glory of the life eternal.

And now Decian had issued his edict, dooming to steel and flame the bishops of the Christian faith; but sparing for a while the many lesser converts who, in every day walk of life, had given up the world for the sake of the master. Already messenger and post had brought him heavy tidings; Origen had borne chains and torture, Dionysius of Alexandria had fled, and Gregory had led his flock into the African wilderness, Babylas of Antioch and Alexander of Jerusalem were dead, worn out with cruel persecutions and the horrors of a Roman dungeon. Fabian of Rome had bowed his venerable neck to the sweep of the Roman sword. Others, less prominent but not less noble, had died in prison, succumbed to judicial tortures, or been given to wild beasts or the devouring flames.

Some of his own flock had been thus privileged to "confess the faith," knowing that death came swiftly to the humble and lowly followers of the Christ, who refused before pro-consul or prætor to offer incense in honor of the emperor and the gods. How nobly and joyously had his African converts gone to torture and to death? The fervid Lybian temperament was all aflame with contempt for pain and death, and intense longing for the presence of Christ and the joys of paradise.

Those who were summoned to torture and martyrdom were "The Crowned;" their brief agony, "A Happy Passage;" the darkness of dungeon and dissolution, "Gloom more brilliant than the sun itself." Death for Christ was "A Confession in Bloom" or "A Purple (Imperial)

Confession." He recalled noble and wealthy citizens, fearless mariners of the Mediterranean, stout soldiers and centurions of the African legions and swarthy laborers and camel-drivers of the desert, who scorning to flee, and faithfully performing every public and private duty, had with a solemn and fearless joy gone to their doom. So had lovely and delicately nurtured women also "borne

apostate angels first gave to the hapless daughters of men before the flood; nor seek in other ways to tempt with their beauty their brothers in Christ from their fealty to God.

"Though thou fall not thyself," he had said to his fair converts, "thou destroyest others, and makest thyself a sword and a poison to beholders." "If ye are to glory in the flesh it must plainly be when it is



HOTEL OWNED BY THOS. S. DIXON, S. BETHLEHEM, PA.

See page 48.

themselves as good soldiers." Yea! even those who in the early days of the faith had bared their fair necks, enmeshed with chains of gold and pearl; piled their glossy hair high above their queenly foreheads in grape-like clusters of short curls, deepened the almond-like line of the eye with antimony, the glow of their velvety cheeks with rouge, and tinged the shapely nails of foot and hand with henna. To such, Cyprian had argued that "the brides of Christ" should no longer avail themselves of the meretricious and deceitful arts of the toilet; such as the

tormented in the Confession of the Name: When woman becomes stronger than torturing man; when she suffers fire or cross, the sword or wild beasts, that she may be crowned."

And these darlings of fashion and luxury had spared not to give up all for Christ! Yea even love itself when it was disloyalty to the faith. Such had been Bona, who when her husband would have saved her by leading her to the altar and forcing her to drop incense on the flame in honor of the emperor's divinity, calmly said: "This act, my husband, is not mine, but your own."

Thus Cyprian bethought himself of many noble and dear ones who had cheerfully surrendered all the beauty and joys of life and accepted horrible tortures and inevitable death, because the justice of God, the presence and love of Christ, and the certainty of an immortal life beyond the grave, had become accepted realities, in a world and age of unspeakable vice, superstition and cruelty.

And now his own trial was at hand; for the almost universal respect of his heathen colleagues, and the poor whom he had impoverished himself to succor, could no longer avert the imperial anger and vengeance. Aspasian Paternus, the pro-consul, had summoned him before him, and the next day must decide his fate. Well, he would be worthy of the welcomes of those in paradise, whom he had counselled how to live and how to die; and seeking his couch, Cyprian awaited the morrow.

When called before Paternus in his private office, he was thus accosted:

"Thascius Cyprianus! The most sacred emperors, Valerian and Gallien, have done me the honor to send me a dispatch, in which they direct that all persons not following the Roman religion, must nevertheless conform to the Roman ceremonies. In consequence, I have made enquiries concerning you and your professions. What answer have you to give me?"

The sonorous Latin words and calmly dignified sentences rang out like the summons of the Roman trumpets before a beleaguered city. Cyprian knew that death or bonds hung upon his answer to the imperial demand. Nevertheless he hesitated not, but answered calmly and with a dignified humility:

"I am a Christian, and a bishop. I know no other gods but the one and only true God, who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is. He is

the God whom we Christians adore, and fully serve. Him we supplicate day and night, for ourselves and for all men, and for the safety of the emperors themselves."

"In this purpose then you will persevere?" The proconsul's voice indicated a contemptuous pity.

"It is not possible for me to change a good purpose, formed in the knowledge and fear of God," replied the bishop.

Paternus was evidently disappointed at the contumacy of Cyprian, yet was not yet ready to sentence to death or torture, a man who was so greatly respected and beloved. For the first time there was a sneer on the firm, smoothly shaven lips, a sarcastic undertone in the full and polished diction, a contemptuous regret and significant warning in his answer:

"Will it be possible for you, in accord with the decrees of Valerian and Gallien, to take your departure for the city of Curubis?"

"I obey and depart," said Cyprian.

But Paternus had not finished his warning. "The emperors have also honored me by writing to me, not only of bishops but of presbyters also. I would also know of you who are the presbyters now residing in Carthage."

Not in vain had Cyprian maintained his ancient reputation as a jurist, and Paternus bit his lip in half-amused vexation as the bishop answered:

"The edicts of the emperors have made just and stringent laws against the very existence of informers. I can therefore do nothing to discover and denounce these men to you. However, they may be found in their several cities."

"I refer to this time and place only," said the pro-consul.

"Inasmuch as our laws of church discipline forbid anyone to offer himself of his own accord, and this would also be contrary to your own law, they may not law-

fully offer themselves; but if you seek them diligently they will certainly be found."

"I shall have them sought out," said Paternus. "The emperors have also decreed that no assemblies shall be held in private or public buildings, and they are especially forbidden to meet in cemeteries. Therefore if anyone fails to obey this salutary decree, he will be put to death."

"On the evening of the day that we reached Curubis, and before I was fairly asleep, there appeared before me a man of immense stature and superhuman beauty, who led me to the Praetorium, and before the tribunal where sat the pro-consul. He, looking up at me, began at once to note down on his tablets some sentence of which I knew nothing, for he had asked me no questions in the usual manner of inquiry. But the majestic and



RESTAURANT OWNED BY THOS. S. DIXON, S. BETHLEHEM, PA.

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"You must do as you are directed," said the bishop.

Therefore, Cyprian with his faithful assistant, the deacon Pontius, went into exile at Curubis, a little walled city near the eastern promontory of the great bay of Tunis, a not unpleasant resting place, save that all felt that this exile was but the prelude to a greater tragedy.

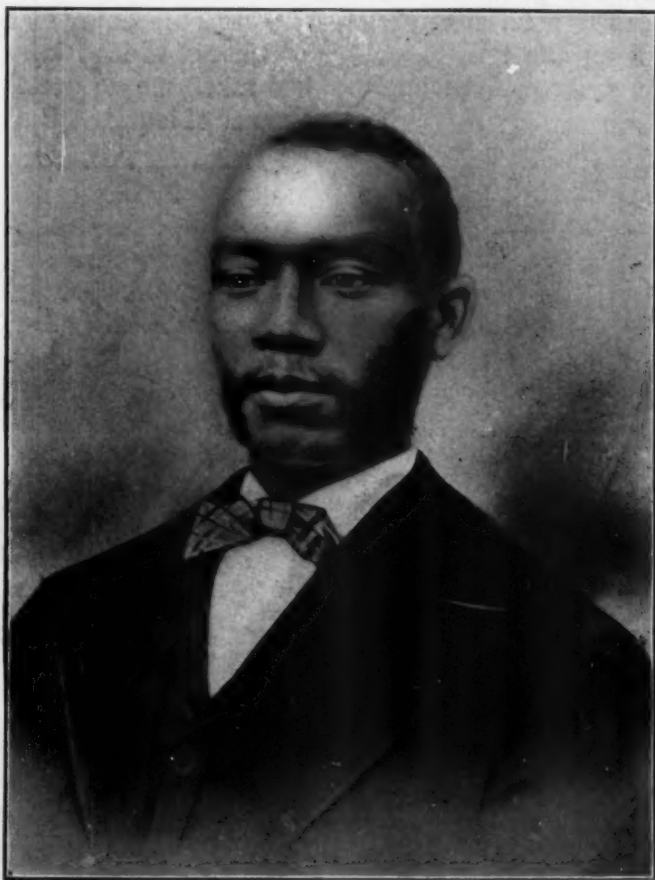
This impression was intensified by a remarkable dream which Cyprian himself related to his companions, on the first morning after their arrival, and thereafter described as follows:

beautiful youth who had led me thither, standing behind the pro-consul, read with the greatest attention whatever he was writing therein. And when all was entered, since he might not speak with me from where he was, he set forth by gestures what was written on that tablet. And opening out his hand quite flat like the blade of a broadsword, and imitating the stroke given in an ordinary execution, he thus expressed what he wished me to understand quite as effectively as by the clearest speech.

"I understood this sentence of death, and began to ask and plead incessantly for one day's reprieve that I might set my affairs in order. Whereupon the proconsul began again to make other entries on his tablets, and judging from the

ing, insomuch that my heart throbbed and quivered terribly."

And accepting this vision as a sign from heaven that in some such wise he should be called upon to confess the Christ, Cyprian and his companions



THOS. S. DIXON, SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

See page 48.

calmness and serenity of his face, I conceived that my judge would grant my petition. Then that same youth who by gestures had revealed to me my approaching passion, now silently nodding his head, signalled to me by twisting one finger behind the other, that I would be reprieved until the morrow.

"Wherefore, although no sentence was read, I awoke greatly rejoicing that I was thus reprieved; and yet so great had been my uncertainty as to the interpretation of the writing, that I awoke greatly trembl-

habitually spoke of "The Morrow" as indicating the day of his approaching martyrdom.

In May, A. D., 258, the Emperor Valerian, then visiting at Byzantium, issued a second edict "against the sect called Christians," which decreed: "That Bishops, Presbyters and Deacons be forthwith punished with death. That Senators, men of high rank, and knights of the Roman empire, forfeit all dignities, suffer confiscation of their goods, and if after losing their means they still persist in

remaining Christians, shall also be capitally punished. That matrons thus offending shall lose their property and be sent into exile, and that all officers and soldiers of Cæsar who have formerly confessed or shall hereafter confess the Christ, shall suffer confiscation, and sent in fetters to serve as slaves, or work in the mines." Thus Rome's best and noblest were doomed, and especially the whole body of the Christian church.

Close on the heels of the messengers who warned the African church of this fatal decree, came the fearful tidings of its enforcement. The Italian prefects had already begun the work of confiscation and execution, and Xystus, bishop of Rome, having been surprised in one of the forbidden cemeteries, had, with four of his seven bishops, been put to death.

Cyprian sent out his messengers reciting these things, and informing his fellow bishops that the whole body of the Christian clergy were brought under the death-stroke. That nevertheless all were full of hope and devotion, and none would lapse or falter now. He said: "Let there be no excitement, neither rash confessions; prematurely seeking death, nor sordid fear. Not death but deathlessness, not dread but gladness, are in our hearts."

Galerius Maximus was now pro-consul, and in August, A. D. 258, at the end of his year of exile, summoned Cyprian to Carthage to await his coming from Utica. Thus, again restored to his luxurious villa, and amid the summer glories of his Thascian gardens, he awaited surely coming death. He was offered sure escape and secure concealment, for even the heathen desired not his death, and the Atlantean ranges were then, as now, a safe refuge from tyrant and persecutor. But Cyprian considered that his work was nearly done. It only remained for him to die for the faith and thus teach a last great lesson to the African people.

Galerius, anxious to obey the imperial

mandate, but detained by illness at Utica, finally sent officers to bring Cyprian before him there. Then Cyprian went into hiding. He would not, he said, be put to death in a corner, but would wait until the return of the pro-consul to Carthage, ensured trial and execution in his own diocese. Years before he had congratulated Lucius, then summoned to Rome, that "the victim chosen to set before the brotherhood the example of manliness and faith, was to be offered up in the presence of his brethren. He wrote to his presbyters, deacons and catechists, that he awaits the pro-consul's return to Carthage, because "the city, in which he presides over the church of the Lord, is the place in which a bishop ought to confess his Lord and glorify his whole people, by this sacrifice of their own prelate in their presence. So to confess, there to suffer, thence to depart unto my Lord, is my constant prayer."

In September Galerius arrived from Utica, and as mysteriously as he had disappeared, Cyprian returned to the Thascian gardens to await the final summons. On the thirteenth day of the month, Galerius sent a chariot to the gardens with two centurions and a military guard who escorted the bishop before the pro-consul. He, in the usual course of procedure, should have forthwith examined Cyprian, and if still contumacious, put him to death. But Galerius was too ill to examine him, and the chief centurion, or officer of his staff, took him to his house for the night. Here he was treated most courteously, and was visited by many of his relatives and friends including many prominent men of heathen belief. A vast multitude gathered outside, and, although they knew it not, kept the vigil of the first martyred bishop of Northern Africa.

The morning broke clear and cloudless, with the dazzling white blaze of the African sun pouring down its refulgence on the white walls, marble palaces, lofty

temples and stupendous theatres of the metropolis. A very ocean-queen even in her decay, her ramparts and docks were reflected in a sea of waveless turquoise-blue, while her inland forts and suburban villas were half hidden in a wilderness of gardens and vineyards. All that the art and luxury of that day could do gave life and color to the stately architecture and crowded streets and squares of Carthage, as through a great multitude, a little guard of legionaries escorted Cyprian to his last trial of devotion and faith. Closing in behind them, as the sea reunites in the wake of a swift galley, a vast concourse followed, "marching as if they would take death by storm," says the ancient chronicler.

Galerius had summoned all Carthage to attend the trial and execution, hoping that the spectacle might be impressive and effectual in deterring the Africans from further disobedience to the Imperial will. At the tribunal there was some delay, and Cyprian, with certain attendants, was given a private room. Here an officer, who had formerly professed the Christian faith, offered the bishop a clean, dry change of clothing to replace those wet with perspiration and soiled with dust. Cyprian thanked him, but replied, "Thou wouldst only cure complaints which will all be ended today."

At last he was summoned before the pro-consul, who in his civil garb, sat in the centre of a semi-circle, between the officers of his staff and the members of his council. Behind him were six lictors with rods and axes; before him, upon an ebony stand or tripod, a chafing-dish and a box of incense. He was to be given one more opportunity to apostatize and live.

The charge was "Sacrilege," an offence which legally included every failure to comply with the will of the gods, and especially any disobedience of an imperial order or decree. The proceedings were

brief, even beyond the wont of an age when a human life more or less was a matter of little concern.

Said Galerius: "You are Thascius Cyprianus?"

Answered the bishop briefly: "I am he."

"You have lent yourself to be a pope of people of sacrilegious views?"

Answer: "I have."

The confession was complete. Said the pro-consul not unkindly: "The august and most holy emperors command you to perform the rite" (of burning incense in honor of the gods and of themselves).

"I may not thus offer," said Cyprian.

Galerius was not an unkindly officer, and perhaps he had many cogent reasons for trying "to save from himself" a man who, although in many things wise and great, was so foolish as to exchange life, luxury and success for a criminal's death and loyalty to an obscure and persecuted faith. "Do bethink yourself of what you are doing," said he earnestly.

"You must do as you are ordered to do," replied Cyprian kindly. "In a matter so plain, there is nothing for me to consider."

Galerius turned to his council, that no form of the Roman law might pass unobserved, but there was no room for dissent, and the bishop had refused mercy. Then, a sick and not unsympathetic fellow-man, he thus explained to Cyprian that he was to die, because he was the bishop of a new and increasing sect, hostile to the gods, and disloyal to the state.

Thus he gave sentence: "Thascius Cyprianus! Your life has long been devoted to sacrilegious modes of thought. You have associated yourself with a large number of persons, in a criminal conspiracy, and have made yourself an enemy to the gods of Rome and their ancient and sacred ceremonies. Nor have our pious and most holy princes, Valeri-

an and Gallien, the most august, and Valerian, the most noble Cæsar, been able to persuade you to obedience, and to the observance of the ceremonies due themselves. And, therefore, as you have been clearly proven to be the instigator and standard-bearer in these most heinous offences, so shall you, in your own person, become a lesson and a warning to those whom your own guilt has associated with you. Discipline shall be vindicated by your blood. It is our pleasure that Thascius Cyprianus be executed with the sword."

"Thanks be to God," said Cyprianus.

There was no delay in the execution of the sentence. Scarcely had the pro-consul ceased speaking when the procession was forming to carry out the swift, sharp sentence of the law. The legionaries formed close column without, and Cyprian, bowing with his old grace and dignity, went forth to his death.

Then came to his friends and to many others of the faith, the story of that dream which had come to him at Curubis a year ago. This, then, was "The Morrow"; this the suspended sentence; this the final utterance of that silent judge whose fateful tablets, read by an attendant angel, had heralded to their bishop the swift sweep of the Roman sword. The pro-consul himself had said that Cyprian was "the standard bearer" of the faith, the "foe of the gods," the first fruits of a discipline of martyrdom. How could any man die better than like this? Many a dusky and many a fair patrician face lit up with the burning glow of supreme self-sacrifice; many voices cried as the vast multitude parted and then fell in behind the procession, "Let us too be beheaded along with him."

But the legionaries marched steadily on with Cyprian in their midst and surrounded by tribunes and centurions, until they came to a level space ringed by an amphitheatre of grassy slopes and

wood-crowned hills. Here the vast concourse halted and occupied the surrounding slopes. Many climbed the trees. Then a great silence fell.

The troops formed a hollow square, in the centre of which stood Cyprian with the faithful Pontius and other deacons; the sub-deacon, Julian, and Julian the fearless presbyter. Cyprian did not hesitate, but at once removed his shoulder-clasp and let fall his white mantle. Kneeling, he prostrated himself at length and prayed fervently. Then arising, he silently awaited the executioner.

This man coming after some delay, Cyprian desired his friends to give him twenty-five golden aurei (equal to about \$75.00). The grass at his feet was covered with white handkerchiefs and bandages, to receive the martyr's blood and to be preserved in memory of his martyrdom. Cyprian folded a kerchief and covering his own eyes, essayed to tie the ends, but this was not easy, and the two Julians adjusted and tied them while Cyprian held the bandage in place.

The bishop then called upon the executioner to perform his duty, steadily awaiting the fatal blow. But this man, whether astonished at the generosity of the condemned, his venerable and patient courage, or touched with unwonted sympathy, or perhaps a secret leaning toward the faith, lowered his hand and so greatly trembled that he could hardly hold his sword. Seeing this, a centurion stepped forward and seized the sword. It flashed in the fierce sunlight, whirled up in a circle of flame, and fell in merciful fury, shearing through muscle and bone. The bishop fell forward upon the ensanguined linens; "The Purple Confession" was complete. "Thus suffered the blessed Cyprian," writes the good Pontius. . . .

All day long the vast multitude filed past the body of that just and kindly man whom they had known only as the benefactor of all Carthage, yet done to death

as a foe to the gods, a dangerous conspirator against the state, and a man who would die rather than obey the emperor.

But when evening came, his friends and fellow Christians bore Cyprian's body in state with wax candles and resinous torches, flowers and garlands, prayers and acclamations as in a great triumph, for he whom they had loved had himself said: "Put the terror of death out of doors. Dwell in the eternal life beyond it." And again: "He (the Christian) cannot mourn the departed, though much he misses them even as he doth distant voyagers. He cannot endure the wearing of black garments in memory of those who wear immortal white."

Thus, triumphant and rejoicing, they marched to the cemetery of the great Candidian house close to the busy streets and gates of the city which he had served and loved. There they laid away the mangled body of the first martyr-bishop of Carthage and Pro-consular Africa, and filled with a solemn "joy and faith in believing," went to their homes and labors, conscious that they too were "Crowned" in his sacrifice, and stronger to meet the death which in the near future must claim them also.

Thus have men gone down to death for

the truth and the right, and in myriads unnumbered have fallen in battle and on the scaffold to redeem their race from tyranny and disgrace. Never yet has a truth from God or an inspiration to human freedom been enjoyed by a people, that the blood of martyrs and warriors has not nourished its feeble bud and watered its spreading roots. No one who fails to champion the truth and assert his faith and rights manfully, will ever effect much for his times and people.

"Paradise lies under the shadow of swords," said Mahomet, and the road to justice and freedom lies open only to him who values it more than life.

Cyprian was not the only Christian martyr that Africa has added to "the noble army of martyrs." "The souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held." Neither has the end come of the persecution which she has so long endured, at the hands of those who in their pride of race and selfishness forget that God is just and will avenge the blood of his saints, and those unjustly slain and persecuted. But her sons must have unity of purpose, strong hands and devoted courage to demand justice and resist wrong, if need be, even to the death.

MUNROE ROGERS.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

It has been truly said that there is nothing new under the sun.

Who among the rejoicing millions could have been persuaded that in less than forty years from the day they celebrated—Emancipation day—this American people would have turned their backs upon the lessons of humanity learned in the hard school of sanguinary war, and

repeated in their entirety the terrible acts exemplified by the surrender of Sims and Burns by a conservative North at the brutal demand of a domineering South!

Alas, that today we must record this fact!

"For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,

Round the earth's electric circle the swift

flash of right or wrong,
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet
Humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels
the gush of joy or shame;—
*In the gain or loss of one race all the rest
have equal claim."*

"Among the problems which the people and government of the United States have to deal with," says Prof. James Bryce, "there are three which observers from the Old World are apt to think grave beyond all others. These three are the attitude and demands of the labor party, the power which the suffrage rests in recent immigrants from the least civilized parts of Europe, and the position of the colored population at the South. And of these three, the last, if not the most urgent, *is the most serious*, the one whose roots lie deepest, and which is most likely to stand a source of anxiety, perhaps of danger, for generations to come. Compared with it, those tariff questions, and currency questions, and railway questions with which politicians busy themselves sink almost to insignificance."

Such is the intelligent view taken of the situation in our great Republic, by our friends across the water,—views too solemnly true to allow one moment's hesitation in accepting them by all fair-minded people, but to which Americans perversely close their eyes.

The Negro has always been a child of the Republican party, and to that party has given unbounded fealty. Republican rule in order to avoid open rupture with the South, bids fair to shirk a responsibility of its own making. It now wobbles like the fabled ass, between two bundles of hay: Unless it does something for the Negro, and that quickly, it will lose the black vote. On the other hand, if it dares even to hint at this serious matter in the midst of gorging itself with wealth poured into its coffers by gigantic trusts,

it will solidify a rupturing Southern Democratic vote.

No, neither politics nor statesmanship can help the black man. The present administration has failed, previous administrations have failed because the Negro question is one of ethics too high for either party to grasp. One does not care to; the other does not dare to.

The Jews when once out of the clutches of the Egyptians, took care not to come in contact with one of the accursed class for years to come. The Negro did not move his dwelling ten miles from the shadow of the old slave pens.

The practice of dynamite bomb throwing which prevails in Russia today, is due to the fact that men ostensibly free are treated by the government like animals. If the colored citizens fired into revolt in this country (and they have plenty of reason), where would the South be? What may not ex-bondsmen dare, who have lost their individuality as they have their owners, who are hovering in a socially comatose condition, between slavery and freedom, who yet are alert to insults? They are not men, for they cannot vote. They are not yet slaves, for they cannot be forced to tasks. They are the missing link between barbarism and citizenship.

A short sojourn in any Southern village or city would supply abundant practical argument against the status quo which no newspaper will supply. Arson, murder and rape are crimes not punished when committed by white men. There is a town in South Carolina where a white man has not been hanged for twenty-five years, and not because he has not committed crimes. The white people of the South are pitiless as is proven by nearly every issue of the daily press. A people who can look with apathy upon horrible scenes of lynching must be pitiless, and without justice, and with no

sympathy for fair play. They are not in the Southern blood. In the Negro's case, they do not pity, because they despise; they give him no cardinal help, because they disdain.

There is always a word to be said in extenuation for inherited morals. For the Southern attitude toward the Negro we must blame the grandfathers. These outrages are conducted on a mistaken standard of self-preservation. The South needs nothing less than a new moral code. That does not come in one generation. Yet we cannot wait for time to be their Solon. There are crises in human history which pause not for the manufacture of new laws. The human emergency pits itself against tradition.

The question of disfranchisement has speedily resolved itself into one of serfdom; that means a gradual resumption of all the relations of slavery, with, perhaps, the exception of the auction block, which in the end will also return for short periods, for the punishment of minor offenses.

There are 8,000,000 of the children of Ham, who above all things want manhood—free and expansive—and they mean to have it. They do not want to lord it over white neighbors, though in some states they hold the balance of power; they simply want a fair interpretation of all laws and a share in decent citizenship, and this they are bound to get. They have been patient, more patient than any other nominally free people in the world, but the end is approaching. There is no fierceness, no impulse, but only a steady resolve that is significant. We have our leaders, we are banding together, our clubs are on the increase, our young men's forums are rapidly forming all over the country. These things mean something.

It is a startling fact that, if our prosperity increases in the present ratio, the Negro in 50 years from now will own the greater part of the private landed proper-

ty in several Southern states. Herein lies the prime cause for Southern antipathy. All the Negro asks is a chance to prove to the world that he is an orderly, capable citizen, and the aristocratic Southerner can pursue his political way in peace. But this they will not do.

If affairs remain as they are now in this unnatural and strained condition, where the manhood of both races is debased, the one by the consciousness of a wrong committed, the other of a wrong endured, there must come a revolution. The air breathes a spirit of restlessness which precedes self-defense. If some Toussaint L. Overture should arise! !

The Freedman is a part and parcel of the government. He cannot be deported. He will not seek the malaria of Africa of his own accord. But the sentiment of centralization in this country is a practical one. The Negro must and will be free in deed as well as in effete law. The Afro-American is ready to prove that he is not afraid to put his best intelligence and manhood on a par with that of the Caucasian race.

Contending forces are driving the common people together; the three streams mentioned by Prof. Bryce will form a mighty torrent before which Southern arrogance, trusts, political bossism, and every other abuse waged against God's poor, shall disappear, never to rise again.

The case of Munroe Rogers is apropos to the times, and is another important item in the sum total of inhuman deeds perpetrated against the race.

We have no doubt it will be as interesting to our readers as to us to note the facts in this celebrated case as given to us by Attorney Clement G. Morgan, who was in the forefront of the legal battle, occupying a most conspicuous place; possibly we may except Attorney-General Parker; but naturally the greatest interest centred about the prisoner and Mr. Morgan.

Rogers is a native of North Carolina,

and had been employed as a hand in the various tobacco factories for which Durham is noted. Many of these factories are co-operate in their working, and like all monopolies have great influence upon the daily lives of operatives. The foreman in one of the factories was one Mr. Andrews. It is an open secret that the Negro South has no appeal from the will of his employer, and it is a common thing for bosses to kick, whip and otherwise abuse the men and women under them for the most trivial offense. For instance, if one is caught eating an apple during working hours, it is a case for "docking" one's pay at the end of the week.

The pay in the factories is very small, barely enough to keep soul and body together. A man working from 7 A. M. until 9 P. M., deducting one hour for lunch—sixteen hours in all of laborious work—may earn the munificent sum of six dollars per week. And yet the white laborer who rebels has the sympathy of all the laboring fraternity in the country, but the black laborer is lynched on a trumped up charge for daring to leave abuse behind him by seeking new fields of labor, and not one of the labor unions has a word of sympathy for a distressed brother. Thank God, an Almighty hand is being stretched forth to change all this wrong.

Foreman Andrews soon discovered that Rogers was high-tempered and ill-brooded his treatment, and bad feeling was engendered between the men, and Rogers was "docked" repeatedly. Finally he had left the factory; Andrews refusing to give him recommendations, made it impossible for him to obtain work, and for about nine months he did odd jobs about the town.

The first of January, 1902, Rogers returned to his old place in the factory where Andrews was then superintendent and a new man foreman. The new foreman struck young Rogers; they had words, of course, and the colored boy and

the friends who took his part, left the factory at once. The news spread through the town, and there was nothing left but to leave the place as soon as possible.

Rogers went around to see his friends and bid them good-by, and among others he went to the house where his sweetheart lived as a domestic. This was with a Mr. Whitaker, and Mr. Andrews happened to reside next door.

Under Mr. Whitaker's house is an opening from which the water supply can be shut off or turned on. Rogers went under the house to turn the water off for the girl and was caught coming out by Andrews, and by him accused of trying to fire Mr. Whitaker's house. In all that followed, Mr. Whitaker and Andrews made no accusation of burning, and the grand jury simply had the boy indicted for *attempt* to burn a place.

Rogers saw his mother that night and told her he was leaving the town; he boarded the train and went to Virginia, working his way from place to place until he reached Brockton, Mass., where he went to work in a shoe factory some time in June. July 22 he was arrested in Brockton; North Carolina officers arrived on the 24th, and Rogers was brought to Boston without a warrant on the 26th.

On the 23rd of July, Mr. Morgan met Rev. W. H. Scott, of Woburn, on the street. He said to Mr. Morgan, "I am going to Brockton to look after Munroe Rogers, I may need the services of an attorney before I get through, will you help me?" Mr. Morgan signified his willingness to render any assistance in his power. The next day word came that Rogers had been brought to Boston by the officers of North Carolina, and that they would ask for his surrender before Governor Crane, on requisition papers. Mr. Morgan went immediately to the Governor's office and inquired about the matter. The requisition papers were faulty—flagrantly in-

exact—so much so that Attorney-General Parker said the papers did not comply with the statutes, therefore he could not surrender the lad.

From this time on much evidence was collected bearing on the case, all tending to show how extremely dangerous it would be for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to return Rogers to North Carolina. This evidence cited the cases of two lynchings which recently took place in Salisbury in that State. Governor Aycock himself withdrew the troops just half an hour before the lynchings. The evidence also cited the case of one Wardwell, who set fire to the Manly Brothers' printing establishment, in Wilmington, N. C., in November, 1898, and fired and burned other buildings occupied by Negroes. This man was not indicted. All these happenings created a feeling among New England Negroes, that there could be no justice for an accused Negro in Southern States, and this feeling prompted the citizens of Massachusetts to protest by every means in their power against the return of Rogers.

During this week a very vigorous open letter from the pen of Rev. Mr. Scott was published in the local papers. Lawyer Morgan filed a preliminary brief, Saturday, August 9, and was given ten days for preparation.

On Wednesday, August 20, the protests of leading colored citizens were heard in the judiciary committee rooms at the State House, between 2 and 5 o'clock P. M., before General Parker and his assistant, Frederick B. Greenhalge.

The Attorney-General began his strange tactics in behalf of North Carolina, at this hearing. He said that he wanted it understood that a clear distinction must be drawn between evidence and hearsay or newspaper reports. All evidence would be admitted so as to allow of a proper judgment being formed by the executive, and Mr. Morgan had better give the legal aspect of the case first.

As a precedent, Mr. Morgan cited the case of a colored man arrested in Ohio some years ago for a crime alleged to have been committed in Kentucky. The governor of Ohio refused to give the man up because of lynchings recently happening in Kentucky.

Col. N. P. Hallowell of Civil War fame, was a speaker. He said he had no charge against the people of North Carolina, rather let them speak for themselves. He then read extracts from a paper published at Durham, N. C., in which it was practically acknowledged that no law but lynch law was recognized by numbers of people in dealing with Negroes. In the case of Rogers there was apparently no charge except suspicion.

The Attorney-General asked: "Suppose Massachusetts refused to grant requisition papers in the case of Rogers, would there not be danger that this would be looked upon as a place of refuge for criminals all over the South."

"I should take the chances," replied Col. Hallowell. "But if there is any loophole by which this man can be allowed to remain here, I hope it will be done."

Hon. Archibald Grimke spoke at some length. He said the case should be decided as a specific case. It should stand on its own bottom.

"But how can this be made an isolated case?" asked the Attorney-General. How can it be otherwise than a precedent?"

"I think that it might be done. I have great faith in the ability and brain power of the legal profession. This man is only charged with arson. The case against him has not been proven," replied Mr. Grimke.

Dr. Henry P. Blackwell, husband of Lucy Stone, said that, in his opinion there was no chance of a black man's getting a fair trial in the South. In the case of Rogers there was no evidence that he had even set a fire, as was charged against him. He was seen in the act of putting fire out, that was all.

Rev. A. N. Shaw followed him with pertinent remarks. Again the Attorney-General showed which way his heart inclined when he said: "This is a profound question we are considering. If it were a question of sympathy, there is no question what the result would be. But the law has no sympathy. This is a question of law."

Lawyer E. P. Benjamin said this case should be tried on its merits. Massachusetts throughout all her history resisted the return of slaves, yet the State was never in danger of being swamped by that class of citizens. Mr. Morgan's argument occupied about half an hour. He said the man under arrest was James Munroe Rogers. The man mentioned in the indictment was Munroe Rogers. His identity was not established. Neither warrant nor indictment charged this man of crime as the Massachusetts statutes required. His guilt must be proved as a criminal before he could be returned. The indictment is not in proper form in that it is not signed by the foreman of the grand jury; and there is no alleging of time or place, city or town where the alleged offence was committed. In 1851, Governor Boutwell refused to grant requisition papers as a precedent. Governor Aycock himself refused to grant requisition papers for an alleged criminal wanted in Tennessee, "Why is North Carolina so anxious to get this man? It seems to me here the ulterior purpose is very clear."

Mr. Morgan's argument was able and exhausting, winning compliments even from the Attorney-General. There was a case in the time of Governor Rice, and one in Governor Butler's time, and, most celebrated of all, the case of Vinal under Governor Bracket. In all of these cases the papers were regular, but from information gleaned at hearings it was decided not to return the prisoners. Attorney-General Parker did not seek to inform

himself about these precedents; he made up his mind to return Rogers at the start, and no evidence had the power to move his determination.

Able assistance was rendered Mr. Morgan by Butler R. Wilson, Esq., who was timely with law points pertaining to the occasion.

Tuesday, August 26, the greatest of the series of hearings occurred before the Governor. It is destined to be memorable in the history of extradition cases in Massachusetts and in the annals of Negro history in the North. Aroused by the unfavorable attitude of General Parker, colored men and white men went to the State House in a crowd and filled every approach to the committee room. This hearing was obtained through the persistent efforts of the Boston Ministers' Conference, of which Rev. Mr. Scott is president, and Rev. Johnson Hill, secretary.

Mr. Geo. W. Forbes, of the Public Library force spoke, saying that the extradition was desired not for justice, but to terrorize Negroes everywhere. The Governor asked Mr. Forbes if he meant to say Rogers had committed no crime. Mr. Forbes replied in the affirmative. Mr. Trotter also spoke at some length.

The remonstrants received small comfort from the Governor, and on Wednesday, August 27, he signed the extradition papers and took the train for his home at Dalton. Before going he handed the press the recommendation of Attorney-General Parker, which appeared in the papers on Thursday. On that day the Brockton officers telegraphed the news to Sergeant Crabtree, at Durham, N. C. On Thursday afternoon, Attorney Morgan went to Brockton. He instituted Habeas Corpus proceedings, but before a Federal judge could be found to act, Rogers had been spirited away by the North Carolina officers.

Rogers lies in Durhan jail awaiting

trial for arson in December. So ends the first lesson in this famous case. What will be the next step? God knows.

What is the chief end of man? The answer used to be, "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." But today times have changed and we have a new catechism.—What is the chief end of man? To put dollars into the hands of our political bosses.

Someone said that Governor Crane would be the next chairman of the Republican National Committee. Therein lies the secret of the executive urbanity to the South.

Black slavery has been abolished, and upon this virtue Republicanism rests, while the great masses are being enslaved by the power of gold, and crushed in the great folds of gigantic monopolies.

The labor question, the question of suffrage, rested in the hands of immigrants, the Negro question—all are slowly being merged into one great question involving the herd of common people of whom the Negro is a recognized factor. The solution of one of these living issues must eventually solve the other two, and no finite power can stay the event. Herein lies our only hope.

The fight is on; neither by the eloquence of the South nor by the wealth of Republicanism can the government hope to escape the iron hand of Destiny, whose fingers relentlessly manipulate the mill machinery of a just God.

Not agitate!

Republics exist only on the tenure of being constantly agitated. We cannot live without the voice crying in the wilderness—troubling the waters that there may be health in the flow.

"We see dimly in the Present what is small
and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the
iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from Delphic
cave within—
'They enslave their children's children who
make compromise with sin.'"

"For Humanity sweeps onward: where today
the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver
in his hands:
Far in front the cross stands ready and the
crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent
awe return,
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's
golden urn."

ANOTHER SOUTHERN EPISODE.

CHAS. ALEX. WARD.

Ethel Browne was a trim little school teacher. Such another animated and sweet little body it was hard to find. The school children, of varying shades and colors, ranging all the way from darkest brown to lightest mulatto, fairly worshipped her. And she possessed beauty, too; a face oriental in its loveliness, hair from which the sunlight glanced in golden gleams, dark, languid eyes that bewitched you, combined with a pretty

artlessness and innocence that looked out from their clear, pure depths, and shot from under the long, brilliant eye-lashes.

How true is it that such beauty is dangerous to the possessor, and often proves the undoing of so many men's souls. Oh! that an ugly mask had veiled that beauty, and, instead of the elastic tread and healthful mien of the maiden, there might have been the faltering gait of old age, and the grim visage of the toothless.

hag. Yet Fate, cold, cruel and relentless, marches on, dragging after him, like proud conquerors or old, his helpless victims.

Saturday to school teachers is a "day off," the day of all days when they indulge in their little feminine weakness of "shopping." Saturday, too early for the stifling dust, and the crowd that would eventually gather, finds Ethel making her way through the busy streets of Berne to the establishment of Ramseur & Co., dealers in dry goods, notions, etc.

"Strict and polite attention guaranteed to each customer," explained the genial proprietor in words that were placarded in the store where the eye might easily light upon them.

"Come right in! Good morning! Is there something I can do for you today?" (the "madam" being omitted in deference to her color), said the politest and blandest of clerks.

He wore a suit, a special selection from Ramseur and Co.'s dry goods, warranted to be a perfect fit, etc.—a digression from the truth in this instance; a nose as nature intended, but a pug, a somewhat remodelled aquiline, and a pair of glasses over a pair of weak grey eyes, that had a certain distinctive leer in them that harbored no very holy intent. This was Mr. Waite, prospective member of the firm of Ramsur & Co., Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, etc.

"I would like to be shown some ladies' ties," said the fair customer.

"Certainly; what color please?"

"Just let me look them over, I am in doubt as to the color. Oh! but some of these are just beautiful," said she, as she lightly fingered the ties which had been produced—and the honorable Mr. Waite gave a wink to the nearest clerk who grinned and nearly upset a box of patent leather shoes which he was getting for a dapper young man.

"Beautiful? I should say so. Latest styles—and this," he said, picking up a tie of light brown, "would just match your fair face."

"Impudence," thought she, but otherwise unwisely manifesting polite indifference.

"May I not sell you some today? Dirt cheap. We are almost giving them away," said he, lowering his voice. "I'll give you one, my fair lady—a present from me—"

"Sir, I don't care for your ties if they are given with such a free hand. You—"

"She's a slick one. Takes a little more fishing," thought he.

"Ah; you see," he continued, "I can do what I want with them. Make you a present of any tie, or anything else in the store—if you will only—you understand—tonight at—"

"I understand nothing! How dare you make such advances to me!" said the young woman thoroughly frightened and with evident intentions of hastily leaving the store. "You shall pay for this insult!"

Her last words now attracted the entire store. What could Mr. Waite do to free himself from a false position? He was the observed of more than one pair of feminine eyes, and, too, the senior member of the firm was bearing down upon him from a remote part of the store. But Mr. Waite was a Napoleon as circumstances show. Ethel, unfortunately, in her haste had brushed from the counter several of the ties.

"Here! here!" cried the indignant Mr. Waite, "bring those ties back. Thought you were slick, eh? Stop that thief there!"

"Snatching goods on the sly won't work here," explained Mr. Waite to the gaping crowd that began to fill the store.

Tears, explanations, entreaty, followed on the part of Ethel.

"Very sorry," said Mr. Ramseur, the genial proprietor, "but this is such a clear case, my girl, that we shall have to make an example of you."

The following conversation is irrelevant except as it shows the righteous indignation of the customers present at the time of this little incident.

"Nigger?" said Mrs. Wiggins, with something like a sniff.

"Nigger? Yes," answered Mrs. Bentley. "Poor thing. But stealing is bred in the nature of such darkies."

"But wasn't she a sharp one though? Here comes a clerk. Nellie is to select her wedding finery today," and the object of her remarks, a pale young girl, essayed a faint blush.

"Her wedding finery? Why—"

"Oh, you see," explained Mrs. Wiggins, without noticing the other's questioning look, "he, I mean Mr. Waite, is such an exemplary young man. I think he has aspirations for the ministry. It's such a hum-drum life in a store, even if one does have to chase a thief now and then."

"But, Mrs. Wiggins, the wedding finery?"

"Oh, I forgot, my dear, to tell you Nellie is to marry Charley Waite next month. Ah, here he comes now," and the two old ladies smiled graciously while Charley and Nellie, lover-like, greeted each other.

* * * * *

A dark featured young man, withal handsome and intelligent, swung himself lightly from the train as it pulled into the railway station at Berne. He was fresh from victories at college; a gold medal hung from his watch chain, and a stick pin shone resplendent from the lapel of his coat.

First one person and then another he greeted warmly. There was nothing that

savored of coldness or haughtiness about this petted favorite of the college.

"But where is my sister? She ought to be here to welcome a fellow home after three years' absence; but, perhaps, I don't know her," and he laughed at the idea of such a thing. "And these people, why do they look at me so queerly, and whisper?" Thus mused James Browne. But he flattered himself with the probable fact that he had changed greatly since his absence, and, thus reasoning, he ordered his trunk to be carried home, and he himself climbed in with the driver. For a while the driver was silent, contenting himself with choice remarks as to his horse and the weather, which showed no resentment. But when he could possess his good soul in patience no longer, he said:

"Jim," (to the good home folks he was still the little boy), "sorter bad 'bout your sister, but I ain't neber beleebed she done hit."

"Done what, uncle Sam?" and he nearly caused a wreck, in his excitement, of the old wagon.

"Why man alibe! Don' you know as how dey's got her in jail for stealing somethin' or oder?"

It was pitiful to see James Browne's agony. The love he bore his only sister was strong. A dying mother ten years before had sanctified that devotion. He never had forgotten the scene of her death, when she gave little, curly-haired, dark-eyed Ethel into his care. There and then he registered a vow in heaven that only God and the angels knew and heard, that little Ethel should never suffer for the want of his love and protection. At last he mastered himself. "Uncle Sam, there must be some mistake, but tell me all about it."

"Aint no stake, sonny. De ole man only wish dat he was er lying," and then he related the story of the occurrence.

"Don't go home, uncle Sam. Drive directly to lawyer Payson's." Payson was a colored attorney and a friend of the Browne family.

* * * * *

"Oh my God! my God! It's all a d—d lie they have concocted. Mr. Payson, for God's sake, can't you do anything?"

"I didn't say I couldn't do anything, James. Be quiet. Let us talk the matter over calmly, like sensible men. You know Miss Browne and I are engaged and were to be married this month. Why should not my grief and indignation be as great as yours?"

"True, Mr. Payson, I forgot. But come, I can't stand this any longer. We'll go to the jail and—"

A terrible uproar was heard up the street, cursing and firing of guns and pistols.

"James," and Payson spoke with a strangely suppressed voice, "look in that drawer near you." He obeyed and a couple of loaded revolvers were produced. "This evening," continued Payson, "I urged you to be calm and sensible, but this morning I did the most imprudent act in my life as the result of

my indignation at Ethel's arrest. I wrote an article in my paper condemning the outrage in the strongest terms. It is my death warrant. I know no way of escape."

"Never mind, Payson; I'll die by your side. Ethel is my sister—"

"And my sweetheart," spoke up the other man, with a strange glitter in his eyes.

* * * * *

The next day two men riddled with bullets, mutilated parts of the fingers and toes having been taken as souvenirs, hung from an old gnarled oak hard by the public road, but on their faces, ghastly as they were, lingered a smile, for on the following evening a funeral procession, composed of the best citizens of the town, passed under these self-same oaks to the cemetery, where, in the midst of a sorrowing multitude was laid away Charles Waite, late clerk in the store of Ramseur & Co., Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, etc.

"Oh, he died like a hero," joyfully trumpeted Mrs. Wiggins.

"Yes," echoed Mrs. Bentley, "killed them two desperate 'niggers.'"

OF ONE BLOOD.*

OR, THE HIDDEN SELF.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER I.

The recitations were over for the day. It was the first week in November and it had rained about every day the entire week; now freezing temperature added to the discomforture of the dismal season. The lingering equinoctial whirled the last clinging yellow leaves from the trees on the campus and strewed them over the

deserted paths, while from the leaden sky fluttering snow-white flakes gave an unexpected touch of winter to the scene.

The east wind for which Boston and vicinity is celebrated, drove the sleet against the window panes of the room in which Reuel Briggs sat among his books and the apparatus for experiments. The room served for both living and sleeping. Briggs could have told you that the bare-

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ness and desolateness of the apartment were like his life, but he was a reticent man who knew how to suffer in silence. The dreary wet afternoon, the cheerless walk over West Boston bridge through the soaking streets had but served to emphasize the loneliness of his position, and morbid thoughts had haunted him all day: To what use all this persistent hard work for a place in the world—clothes, food, a roof? Is suicide wrong? he asked himself with tormenting persistency. From out the storm, voices and hands seemed beckoning him all day to cut the Gordian knot and solve the riddle of whence and whither for all time.

His place in the world would soon be filled; no vacuum remained empty; the eternal movement of all things onward closed up the gaps, and the wail of the newly-born augmented the great army of mortals pressing the vitals of mother Earth with hurrying tread. So he had tormented himself for months, but the courage was yet wanting for strength to rend the veil. It had grown dark early. Reuel had not stirred from his room since coming from the hospital—had not eaten nor drank, and was in full possession of the solitude he craved. It was now five o'clock. He sat sideways by the bare table, one leg crossed over the other. His fingers kept the book open at the page where he was reading, but his attention wandered beyond the leaden sky, the dripping panes, and the sounds of the driving storm outside.

He was thinking deeply of the words he had just read, and which the darkness had shut from his gaze. The book was called "The Unclassified Residuum," just published and eagerly sought by students of mysticism, and dealing with the great field of new discoveries in psychology. Briggs was a close student of what might be termed "absurdities" of supernatural phenomena or *mysticism*, best known to the every-day world as "effects of the

imagination," a phrase of mere dismissal, and which it is impossible to make precise; the book suited the man's mood. These were the words of haunting significance:

"All the while, however, the phenomena are there, lying broadcast over the surface of history. No matter where you open its pages, you find things recorded under the name of divinations, inspirations, demoniacal possessions, apparitions, trances, ecstasies, miraculous healing and productions of disease, and occult powers possessed by peculiar individuals over persons and things in their neighborhood.

"The mind-curers and Christian scientists, who are beginning to lift up their heads in our communities, unquestionably get remarkable results in certain cases: The ordinary medical man dismisses them from his attention with the cut-and-dried remark that they are 'only the effects of the imagination.' But there is a meaning in this vaguest of phrases.

"We know a non-hysterical woman who in her trances knows facts which altogether transcend her *possible* normal consciousness, facts about the lives of people whom she never saw or heard of before. I am well aware of all the liabilities to which this statement exposes me, and I make it deliberately, having practically no doubt whatever of its truth."

Presently Briggs threw the book down, and, rising from his chair, began pacing up and down the bare room.

"That is it," at length he said aloud. "I have the power, I know the truth of every word—of all M. Binet asserts, and could I but complete the necessary experiments, I would astonish the world. O Poverty, Ostracism! have I not drained the bitter cup to the dregs!" he apostrophized, with a harsh, ironical laugh.

Mother Nature had blessed Reuel Briggs with superior physical endowments, but as yet he had never had reason to count them blessings. No one could fail to notice the vast breadth of shoulder, the strong throat that upheld a plain face, the long limbs, the sinewy hands. His head was that of an athlete, with close-set ears, and covered with an abundance of black hair, straight and closely cut, thick and smooth; the nose was the aristocratic feature, although nearly spoiled by broad nostrils, of this remarkable young man; his skin was white, but of a tint suggesting olive, an almost sallow color which is a mark of strong, melancholic temperaments. His large mouth concealed powerful long white teeth which gleamed through lips even and narrow, parting generally in a smile at once grave, genial and singularly sweet; indeed Briggs' smile changed the plain face at once into one that interested and fascinated men and women. True there were lines about the mouth which betrayed a passionate, nervous temperament, but they accorded well with the rest of his strong personality. His eyes were a very bright and piercing gray, courageous, keen and shrewd. Briggs was not a man to be despised—physically or mentally.

None of the students associated together in the hive of men under the fostering care of the "benign mother" knew aught of Reuel Briggs's origin. It was rumored at first that he was of Italian birth, then they "guessed" he was a Japanese, but whatever land claimed him as a son, all voted him a genius in his scientific studies, and much was expected of him at graduation. He had no money, for he was unsocial and shabby to the point of seediness, and apparently no relatives, for his correspondence was limited to the letters of editors of well known local papers and magazines. Somehow he

lived and paid his way in a third-rate lodging-house near Harvard square, at the expense of the dull intellects or the idle rich, with which a great university always teems, to whom Briggs acted as "coach," and by contributing scientific articles to magazines on the absorbing subject of spiritualistic phenomena. A few of his articles had produced a profound impression. The monotonous pacing continued for a time, finally ending at the mantel, from whence he abstracted a disreputable looking pipe and filled it.

"Well," he soliloquized, as he reseatd himself in his chair, "Fate has done her worst, but she mockingly beckons me on and I accept her challenge. I shall not yet attempt the bourne. If I conquer, it will be by strength of brain and will-power. I shall conquer; I must and will."

The storm had increased in violence; the early dusk came swiftly down, and at this point in his reverie the rattling window panes, as well as the whistle and shriek of gusts of moaning wind, caught his attention. "Phew! a beastly night." With a shiver, he drew his chair closer to the cylinder stove, whose glowing body was the only cheerful object in the bare room.

As he sat with his back half-turned to catch the grateful warmth, he looked out into the dim twilight across the square and into the broad paths of the campus, watching the skeleton arms of giant trees tossing in the wind, and the dancing snow-flakes that fluttered to earth in their fairy gowns to be quickly transformed into running streams that fairly overflowed the gutters. He fell into a dreamy state as he gazed, for which he could not account. As he sent his earnest, penetrating gaze into the night, gradually the darkness and storm faded into tints of cream and rose and soft moist lips. Sil-

houetted against the background of lowering sky and waving branches, he saw distinctly outlined a fair face framed in golden hair, with soft brown eyes, deep and earnest — terribly earnest they seemed just then—rose-tinged baby lips, and an expression of wistful entreaty. O how real, how very real did the passing shadow appear to the gazer!

He tried to move, uneasily conscious that this strange experience was but "the effect of the imagination," but he was powerless. The unknown countenance grew dimmer and farther off, floating gradually out of sight, while a sense of sadness and foreboding wrapped him about as with a pall.

A wilder gust of wind shook the window sashes. Reuel stared about him in a bewildered way like a man awakening from a heavy sleep. He listened to the wail of the blast and glanced at the fire and rubbed his eyes. The vision was gone; he was alone in the room; all was silence and darkness. The ticking of the cheap clock on the mantel kept time with his heart-beats. The light of his own life seemed suddenly eclipsed with the passing of the lovely vision of Venus. Conscious of an odd murmur in his head, which seemed to control his movements, he rose and went toward the window to open it; there came a loud knock at the door.

Briggs did not answer at once. He wanted no company. Perhaps the knocker would go away. But he was persistent. Again came the knock ending in a double rat-tat accompanied by the words:

"I know you are there; open, open, you son of Erebus! You inhospitable Turk!"

Thus admonished Briggs turned the key and threw wide open the door.

"It's you, is it? Confound you, you're always here when you're not wanted," he growled.

The visitor entered and closed the door behind him. With a laugh he stood his dripping umbrella back of the stove against the chimney-piece, and immediately a small stream began trickling over the uncarpeted floor; he then relieved himself of his damp outer garments.

"Son of Erebus, indeed, you ungrateful man. It's as black as Hades in this room; a light, a light! Why did you keep me waiting out there like a drowned rat?"

The voice was soft and musical. Briggs lighted the student lamp. The light revealed a tall man with the beautiful face of a Greek God; but the sculptured features did not inspire confidence. There was that in the countenance of Aubrey Livingston that engendered doubt. But he had been kind to Briggs, was, in fact, his only friend in the college, or, indeed, in the world for that matter.

By an act of generosity he had helped the forlorn youth, then in his freshman year, over obstacles which bade fair to end his college days. Although the pecuniary obligation was long since paid, the affection and worship Reuel had conceived for his deliverer was dog-like in its devotion.

"Beastly night," he continued, as he stretched his full length luxuriously in the only easy chair the room afforded. "What are you mooning about all alone in the darkness?"

"Same old thing," replied Briggs briefly.

"No wonder the men say that you have a twist, Reuel."

"Ah, man! but the problem of whence and whither! To solve it is my life; I live for that alone; let'm talk."

"You ought to be re-named the 'Science of Trance-States,' Reuel. How a man can grind day and night beats me." Livingston handed him a cigar and for a time they smoked in silence.

At length Reuel said:

"Shake hands with Poverty once, Aubrey, and you will solve the secret of many a student's success in life."

"Doubtless it would do me good," replied Livingston with a laugh, "but just at present, it's the ladies, bless their sweet faces who disturb me, and not delving in books nor weeping over ways and means. Shades of my fathers, forbid that I should ever have to work!"

"Lucky dog!" growled Reuel, enviously, as he gazed admiringly at the handsome face turned up to the ceiling and gazing with soft caressing eyes at the ugly whitewashed wall through rings of curling smoke. "Yet you have a greater gift of duality than I," he added dreamily. "Say what you will; ridicule me, torment me, but you know as well as I that the wonders of a material world cannot approach those of the undiscovered country within ourselves—the hidden self lying quiescent in every human soul."

"True, Reuel, and I often wonder what becomes of the mind and morals, distinctive entities grouped in the republic known as man, when death comes. Good and evil in me contend; which will gain the mastery? Which will accompany me into the silent land?"

"Good and evil, God and the devil," suggested Reuel. "Yes, sinner or saint, body or soul, which wins in the life struggle? I am not sure that it matters which," he concluded with a shrug of his handsome shoulders. "I should know if I never saw you again until the struggle was over. Your face will tell its own tale in another five years. Now listen to this:" He caught up the book he had been reading and rapidly turning the leaves read over the various passages that had impressed him.

"A curious accumulation of data; the writer evidently takes himself seriously," Livingston commented.

"And why not?" demanded Reuel.

"You and I know enough to credit the author with honest intentions."

"Yes; but are we prepared to go so far?"

"This man is himself a mystic. He gives his evidence clearly enough."

"And do you credit it?"

"Every word! Could I but get the necessary subject, I would convince you; I would go farther than M. Binet in unveiling the vast scheme of compensation and retribution carried about in the vast recesses of the human soul."

"Find the subject and I will find the money," laughed Aubrey.

"Do you mean it, Aubrey? Will you join me in carrying forward a search for more light on the mysteries of existence?"

"I mean it. And now, Reuel, come down from the clouds, and come with me to a concert."

"Tonight?"

"Yes, 'tonight,'" mimicked the other. "The blacker the night, the greater the need of amusement. You go out too little."

"Who gives the concert?"

"Well, it's a new departure in the musical world; something Northerners know nothing of; but I who am a Southerner, born and bred, or as the vulgar have it, 'dyed in the wool,' know and understand Negro music. It is a jubilee concert given by a party of Southern colored people at Tremont Temple. I have the tickets. Redpath has them in charge."

"Well, if you say so, I suppose I must." Briggs did not seem greatly impressed.

"Coming down to the practical, Reuel, what do you think of the Negro problem? Come to think of it, I have never heard you express an opinion about it. I believe it is the only burning question in the whole category of live issues and ologies about which you are silent."

"I have a horror of discussing the woes of unfortunates, tramps, stray dogs and cats and Negroes—probably because I am an unfortunate myself."

They smoked in silence.

CHAPTER II.

The passing of slavery from the land marked a new era in the life of the nation. The war, too, had passed like a dream of horrors, and over the resumption of normal conditions in business and living, the whole country, as one man, rejoiced and heaved a deep sigh of absolute content.

Under the spur of the excitement occasioned by the Proclamation of Freedom, and the great need of schools for the blacks, thousands of dollars were contributed at the North, and agents were sent to Great Britain, where generosity towards the Negroes was boundless. Money came from all directions, pouring into the hands of philanthropists, who were anxious to prove that the country was able, not only to free the slave, but to pay the great debt it owed him,—protection as he embraced freedom, and a share in the great Government he had aided to found by sweat and toil and blood. It was soon discovered that the Negro possessed a phenomenal gift of music, and it was determined to utilize this gift in helping to support educational institutions of color in the Southland.

A band of students from Fisk University were touring the country, and those who had been fortunate enough to listen once to their matchless untrained voices singing their heartbreaking minor music with its grand and impossible intervals and sound combinations, were eager to listen again and yet again.

Wealthy and exclusive society women everywhere vied in showering benefits and patronage upon the new prodigies who had suddenly become the pets of

the musical world. The Temple was a blaze of light, and crowded from pit to dome. It was the first appearance of the troupe in New England, therefore it was a gala night, and Boston culture was out in force.

The two friends easily found their seats in the first balcony, and from that position idly scanned the vast audience to beguile the tedious waiting. Reuel's thoughts were disturbed; he read over the program, but it carried no meaning to his pre-occupied mind; he was uneasy; the face he had seen outlined in the twilight haunted him. A great nervous dread of he knew not what possessed him, and he actually suffered as he sat there answering at random the running fire of comments made by Livingston on the audience, and replying none too cordially to the greetings of fellow-students, drawn to the affair, like himself, by curiosity.

"Great crowd for such a night," observed one. "The weather matches your face, Briggs; why didn't you leave it outside? Why do you look so down?"

Reuel shrugged his shoulders.

"They say there are some pretty girls in the troupe; one or two as white as we," continued the speaker unabashed by Reuel's surliness.

"They range at home from alabaster to ebony," replied Livingston. "The results of amalgamation are worthy the careful attention of all medical experts."

"Don't talk shop, Livingston," said Briggs peevishly.

"You are really more disagreeable than usual," replied Livingston, pleasantly. "Do try to be like the other fellows, for once, Reuel."

Silence ensued for a time, and then the irrepressible one of the party remarked: "The soprano soloist is great; heard her in New York." At this there was a general laugh among the men. Good natured Charlie Vance was

generally "stuck" once a month with the "loveliest girl, by jove, you know."

"That explains your presence here, Vance; what's her name?"

"Dianthe Lusk."

"Great name. I hope she comes up to it,—the flower of Jove."

"Flower of Jove, indeed! You'll say so when you see her," cried Charlie with his usual enthusiasm.

"What! again, my son? 'Like Dian's kiss, unmasked, unsought, Love gives itself'" quoted Livingston, with a smile on his handsome face.

"Oh, stow it! Aubrey, even your cold blood will be stirred at sight of her exquisite face; of her voice I will not speak; I cannot do it justice."

"If this is to be the result of emancipation, I for one vote that we ask Congress to annul the Proclamation," said Reuel, drily.

Now conversation ceased; a famous local organist began a concert on the organ to occupy the moments of waiting. The music soothed Reuel's restlessness. He noticed that the platform usually occupied by the speaker's desk, now held a number of chairs and a piano. Certainly, the assiduous advertising had brought large patronage for the new venture, he thought as he idly calculated the financial result from the number in the audience.

Soon the hot air, the glare of lights, the mingling of choice perfumes emanating from the dainty forms of elegantly attired women, acted upon him as an intoxicant. He began to feel the pervading excitement—the flutter of expectation, and presently the haunting face left him.

The prelude drew to a close; the last chord fell from the fingers of the artist; a line of figures—men and women—dark in hue, and neatly dressed in quiet evening clothes, filed noiselessly from the ante-rooms and filled the chairs upon the

platform. The silence in the house was painful. These were representatives of the people for whom God had sent the terrible scourge of blood upon the land to free from bondage. The old abolitionists in the vast audience felt the blood leave their faces beneath the stress of emotion.

The opening number was "The Lord's Prayer." Stealing, rising, swelling, gathering, as it thrilled the ear, all the delights of harmony in a grand minor cadence that told of deliverance from bondage and homage to God for his wonderful aid, sweeping the awed heart with an ecstasy that was almost pain; breathing, hovering, soaring, they held the vast multitude in speechless wonder.

Thunders of applause greeted the close of the hymn. Scarcely waiting for a silence, a female figure rose and came slowly to the edge of the platform and stood in the blaze of lights with hands modestly clasped before her. She was not in any way the preconceived idea of a Negro. Fair as the fairest woman in the hall, with wavy bands of chestnut hair, and great, melting eyes of brown, soft as those of childhood; a willowy figure of exquisite mould, clad in a sombre gown of black. There fell a voice upon the listening ear, in celestial showers of silver that passed all conceptions, all comparisons, all dreams; a voice beyond belief—a great soprano of unimaginable beauty, soaring heavenward in mighty intervals.

"Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt's land,

Tell ol' Pharaoh, let my people go."

sang the woman in tones that awakened ringing harmonies in the heart of every listener.

"By Jove!" Reuel heard Livingston exclaim. For himself he was dazed, thrilled; never save among the great artists of the earth, was such a voice heard alive with the divine fire.

Some of the women in the audience wept; there was the distinct echo of a sob in the deathly quiet which gave tribute to the power of genius. Spell-bound they sat beneath the outpoured anguish of a suffering soul. All the horror, the degradation from which a race had been delivered were in the pleading strains of the singer's voice. It strained the senses almost beyond endurance. It pictured to that self-possessed, highly-cultured New England assemblage as nothing else ever had, the awfulness of the hell from which a people had been happily plucked.

Reuel was carried out of himself; he leaned forward in eager contemplation of the artist; he grew cold with terror and fear. Surely it could not be—he must be dreaming! It was incredible! Even as he whispered the words to himself the hall seemed to grow dim and shadowy; the sea of faces melted away; there before him in the blaze of light—like a lovely phantom—stood a woman wearing the face of his vision of the afternoon!

CHAPTER III.

It was Hallow-eve.

The north wind blew a cutting blast over the stately Charles, and broke the waves into a miniature flood; it swept the streets of the University city, and danced on into the outlying suburbs tossing the last leaves about in gay disorder, not even sparing the quiet precincts of Mount Auburn cemetery. A deep, clear, moonless sky stretched overhead, from which hung myriads of sparkling stars.

It Mount Auburn, where the residences of the rich lay far apart, darkness and quietness had early settled down. The main street seemed given over to the duskiness of the evening, and with one exception, there seemed no light on earth or in heaven save the cold gleam of the stars.

The one exception was in the home of Charlie Vance, or "Adonis," as he was called by his familiars. The Vance estate was a spacious house with rambling ells, tortuous chimney-stacks, and corners, eaves and ledges; the grounds were extensive and well kept telling silently of the opulence of its owner. Its windows sent forth a cheering light. Dinner was just over.

Within, on an old-fashioned hearth, blazed a glorious wood fire, which gave a rich coloring to the oak-panelled walls, and fell warmly on a group of young people seated and standing, chatting about the fire. At one side of it, in a chair of the Elizabethan period, sat the hostess, Molly Vance, only daughter of James Vance, Esq., and sister of "Adonis," a beautiful girl of eighteen.

At the opposite side, leaning with folded arms against the high carved mantel, stood Aubrey Livingston; the beauty of his fair hair and blue eyes was never more marked as he stood there in the gleam of the fire and the soft candle light. He was talking vivaciously, his eyes turning from speaker to speaker, as he ran on, but resting chiefly with pride on his beautiful betrothed, Molly Vance.

The group was completed by two or three other men, among them Reuel Briggs, and three pretty girls. Suddenly a clock struck the hour.

"Only nine," exclaimed Molly. "Good people, what shall we do to wile the tedium of waiting for the witching hour? Have any one of you enough wisdom to make a suggestion?"

"Music," said Livingston.

"We don't want anything so commonplace."

"Blind Man's Buff," suggested "Adonis."

"Oh! please not that, the men are so rough!"

"Let us," broke in Cora Scott, "tell ghost stories."

"Good, Cora! yes, yes, yes."

"No, no!" exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"Yes, yes," laughed Molly, gaily, clapping her hands. "It is the very thing. Cora, you are the wise woman of the party. It is the very time, tonight is the new moon, and we can try our projects in the Hyde house."

"The moon should be full to account for such madness," said Livingston.

"Don't be disagreeable, Aubrey," replied Molly. "The 'ayes' have it. You're with me, Mr. Briggs?"

"Of course, Miss Vance," answered Reuel, "to go to the North Pole or Hades—only please tell us where is 'Hyde house.'"

"Have you never heard? Why it's the adjoining estate. It is reputed to be haunted, and a lady in white haunts the avenue in the most approved ghostly style."

"Bosh!" said Livingston.

"Possibly," remarked the laughing Molly, "but it is the 'bosh' of a century."

"Go on, Miss Vance; don't mind Aubrey. Who has seen the lady?"

"She is not easily seen," proceeded Molly, "she only appears on Hallow-eve, when the moon is new, as it will be tonight. I had forgotten that fact when I invited you here. If anyone stands, tonight, in the avenue leading to the house, he will surely see the tall veiled figure gliding among the old hemlock trees."

One or two shivered.

"If, however, the watcher remain, the lady will pause, and utter some sentence of prophecy of his future."

"Has any one done this?" queried Reuel.

"My old nurse says she remembers that the lady was seen once."

"Then, we'll test it again tonight!" exclaimed Reuel, greatly excited over the chance to prove his pet theories.

"Well, Molly, you've started Reuel off

on his greatest hobby; I wash my hands of both of you."

"Let us go any way!" chorused the venturesome party.

"But there are conditions," exclaimed Molly. "Only one person must go at a time."

Aubrey laughed as he noticed the consternation in one or two faces.

"So," continued Molly, "as we cannot go together, I propose that each shall stay a quarter of an hour, then whether successful or not, return and let another take his or her place. I will go first."

"No—" it was Charlie who spoke—"I put my veto on that, Molly. If you are mad enough to risk colds in this mad freak, it shall be done fairly. We will draw lots."

"And I add to that, not a girl leave the house; we men will try the charm for the sake of your curiosity, but not a girl goes. You can try the ordinary Hallow-eve projects while we are away."

With many protests, but concealed relief, this plan was reluctantly adopted by the female element. The lots were prepared and placed in a hat, and amid much merriment, drawn.

"You are third, Mr. Briggs," exclaimed Molly who held the hat and watched the checks.

"I'm first," said Livingston, "and Charlie second."

"While we wait for twelve, tell us the story of the house, Molly," cried Cora.

Thus adjured, Molly settled herself comfortably in her chair and began: "Hyde House is nearly opposite the cemetery, and its land joins that of this house; it is indebted for its ill-repute to one of its owners, John Hyde. It has been known for years as a haunted house, and avoided as such by the superstitious. It is low-roofed, rambling, and almost entirely concealed by hemlocks, having an air of desolation and decay in keeping with its ill-repute. In its dozen rooms

were enacted the dark deeds which gave the place the name of the 'haunted house.'

"The story is told of an unfaithful husband, a wronged wife and a beautiful governess forming a combination which led to the murder of a guest for his money. The master of the house died from remorse, under peculiar circumstances. These materials give us the plot for a thrilling ghost story."

"Well, where does the lady come in?" interrupted "Adonis."

There was a general laugh.

"This world is all a blank without the ladies for Charlie," remarked Aubrey. "Molly, go on with your story, my child."

"You may all laugh as much as you please, but what I am telling you is believed in this section by every one. A local magazine speaks of it as follows, as near as I can remember:

"A most interesting story is told by a woman who occupied the house for a short time. She relates that she had no sooner crossed the threshold than she was met by a beautiful woman in flowing robes of black, who begged permission to speak through her to her friends. The friends were thereupon bidden to be present at a certain time. When all were assembled they were directed by invisible powers to kneel. Then the spirit told the tale of the tragedy through the woman. The spirit was the niece of the murderer, and she was in the house when the crime was committed. She discovered blood stains on the door of the woodshed, and told her uncle that she suspected him of murdering the guest, who had mysteriously disappeared. He secured her promise not to betray him. She had always kept the secret. Although both had been dead for many years, they were chained to the scene of the crime, as was the

governess, who was the man's partner in guilt. The final release of the niece from the place was conditional on her making a public confession. This done she would never be heard from again. And she never was, except on Hallow-eve, when the moon is new."

"Bring your science and philosophy to bear on this, Reuel. Come, come, man, give us your opinion," exclaimed Aubrey.

"Reuel doesn't believe such stuff; he's too sensible," added Charlie.

"If these are facts, they are only for those who have a mental affinity with them. I believe that if we could but strengthen our mental sight, we could discover the broad highway between this and the other world on which both good and evil travel to earth," replied Reuel.

"And that first highway was beaten out of chaos by Satan, as Milton has it, eh, Briggs?"

"Have it as you like, Smith. No matter. For my own part, I have never believed that the whole mental world is governed by the faculties we understand, and can reduce to reason or definite feeling. But I will keep my ideas to myself; one does not care to be laughed at."

The conversation was kept up for another hour about indifferent subjects, but all felt the excitement underlying the frivolous chatter. At quarter before twelve, Aubrey put on his ulster with the words: "Well, here goes for my lady." The great doors were thrown open, and the company grouped about him to see him depart.

"Mind, honor bright, you go," laughed Charlie.

"Honor bright," he called back.

Then he went on beyond the flood of light into the gloom of the night. Muffled in wraps and ulsters they lingered on the piazzas waiting his return.

"Would he see anything?"

"Of course not!" laughed Charlie and Bert Smith. "Still, we bet he'll be sharp to his time."

They were right. Aubrey returned at five minutes past twelve, a failure.

Charlie ran down the steps briskly, but in ten minutes came hastening back.

"Well," was the chorus, "did you see it?"

"I saw something—a figure in the trees!"

"And you did not wait?" said Molly, scornfully.

"No, I dared not; I own it."

"It's my turn; I'm third," said Reuel.

"Luck to you, old man," they called as he disappeared in the darkness.

Reuel Briggs was a brave man. He knew his own great physical strength and felt no fear as he traversed the patch of woods lying between the two estates. As he reached the avenue of hemlocks he was not thinking of his mission, but of the bright home scene he had just left—of love and home and rest—such a life as was unfolding before Aubrey Livingston and sweet Molly Vance.

"I suppose there are plenty of men in the world as lonely as I am," he mused; "but I suppose it is my own fault. A man though plain and poor can generally manage to marry; and I am both. But I don't regard a wife as one regards bread—better sour bread than starvation; better an uncongenial life-companion than none! What a frightful mistake! No! The woman I marry must be to me a necessity, because I love her; because so loving her, 'all the current of my being flows to her,' and I feel she is my supreme need."

Just now he felt strangely happy as he moved in the gloom of the hemlocks, and he wondered many times after that whether the spirit is sometimes mysteriously conscious of the nearness of its kindred spirit; and feels, in anticipation,

the "sweet unrest" of the master-passion that rules the world.

The mental restlessness of three weeks before seemed to have possession of him again. Suddenly the "restless, unsatisfied longing," rose again in his heart. He turned his head and saw a female figure just ahead of him in the path, coming toward him. He could not see her features distinctly, only the eyes—large, bright and dark. But their expression! Sorrowful, wistful—almost imploring—gazing straightforward, as if they saw nothing—like the eyes of a person entirely absorbed and not distinguishing one object from another.

She was close to him now, and there was a perceptible pause in her step. Suddenly she covered her face with her clasped hands, as if in uncontrollable grief. Moved by a mighty emotion, Briggs addressed the lonely figure:

"You are in trouble, madam; may I help you?"

Briggs never knew how he survived the next shock. Slowly the hands were removed from the face and the moon gave a distinct view of the lovely features of the jubilee singer—Dianthe Lusk.

She did not seem to look at Briggs, but straight before her, as she said in a low, clear, passionless voice:

"You can help me, but not now; to-morrow."

Reuel's most prominent feeling was one of delight. The way was open to become fully acquainted with the woman who had haunted him sleeping and waking, for weeks past.

"Not now! Yet you are suffering. Shall I see you soon? Forgive me—but oh! tell me—"

He was interrupted. The lady moved or floated away from him, with her face toward him and gazing steadily at him.

He felt that his whole heart was in his

eyes, yet hers did not drop, nor did her cheek color.

"The time is not yet," she said in the same, clear, calm, measured tones, in which she had spoken before. Reuel made a quick movement toward her, but she raised her hand, and the gesture forbade him to follow her. He paused involuntarily, and she turned away, and disappeared among the gloomy hemlock trees.

He parried the questions of the merry crowd when he returned to the house, with indifferent replies. How they would have laughed at him—slave of a passion as sudden and romantic as that of Romeo for Juliet; with no more foundation than the "presentments" in books which treat of the "occult." He dropped asleep at last, in the early morning hours, and lived over his experience in his dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

Although not yet a practitioner, Reuel Briggs was a recognized power in the medical profession. In brain diseases he was an authority.

Early the next morning he was aroused from sleep by imperative knocking at his door. It was a messenger

from the hospital. There had been a train accident on the Old Colony road, would he come immediately?

Scarcely giving himself time for a cup of coffee, he arrived at the hospital almost as soon as the messenger.

The usual silence of the hospital was broken; all was bustle and movement, without confusion. It was a great call upon the resources of the officials, but they were equal to it. The doctors passed from sufferer to sufferer, dressing their injuries; then they were borne to beds from which some would never rise again.

"Come with me to the women's ward, Doctor Briggs," said a nurse. "There is a woman there who was taken from the wreck. She shows no sign of injury, but the doctors cannot restore her to consciousness. Doctor Livingston pronounces her dead, but it doesn't seem possible. So young, so beautiful. Do something for her, Doctor."

The men about a cot made way for Reuel, as he entered the ward. "It's no use Briggs," said Livingston to him in reply to his question. "Your science won't save her. The poor girl is already cold and stiff."

He moved aside disclosing to Reuel's gaze the lovely face of Dianthe Lusk!

THE BLACK MAN'S CLAIM.*

Out of the wilderness, out of the night,
Has the black man crawled to the dawn of light;
Beaten by lashes and bound by chains,
A beast of burden with soul and brains,
He has come through sorrow and need and woe,
And the cry of his heart is to know, to know!
You took his freedom and gave it again;
But grudging as ye gave it, ye whitefaced man.
Not all of freedom is being free,
And a dangerous plaything is liberty

* ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in "The New York American."

For untaught children. In vain do you say,
 "We gave what he asked for—place and pay
 And right of franchise." All wrong, all wrong!
 He was but a child to be led along
 By the hand of love. Has he felt its touch?
 Nay! You gave unwisely and gave too much!
 But you gave not the things that his mind
 Was reaching up in the dark to find.
 They were love and knowledge. Oh! infinite
 Must be the patience that hopes to right
 The wrongs that are hoary with age and brought
 To the level of virtues by mortal thought.
 And greater than patience must be the trust
 In an ultimate outcome of what is just;
 And in and under, and through and above
 Must weave the warp of the purpose—love.
 Red with anguish his way has been
 This suffering brother of dusky skin,
 For centuries fettered and bound to earth.
 Slow his unfolding to freedom's birth
 Slow his rising from burden and ban
 To fill the statue of mortal man.
 You must give him wings ere you tell him to fly—
 You must set the example and bid him try,
 Let the white man pay for the white man's crime—
 Let him work in patience and bide God's time.
 Out of the wilderness, out of the night,
 Has the black man crawled to the dawn of light;
 He has come through the valley of great despair—
 He has borne what no white man ever can bear—
 He has come through sorrow and pain and woe,
 And the cry of his heart is to know, to know!

NEGRO BUSINESS MEN.*

MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

Several years ago a porter on a Pullman car running out of Chicago, began to experiment in the making of a shoe polish. He succeeded in time in making a polish thoroughly satisfactory for immediate use, but it took a year and a half of further experimenting before he had

perfected it so that he felt sure it would stand being packed and kept for an indefinite time. When he had reached that point, he filled a dozen tin boxes and took them to a dealer. They were sold in one day, and an order placed for two dozen more. The porter kept his run on the

* From "The Tuskegee Student."

Pullman, making shoe blacking and selling it during his lay off in Chicago, until he had saved \$180. Then he dared to launch out into the business world as a manufacturer and resigned his place with the company. That was a little less than six years ago. Now, his various shoe polishes are not only in demand in Chicago and well over the United States, but last year a Mexican firm placed a contract order for six hundred gross annually, and a New York firm recently ordered two hundred and fifty gross for foreign trade. The actual cash business of the polish last year was \$9,800, and would have been more except for a scarcity of boxes, caused by tin-plate strike. This year's business will be well up between \$10,000 and \$20,000.

Here is the kind of story that the sessions of the National Negro Business League, which has just closed its third annual session in Richmond, Va., bring to light. The National Negro Business League was organized two years ago in Boston, where its meetings were held in the Parker Memorial Building. The meetings in Richmond—like those at Chicago last year—have been even more satisfactory. In these few sentences is stated a fact of tremendous import in its relation to the development of this country, it seems to me, when one comes to consider it in its broad relations.

That an organization of Negroes, with Booker T. Washington at its head, should meet happily in Boston, was to be expected; for Boston was the home of Garrison and Phillips, and has always been kindly disposed towards the Principal of Tuskegee Institute and his work. But Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy, the heart of the movement which sought to keep the Negro in slavery, and sought the very reverse of his advancement as an independent business man. And when, a few months ago, the now famous dinner was given by President Roosevelt

to Booker Washington, Richmond shared in the excitement common to the South over the incident. It was reported that the President's picture was hissed in public there, and some of the papers were particularly severe in their mention of him and Mr. Washington. With these things in mind, it may be imagined that some of the delegates, at least—especially Northern Negro businessmen who had never been South before, or at least not since their childhood—may have come to this meeting expecting they knew not what. They found the crowded meetings thoroughly delightful, and even more quiet and orderly than those in Boston and Chicago. They found—so far as I can learn, and I have talked with a number of the delegates on this subject—nothing but kindly and courteous treatment. They found that the meetings received careful and courteous attention from the press of the city—astonishingly generous as to the amount of space, especially when the great amount of local news at the time has been taken into consideration. So far as I can learn, there has not been one single incident which will cause anyone to remember the visit there with anything but pleasure. People came expecting to be surprised, and the only surprise has been that there was nothing to surprise them, unless, of course, they were surprised at the magnitude and scope of the business success which the Negroes of that city have achieved. At Boston the League met in a building opened in a measure by philanthropic interest. Here in Richmond the meetings have been held in a hall which easily seats 1200 persons, and into which 2000 have been crowded. The hall is in a handsome three-story brick building owned by Negroes, and built by Negro money paid to Negro laborers. The ground on which it stands was once part of a great slave estate, and it is very easily possible that from this estate there may have gone

forth in generations past, slaves whose descendants have come back here to this meeting on the same spot, independent, wealthy business men. The building is the property and central business headquarters of a beneficiary order, known as the United Order of True Reformers, an organization founded years ago in a most humble way, by an uneducated Negro, William Brown, formerly a slave in Georgia. In those days the entire body did not have more than one hundred members; now, there are employed in this one building 125 persons. Now, 65,000 Negroes are members of the order, which pays a death benefit of from \$75 to \$1000, conducts a bank with a paid-up capital stock of \$100,000, and which has 10,000 depositors on its books, and does a mercantile business of \$100,000 a year; has several successful branches in other places, owns and operates a prosperous store, with branch stores, and prints a paper with a weekly circulation of 10,000 copies. I don't think I have enumerated nearly all the fields in which this enterprise is doing successful work—these are simply the ones which have come most thoroughly under my observation; but there is one other thing which I have noticed about the management of the affairs of the True Reformers. The hall, and the corridors, and the offices are beautifully and wholesomely clean. I noticed that fact the first time I went up through the building by daylight—that the rooms were very much cleaner than similar apartments in many a building not managed by colored people.

Just here I want to barely enumerate the Negro business interests of Richmond, as they were reported to the League by a man in whose judgment and conservatism there is reason to place confidence, Mr. W. P. Burrell, the Secretary of the True Reformers. "The Richmond Negroes pay taxes on more than

\$1,200,000 worth of property, and have bank accounts of \$700,000. There is a Negro Hospital Training School, two drugstores, three colored banks, seventeen insurance companies, ten undertakers, one of the best steam laundries in the city, with four-fifths of its patronage white, four weekly papers, eleven attorneys, eighty-three barber shops, sixteen blacksmiths, one bookseller, four butchers, one cabinet maker, two general caterers, one cigar manufacturer, twenty-three retail coal and wood dealers, twenty-one confectionery and fruit dealers, seven contracting carpenters and builders, eight plastering firms, six coopering establishments, two dentists, fifty dress-making establishments, two restaurants, thirty-seven eating houses, fourteen retail fish and game dealers, three wholesale in the same business, two florists, one hundred and seventy-eight retail groceries, one wholesale grocery, one hotel." This hotel is operated by the True Reformers; it is a good house, capable of accommodating one hundred or more guests. Mr. Washington always puts up there when he is in Richmond, and from my having had occasion to call on him there, I know that the house is neat and comfortable. But to resume the list of Negro business enterprises in Richmond. There are twenty-nine hucksters, one jeweler and watchmaker, one junk dealer, eight livery stables, one locksmith, six music teachers, twenty-four trained nurses, two photograph galleries, one paper-hanger, twelve physicians, six poultry dealers, two real estate agents, one shoe dealer and three burial associations, owning nine burial grounds. There are 33,000 colored residents in Richmond, who have twenty-three Baptist churches, one Catholic, two Episcopal, four Methodist, one Presbyterian and one Christian.

Apropos of churches, one of the best business men here, and one of the best members of the League, is Rev. W. F.

Graham, the pastor of one of the largest—I think it is the largest—Baptist church in the city. This man's business is insurance, in which he has been very energetic, and he addressed the League upon this subject. He has recently organized a beneficial association there, which is incorporated by the state for \$20,000, and which already has \$7,000 paid in. In his address, Mr. Graham said: "I am not a minister who is afraid to preach the gospel of work and money. I believe that before we go to wear a golden crown in another world, we ought to be able to wear a hat in this world. I don't believe a man who has been in the habit of walking barefooted in this world will feel easy walking golden streets."

There have been about two hundred delegates here, and many of them have been accompanied by their wives—some by their whole families. I have been repeatedly impressed by the number of men who in their talks have given credit to their wives for the help which they have been in getting started. Again and again men have told how the wife at first

tended the little business venture and did her work, while the man was away from home at work earning more money to enlarge the capital invested. More than twenty States have been represented. Mr. Washington has presided at all the sessions, and his skill as a presiding officer has made it possible to get the most out of all the time. If a speaker was absent, Mr. Washington knew whom to call on to continue the same subject, and in the intervals between the papers he brought forward many men to continue a subject in five-minute discussions.

Turning now to the different conditions which confronted the colored men who came there from the North for these meetings, there are two which occur to me. They encountered more or less evidence of the Jim Crow car law, and they did not find it possible to be accommodated in any white hotel. How did they meet these conditions? They came on Pullman cars and they stopped at hotels owned and managed by people of their own race.



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

The Northwestern Vine, published in St. Paul and Minneapolis, gives the following excellent advice which Republican leaders ought to heed. It says:

"We are now at the dawn of another campaign which promises to be interesting to both of the leading political parties. The Negro is once more brought forward from the background and made an important factor until his vote is

counted, then he is relegated back to the political poorhouse, where he is treated to a diet of "hot air" promises and broken pledges until the next election comes around when he is again brought forward to the land of promise and feasted on a diet of "milk and honey," and made an important factor for the time being. The time has arrived now, and the question confronting us is whether or not the

Negro shall continue to blindly cast his vote with the Republican party, or shall he intelligently cast his vote with some other party, wherein his interests will be better subserved? By dissolving relationship with the Republican party and forming a new alliance, the Negro severs all connection with a party that has been his true and devoted friend in the hour of need; who took him up from the lap of degradation and obscurity and tenderly nursed him until he was clothed in the full garb of citizenship. But the truth must be told: The Republican party of the present and of the past few years, is not the party of old; they have strayed far from the path marked out and trod by its founders—men like Lincoln, Grant, Sumner, and the other champions of equal rights, who laid the foundations of the "grand old party" so solid, so strong that, no matter how severe and vindictive was the storm of criticism and invective hurled against them in the turmoil of a political campaign, when the smoke of the battle had rolled away the party emerged as the champions of that grand principle that this "was a government of the people, by the people, for the people," regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude. The party was built upon a strong foundation, but the material composing it, as the old leaders dropped out, became men of weaker mould. The Republican party of today is composed of men who have not the courage to stand forth and defend the Negro against those cowardly insults heaped upon him by his enemies. On the other hand, sentiment of the opposing party towards the Negro is far worse than ever before. They have eliminated Negroes from politics in the South at present—peacefully if they can, and forcibly if they must. But there is a feeling of dissatisfaction among the Negroes all over the country towards the Republican party, because of their fail-

ure to enact certain laws bearing upon the Negro in general, or to none a displeasure of the wholesale disfranchisement of the Negro in the South and to rebuke the practice of driving our colored ladies and gentlemen in sickly, "jim crow" cars, and their sickly attempt to bring the Crumpacker bill before the house, also, their attempt to trade the rights of human beings for sugar; the Freedman Inquiry commission and uninteresting attention paid to it, their silence on lynching and mob violence, and their failure; in the reorganization of the army, to appoint competent Negro officers, who stormed the battlefield and upheld the honor of the nation. All of this has sunk deep into the hearts of the thinking Negroes, who will, no doubt, show their dissatisfaction at the polls. The Republican leaders must come to this conclusion that they have got a different set of Negroes to deal with, and no slavery arguments will go with them. It is not what they did in the past, but what they are doing now, and will do in the future, that these young, thinking Negroes will go upon.

"No race is entirely helpless in any part of the world. Wherever men find themselves located and whatever their environment, if they are free men, there is always a chance to improve their conditions. But the opportunity for improvement is not the same with all men. Neither may one class of men expect to follow exactly in the footsteps of another class which have preceded them, for opportunities differ widely according to classes and the character of the times through which the world or the nation is now passing. The average white American of intelligence and energy is possessed of vast opportunities to make life a success and a pleasure. In this respect he is better off at present than his forefathers were, when from newer conditions, they were hewing out a course for

themselves and the nation. With all portions of a vast country open to settlement, and all communities, old or new, presenting almost unrestricted commercial and industrial openings, it seems that the opportunities of the average white American for the promotion of successful enterprises are almost limitless. Within these same boundaries and in contact with these same environments, the colored American has to contemplate and apply himself to particular channels which require more than natural preference or personal desire to insure that success which brings the rightful measure of gratification and profit, for the restrictions and limits of racial prejudice require them to exercise superior judgment and wit in the selection and of avocations in which their financial welfare will not necessarily be sacrificed or thwarted. But although their opportunities are thus limited, the necessity for careful study and selection of avocations and for the application of superior judgment and ability to those chosen, is the one great natural characteristic which will cause the Negro's opportunities to grow and increase, slowly, gradually, but surely, until finally the restrictions of the present day shall be entirely overcome. All history helps to prove that racial oppression redounds to the final benefit of the race oppressed, if the race oppressed possesses the quality of endurance and survival. Endurance is one of the Negro's remarkable qualities, and while his changing conditions in America appear to take from him some opportunities which he formerly enjoyed, he readily applies himself to others which, if carefully selected and industriously and ingeniously followed, will bring him greater satisfaction and profit than he before enjoyed. The Negro is learning that he must choose wisely and perform well. With this knowledge thoroughly applied, he is succeeding in new lines. He has found on

opening in literature, the very highest branch of civilized attainment, which has surprised himself. Close behind this is following his success in music. As he improves in the classics and in the arts, he appears to find greater industrial tolerance. Branches of business requiring particular ingenuity or efficiency are being undertaken with invariable success. It is, therefore, being learned that the mainsprings of the colored American's future progress are superior ability, discriminating judgment and tireless energy, and that with these attributes the growth of his opportunities will not halt before the prejudices of the present day."

Miss Laura F. Dickerson is one of the most intellectual women in Kentucky. At school she led her class in all practical work. She is engaged in teaching at the Eastern School, Louisville, Ky., and as a social light is considered a most valuable acquisition to society.

Mrs. George K. Grissom, formerly Miss Cora M. Bell, was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1876. She came to St. Paul in '92, together with her parents. Shortly after her arrival in the city she entered High School, leaving the same in '95 to take a course of stenography and short-hand in the Hess Business College. After a period of six months she completed her studies there and obtained a position in the Golden Rule Department Store, where she remained for four years loved and esteemed by all her associates and receiving the respect and complete confidence of her employers.

In October, '99, she was married to Mr. George Grissom, of River Falls, Wis., and in August, '99 resigned her position to her sister-in-law, Miss Hattie Grissom.

Lottie E. Wilson, who represents our women in art this month, is a picturesque little body, and little as she seems to exact of a complacent world, she has made for herself a distinct position and allows no one to occupy it with her. Her delicacy, her personal charm, a certain graceful appeal in her manner, would lead one to believe her weak and vacillating—the kind of woman who needs caresses and protection.

But this effect is deceptive and covers firm intelligence and quick decision, the ability to observe accurately and minutely; and the will and power to translate impressions confidently. In her work Mrs. Wilson has imitated no one master, she has been guided only by herself, her alert, artistic conscience. By this I do not mean she has gained nothing from other artists, but that she has studied them to her advantage and not to the loss of her special personal talent. She has force and strength of will enough to sing her own song fearlessly. Considering that she has never been abroad, the breadth of her work is quite marvelous. And one is at a loss to determine which branch of her work shows the most strength of character. She seems equally strong both in her life size and miniature painting. Then again, one is charmed with her small portrait busts so skilfully modeled, for these little figurines show plainly the danger one risks in placing a limit to her ability.

Unlike most artists she confines herself to no special line, although she freely admits that portrait and figure painting has her preference.

When asked the secret of her success along so many different lines, she modestly replied: "Oh, I simply do the things I feel like doing." From the character of her work, it would be difficult to guess the source of her inspiration. From every true artist the main inspiration must come from within.

They may receive innumerable useful hints from other workers in the same field, but if they have something to say, it insists upon a personal expression.

Mrs. Wilson is a thorough race woman, and in every possible way tries with her art to stimulate interest in the history of the race, and in her studio is found many a rare gem. Her portrait medallion of Phyllis Wheatley, which she has had put in plaster, and copyrighted, is a unique and highly artistic piece of work, for which she is having a great demand. In her faithful portrayal of the negro character and complexion, she has few equals; the fine modeling of the features, and that rich delicate blending of the yellow and brown are strikingly realistic.

Then in her studies of still life one cannot fail to be greatly impressed with her painting, "Nobody's Darling." None fail to see the touch of pathos in the worn-out sheet of music entitled "Nobody's Darling" that seems wedded by nature to the old violin, with its broken string, both cast aside for newer favorites, their melodies forgotten, and they relegated forever to the shadows of the past.

Mrs. Wilson's life is as interesting as her work. The family from which she descends were among the early settlers of Cass county, Michigan, having emigrated from Ohio in 1844, where for many generations they had been engaged in the tannery business. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wilson, are still residents of Niles, Michigan. The strong infusion of Spanish blood in her veins gives her that sparkle of originality and warm-hearted sincerity so rarely met with, and so highly prized in a friend.

Mrs. Wilson is an energetic, ambitious little woman, richly endowed with talent and the sweet charm of womanhood, and the indications are that we shall hear more of her in the near future.

Thomas S. Dixon's career has been as diversified as the shells upon the seashore, but we are glad to say that he has never lost sight of his own betterment, which has eventually led him to a much warranted success.

The road to success has many branches, some with more or less hardships to be surmounted. The connecting lane in which these many paths converge, is called "Work"—work, hand, heart and head, if you ever wish to accomplish anything in this world.

May this brief sketch of Mr. Dixon's life instill in the heart of our youth the virtue of perseverance.

Mr. Dixon was aided much in his struggle by the kind influence of his wife, who was Miss Isabel Fisher, whom he married in 1878.

Thomas Sanford Dixon was born at Buckler Bluff, St. John River, Fla., Feb. 10, 1847, and was the son of April and Mary Dixon.

His father was a slave and belonged to Planter Plumer, who resided in that section. His mother was a free woman and owned a plantation above Manderean on the Cunningham creek.

His early life was spent among the orange groves and alligators, while most of his boyhood days were spent in Jacksonville. At the age of eight years, a sea captain by the name of Rodgers befriended him and persuaded young Dixon to learn a sea-faring life.

He shipped for New York, and in those days the law of Florida forbade the return of a free colored man after once leaving the state. Hence he never returned to his old home until after the war. Upon arriving in New York he shipped on another vessel and traveled the world over, as a servant. He enlisted in the United States navy, and at the breaking out of the rebellion had just returned from the Mediterranean on board the United States frigate "Constitution."

He re-enlisted for the war in New York and served on board the "Uncas," Paul Jones," "Isaac Smith" and other government vessels in the blockade service at Charleston harbor, acting as ward-room and captain's steward.

In 1864 he was transferred to the naval battery, on Morris Island, under Lieutenant G. W. Hayward, and after the evacuation of Charleston he was transferred to the flagship Delaware, upon which he remained while that vessel assisted in raising the Rebel ram "Columbia" from Charleston harbor, which was towed to the Portsmouth navy yard for repairs. In 1865 he was again transferred to the old "Constitution." He was not long on this vessel before the captain of the "J. Sands" of the United States wrecking service, took him for his steward and he was present in Hampton Roads, July 21, when the "Congress" was raised for a time from the bottom of the bay, opposite the "Bull Pens." The pumps giving out, however, the boat sank to the bottom again the same day. On being ably discharged from service, Mr. Dixon went to Philadelphia, and on Sept. 21 of the same year he visited an old friend in Bethlehem, Penn. While there Rufus A. Gride, then proprietor of the Sun Inn, was favorably impressed with Mr. Dixon and engaged him as waiter. It was also here that later Dr. Henry Coppee, then president of the Lehigh University, met him and engaged him as coachman.

He afterwards served in a similar capacity for Samuel Adams and the late Dr. G. B. Linderman, of Fountain Hill. In 1880 Mr. Dixon purchased the property at the corner of Fourth and Wyandotte streets, Bethlehem, Pa., where he opened a restaurant and saloon, which he has conducted very successfully since that time. He is a member of J. K. Taylor Post, No. 182, G. A. R., and is respected by his comrades and by citizens general-

ly. Mr. Dixon says that his politics always fall where his conscience leads him, and that he never was absolutely governed by any one party. Mr. Dixon believes in a liberal use of printers' ink to

the dispensary at the Navy Yard in Portsmouth, Va. In November, 1894, he entered the pharmaceutical department of Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C. Students entering this department



LOTTIE E. WILSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

See page 47.

make his business known, and he positively declares that he has settled down on dry land for the remainder of his days.

The subject of this sketch is deserving of all the credit that Portsmouth and the race in general can bestow.

Mr. Eugene J. Bass was born in Portsmouth, Va., April 14th, 1866. He received his first education at the public school. From 1884 to 1894 he worked in

were required to take a three years' course, but Dr. Bass finished in two years, having conferred on him the degree of Ph.G. in 1896.

March, 1896, he went before the board of pharmacy of the state of Virginia with thirty-three applicants, of which only eight passed successfully, he among the number being the only colored man.

June the 22nd, 1896, he began business with a fixed determination to show the young negro of the 20th century what

pluck and push can do. He, later on March 1st, '99, opened a store at the corner of Green and London streets, in his own two-story brick building with all the modern improvements, having offices on the second floor.

Dr. Bass is a substantial business man, a credit to himself, an honor to the race, and an ornament to the profession.

The Rev. William Henry Lacy was born in Nashville, Tenn., October 7th, 1869. He attended the Nashville city and Hadley district schools; also the city schools of Topeka, Kansas, during which time he served as apprentice in shoemaking. In 1891 he matriculated at Clark University and Gammon Theological Seminary, and after pursuing the classics for two years, turned his whole attention to the study of theology, and graduated in 1895 from Gammon.

He acknowledged Christ at the age of sixteen, was licensed to preach in Bethel A. M. E. Church, Atlanta, Ga., under P. E. R. A. Hall; was admitted into the North Georgia conference in 1892; has taught school for more than six years in Georgia and Kentucky. He came to the Somers Islands in 1897 as a missionary under Bishop A. Grant and has labored on the islands for nearly five years. He was married to Miss Ada A. Parker, of Hamilton, and after the death of her father, the late J. I. Parker, editor and proprietor of the *People's Journal*, the only newspaper printed by people of color in the Somers Islands, Rev. Lacy became editor and manager, and has kept the paper running for more than two years, in connection with his ministerial duties. He has written several pamphlets, seen much travel and does a great deal of lecturing.

Miss Mazia L. Jackson is one of Haverhill's (Mass.) most popular and talented young singers; a contralto by na-

ture, Miss Jackson has met with great success. She sings in the Zion Congregational Church, Haverhill.

In this number we present an interesting article entitled "Responsibility Commensurate with Opportunity," by Miss Lela C. Walker, one of Philadelphia's most prominent young ladies, who is rapidly developing into an elocutionist of renown.

After having passed through the public grammar schools of her city, Miss Walker entered the Girls' High School, second in her class, in 1897, where she took a "Business and Commercial" course, graduating in 1900 with high honor. Out of a class of 194 young ladies, only four of whom were colored, she was selected as class historian, an honor which had never before been conferred on a colored student in the history of the school. She has appeared in public upon several occasions, and her ability as an elocutionist is always applauded by enthusiastic audiences. She won special distinction last season in the drama "Damon and Pythias," in which she took the leading part of "Hermian," the wife of Damon. Although yet in her teens, Miss Walker is a very busy young lady, for aside from her literary work, she is a diligent Christian worker in the Cherry Street Baptist church, and a lover of Sunday school and mission work, and besides, occupies the position of bookkeeper and typewriter in the large establishment of Mr. John S. Trower, the well known caterer and confectioner of Philadelphia.

Miss Walker is popular in society circles of the Quaker city, and her amiable disposition and acknowledged beauty combined with her ability, causes many to pronounce her a "typical American girl."

I. L. ROBERTS, M.D.

Perfection shall always bring its reward of merit. Unadulterated concentration

brings its merited success, whether we find it in the close application to business of a rag-picker, financial or industrial magnate, or in the professions, or the experiments of the scientist.

The world today has need of the man

Indomitable will, with a persevering spirit, has marked the successful career of the subject of this sketch, who, with such a tenacity of purpose, has forced acknowledgment from the scientific world as an authority upon surgery.



"NOBODY'S DARLING," FROM THE PAINTING BY LOTTIE E. WILSON.
See page 47.

"who knows," and the lot of him who tries with a half knowledge to stem the tide of close competition must acknowledge defeat.

Dr. Roberts was born in Western Alabama, in 1870, then receiving the usual preliminary schooling of the average colored youth, completing his college course

with a degree of A.B. in 1890 with honors, and the distinction of class orator.

He entered the Leonard Medical College, from which he graduated "cum laude," also as class orator; coming to Boston he took a post-graduate course at the Harvard Medical School.

The Doctor has been appointed for over four months to the Surgical Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital as an operator, where he is receiving

much recognition and praise for the completeness with which he handles his cases, and proving himself equal to all emergencies.

Dr. Roberts is making arrangements to go abroad, where he will study the different surgical methods in vogue in foreign countries.

Upon his return we feel sure that he will be armed with such knowledge that he will soon be one of the special lights in his profession.

RESPONSIBILITY COMMENSURATE WITH OPPORTUNITY.

LELA C. WALKER.

The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes; the earth unfolds its fruit; the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before us. If we do not appreciate all these surroundings which have been so wisely provided for us by our Creator, we will be held responsible for not doing what our hands find to do to the best of our ability. The world passed through successive changes which transformed an unshapely mass to its present condition of beauty and fitness, and now we are able to enjoy its grandeur and splendor; we thereby become responsible for doing all in our power for the promotion of our own and others' welfare.

It is not without reason, that those who have tasted the pleasure afforded by philosophy and literature have placed upon themselves a great responsibility, for it becomes natural that every such one has certain opportunities to be able to develop their possibilities. We have been endowed with many blessings, not only to cultivate our natural ability, but acquire great knowledge of all things

around us. There is nothing like knowledge when it is not conceited. It is not possible for men to be born with knowledge, therefore, to obtain it, it must be sought for, and sought carefully to secure it more perfectly. We have schools, colleges and institutions where we may acquire knowledge and cultivate our talents. History would have furnished us with the names of many more great men, if their natural talents had been developed. If we have an opportunity to cultivate our talents and do not use it, we shall be held responsible in proportion to the lost time allotted for its cultivation. Our intellectual education is the means by which the power of the mind is drawn out and expanded; our moral education is the comprehension of the development and establishment of the powers of the ethical nature. We have them both before us for our own use and we must take them in our hands and use them with all our power, as time for action will not always continue.

The young should always have this consideration present in their minds: that they must grow old, unless prematurely

cut off by sickness or accident. They ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of



MISS LEILA C. WALKER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and in whatever degree attained, only of a short duration. Every day gives us new ideas and every moment brings us nearer to that period, when the present scenes shall recede from the view and future prospects cannot be formed. Man, unlike all other creatures, feels his own responsibility and with determined purpose should apply himself diligently to the duties that are before him. As reasonable as this seems, men frequently fail to accept it as being true, and seek to lose their identity so far as performance of duty is concerned. They nevertheless should know that each one has been placed in this world for a certain purpose. This world is like a large piece of machinery, and each one of us is necessary for the working of this great locomotive, and if we do not take our parts nobly, even though it be small, we will be a hindrance to those connected with us and an injury to our own in-

dividuality. If we continually perform the duties devolving upon us, we will steadily grow in the accumulation of power in that particular direction, and in the end prove a great blessing to the community and a benefit to mankind.

Should we not exercise the power with which we have been so kindly endowed? Should we not emerge from obscurity whenever we have a suitable theatre, and assume the proper rank in the estimate of the world, which is so much dependent upon our personal responsibilities? If we do not exercise our talents in the right manner, we shall be responsible for the fruit we might have brought forth, if we had sown our seed properly and in good ground. The man who comes fairly before the world and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitles him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ulti-



EUGENE J. BASS, PORTSMOUTH, VA.
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mate result. However slow his progress may be, he will in the end, most undoubtedly receive the spirit which will lift him to his proper grade, and he will be recog-

nized as one of the shining lights to the coming generation. It is what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is but thoughts that have aroused our intellects from slumber; that have "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth;" or by those examples which have inspired our souls with the love for goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble that we hold communion with Shakespere and Milton, with Johnson and Burke.

When we reflect on what has been and is, is it possible not to feel a proud sense of responsibility of our work to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts. What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm. What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance. As we embark the life ship of personal opportunity, we shall have many ways in which to steer our course. We

can either go in the right channel or the wrong; but far, far back on the shore are many persons eagerly watching to see which way we turn, for upon us rest the responsibility to steer our ship in the way suitable for our opportunity. We can either make our opportunity a benefit or a hinderance to humanity; but we shall be judged according to the way we have steered. In whatever way we go we must not forget that the lawful objects of human efforts are but means to higher results and nobler ends; and if we do all we can according to our opportunity, we shall develop a character which the world will honor and which God will bless; but we must remember,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, and all the voyage of life is bound

In shallows and in miseries."



The Supreme Royal Master's Notes.

Full explanation of the objects, plans and methods of operation of the

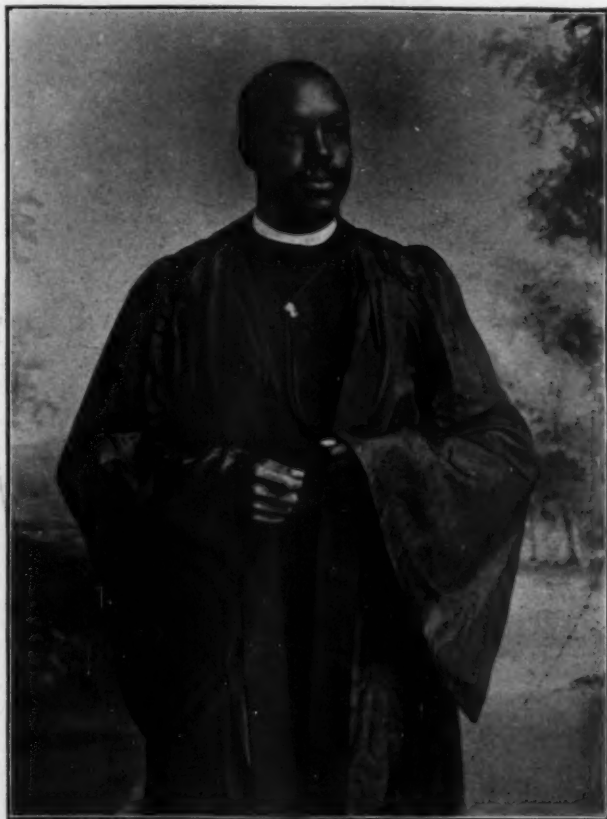
LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR, U. S. A.

Now that the heat and fervor of a vigorous political campaign have subsided, the work of the Loyal Legion of Labor can once more be resumed with zeal and zest without danger of poisonous political influences gaining ascendancy over the non-partisan spirit of its work. That the organization is strictly non-partisan is evidenced clearly by the fact that instead of pushing ahead to get in money from politicians during the heat of political campaigns when their purse strings are loose in search of every ad-

ditional influence to make certain of their election, the management of the Loyal Legion of Labor gives them a wide berth and practically suspends operation until the campaign is over. In the face of our great need of funds with which to meet pressing obligations this policy may be considered foolish by some of the less thoughtful, yet in the face of existing conditions, from experience we have learned that as yet it is the only way of protecting the organization from destruction at the hands of those who would readily make

of it a medium for vote-getting for unscrupulous politicians. We have learned too, that the time to learn who our friends really are is not during the heat of a political campaign, but in the calm of every day life, when a man reflects his real sentiment in his recognition and assistance to a people.

to the central office—thus leaving no funds in the local treasuries, whereby the general interest in pushing forward the work would be encouraged. This may have seemed unwise to many, and doubtless has caused more or less comment and criticism, but the reason for it will doubtless justify the act, and whatever the in-



REV. WM. HENRY LACY, HAMILTON, SOMERS ISLANDS.

See page 50.

The time has come when we must know our real and substantial friends, and then in all of our actions, political and otherwise, stand by them with loyalty and firmness. That the work and usefulness of the Loyal Legion of Labor might not be destroyed during this campaign by political intrigue and designing politicians, the subordinate organizations, as fast as organized have been looked up, so to speak, by a provision that all funds raised in a district should be sent direct

difference may have resulted from it we may now repair, by making ample amends by liberal provisions in the widest latitude given to the officers of each General District council. We have considered the preservation of the spirit and purpose of the organization of vast more importance to its life and ultimate success than the means that might have been gathered by active councils stimulated by a desire for self gain. The time has come, however, in the life of our cause

when all barriers may now be removed and the spirit of the work entered into with real earnestness and sincerity. Experience has suggested several important changes in our general system which have been made and will herein be explained. Individual responsibility forced upon the

tendent will exercise all of the prerogatives of the Supreme Master. He will seek the co-operation of the employing class of the dominant race and report all funds to the local Advisory Board. One-half of all funds from all sources raised by a District Council will go to the local



I. L. ROBERTS, M.D., BOSTON, MASS.

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Supreme Master has forced the adoption of a stricter business system with greater responsibility placed upon the officers of each council and less latitude to the central office force.

THE ROYAL FATHER.

The Royal Father of each District Council becomes the active superintendent of the entire work of the organization in his district. In the absence of the Supreme Royal Master the District Superin-

work in the district, and will be retained in the local treasury while the other half will be reported monthly to the central office.

ROYAL MASTER.

The Royal Master of each district is the active executive officer of the council. He presides at all meetings of either the Advisory or District Council. He is by virtue of his office, chairman of the Educational Board, and has as his assistants

the Royal Secretary and the Royal Prelate. These three officers have all matters pertaining to the educational interests of their people in their hands, and their methods of dealing with them are reduced to a business system.

It is the duty of this board to keep in

vituperation and falsehood against members of our race, and in support of those who seek to protect and advance the best interest of the race. Through this board also educational programs will be carefully prepared with special care each month and assigned to competent mem-



MRS. I. L. ROBERTS, BOSTON, MASS.

See page 50.

close touch with the public educational institutions of their districts, and at all times guard the educational interests of the youth of their community. Not only are they to keep in touch with the public educational forces of their district by way of public and private schools, etc., but they will direct the influences of the organization against newspapers and periodicals whose columns are filled with

bers of the race for rendition in the Monthly Educational sessions. These programs will be prepared with a view to inspiring our people to rise above the things that have divided them in the past and impeded the general advancement of the race. It will also direct the policy of all literature issued by the organization in keeping with the general policy outlined by the central board.

THE LEGAL AND PROTECTIVE BOARD.

The Royal Father is by virtue of his office the chairman of the legal and protective board. Associated with him are the district organizer and district lecturer. The work of getting the forces together in each district is entrusted to this board, who will make it a business to bring in as members all of the people of a district that can be interested. This board also takes under consideration the matter of securing proper protection to all members of the race in its district. It should place itself in touch with the legal machinery of its district, and look earnestly after the welfare and interest of all members from a legal point of view. It will look into cases of open discrimination in violation to law, and if necessary call upon the central board for assistance in enforcing a compliance with law on the part of all of those who seek to rob our people of their rights and privileges as citizens. The combined influences of the entire organization will be concentrated to any point where such an effort is to be made. In all cases for contest, however, the local board will first apprise the Supreme Master of affairs, and through him secure the necessary appropriation from the general funds for the prosecution of the proposed legal action. These local boards will act in conjunction with the central legal and protective board, and should lose no time in getting down to business. With the rights and privileges being ruthlessly taken from our race on all hands, it is but foolishness for any legal board to feel that it has nothing to do. The work of the Loyal Legion of Labor has become entirely too voluminous for one or two men to shoulder and carry on the entire responsibility. The individual board must now either take up the work assigned them or tender their resignations, so that persons can be secured who will enter into the spirit of the work and

actively go forward in the cause. As one-half of all funds from now on will be retained in the local treasury for the furtherance of the local work, there will be no excuse for indifference and delay.

THE EMIGRATION AND INDUSTRIAL BOARD.

The Vice Royal Master, Master of Finance and Secretary of the Treasury compose the Emigration and Industrial Board. The work of this board is of burning importance. At this time thousands of good honest men and women of the race are praying for deliverance from oppression and gross cruelty at the hands of those who seem determined to make life unbearable for them. We are having appeals by the score from competent and deserving persons in the South for any kind of employment at which they can live and support families dependent upon them. Thousands of good places can be secured through these boards if they but go to work and report monthly the result of their labors, so as to keep the central office posted on the actual work being done. We do not mean for outsiders to be given positions and employment where local members are on the ground to supply them, but there is a constant cry for help going up from the employing class of whites up in the North, and their demand must be supplied through these industrial boards. If persons can not be had in the community to fill the places secured, then outsiders must take them. We must now take up the work of supplying brawn and muscle to as much of the world as possible. No position is so humble that some person can not be found to take it.

Again the sting of oppression is driving from the South hundreds from the very lowest walks of life; they are flocking into the North where they are becoming the competitors of honest citizens, and by reason of being unknown and untried, they are freely employed. By their er-

roneous ideas of life and criminal habits they soon poison the minds of their employers, not only against them, but the race in general. This phase can only be dealt with through these permanent industrial boards of the various districts, therefore the work of these boards becomes of the most vital importance and cannot be looked upon slightly. It must be remembered that the Loyal Legion of Labor is a work—a business, and not a mere organization and we will be forced to reduce the work to a stricter and less complicated business system. The management from now on will reserve the right to remove dead-heads and drones and fill their places wherever necessary with men and women capable of comprehending the vast responsibility devolving upon them, and with energy and courage to go forward in a sincere effort to carry out the work assigned. All monies from now on will be drawn from the bank only upon check signed by the Supreme Master after being countersigned by the Secretary of Finance, and quarterly reports will be made and submitted to the officers of each district council. Half-tone cuts of councils will follow in the order of their establishment and any council failing to get in a photograph in time for publication will lose their turn and must wait until there is a vacancy before being presented. The COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE will be sent to one person in each home. Central quarters have been opened in Akron, Ohio, and all mail will be forwarded to that address.

THE LOYAL HEART OF THE LEGION.

The women's branch of the Loyal Legion of Labor is known as the Loyal Heart of the Legion. General district councils of this department are established, consisting of twenty-five council members selected just as the council men of the men's department. From the council members

are elected nine officers who make up the advisory council. The officers of each council rank alike and have similar duties to perform.

THE ROYAL PRINCESS.

The Royal Princess superintends the work of her district and is at the head of the council. She will see that monthly reports are properly filed with the Secretary of Finance of the central office and that each board performs faithfully the work assigned. She represents the Supreme Master in her district, and stands between the District Council and Supreme Council.

THE ROYAL MATRON.

The Royal Matron is the presiding officer of the Council, and as such is chairman of the Educational Board. She has as her associates the Royal Prelate and Royal Secretary. This board may hold its educational sessions jointly with the Educational Board of the Loyal Legion of Labor, or may hold them separately as desired. All duties devolving upon the Educational Board of the Loyal Legion of Labor devolves upon this board. In addition to this as soon as a Supreme Council shall have been established for the women's department a central educational board will be created which will have entire control of the work of the children's department known as the Legion of Loyal Labors. The constitution provides that the Legion of Loyal Labors shall become a permanent department of the organization's work, established for the especial benefit of the youth of the race. In order to inspire, stimulate, enthuse and edify the young, and instill into them race pride and race loyalty, essays, recitations, biographies, dialogues, tableaux, orations, speeches, etc., on race-men and events will be carefully prepared

and printed, and in return for membership fees, dues, etc., distributed among the local educational boards, who will make the proper use of them in drilling and preparing the young for monthly educational sessions at which time these programs will be rendered. This entire work will be under the control of the central educational board of the Supreme Council of the Loyal Heart of the Legion.

Two members from each local council will make up the Supreme Council of this department from whom the officers will be elected.

THE VICE ROYAL MATRON.

The Vice Royal Matron is by virtue of her office, the president of the Emigration and Industrial Board, and has as associates the Keeper of Finance and Royal Secretary of the Treasury. Their duties are similar in every way to those of the same board of the men's department.

The Royal Princess is president of the Legal and Protective Board, and has as her assistants the District Organizer and District Lecturer. This board serves as a committee on new members and will take up the work of bringing every person of the district into the organizations. In addition to this, this board serves in the same capacity as does the same board of the regular council. One half of all funds raised by a council, either from regular members, co-operative members or other sources, will be retained in the local treasury and used as the advisory council might determine. Any lady desiring to organize a council of the Loyal Heart of the Legion may do so upon request made to the Secretary of Finance, Akron, Ohio. Half-tone cuts of all councils will be made and published in the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE the official organ of the organization. All councils will be placed in touch with our Bureau of Information and kept posted on racial affairs.

THE VALUE OF SAVING MONEY.

The world is fast growing richer, but what have we to say as to what figure we cut in the accumulation of riches? We are said to be imitators and if such is the case why are we so far behind in this line? It is not because we do not earn money that we do not save more, but rather because we have had so little teaching as to the value of a dollar, and to the saving of the pennies and nickels, things which seem so small that they are almost despised. Although not as large as a cambric needle is the nerve of a tooth, yet it will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. Then the small things, nickles and dimes, are the ones

which we should be careful in handling and sure about saving, as it is the pennies neglected that squander the dollars.

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,

Fill the mighty ocean and form the solid land."

So with character, fortune and all the concerns of life—the littles combined form the great bulk. If we would look well to the saving of the small pieces which go to make up the dollars, and watch the disposition of them, the sum total will be cared for. Life is made up of small things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who

writes books must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact, principle after principle. Every pea helps to fill the peck. So with the pennies saved in filling the purse. If you cannot be a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt, be somebody in

one of the villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch, but which one is the lucky individual? Neither. There is no such thing as luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young person who distances his competitor is he who mas-



MISS MAZIA L. JACKSON, HAVERHILL, MASS.

See page 50.

the financial world by being a possessor of some part of its wealth.

Fifty hands in a printing office, fifty clerks in a store, fifty apprentices in a shipyard, fifty young men in a village, all want to get on in the world, and expect to succeed. One of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the clerks will become a partner and make a fortune; one apprentice will become a master builder;

ters whatever is his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives clean and pure, who devotes his leisure hours to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them and who saves money.

There are said to be some shorter ways to fortune and fame than this old dusty highway, but the staunch men of the country who have achieved something worth having, all go on this road. Make

it a point in life to always save something out of what you earn. A penny is a very small matter, yet the comfort of thousands of families depends upon the proper saving and spending of pennies. If a man allow the little pennies to slip out of his fingers—too many to the beer shop, some this way and some that—he will find that life is little above one of mere animal drudgery. On the other

hand, if he takes care of the pennies, putting some weekly into a benefit society, or an insurance fund, others into a savings bank, he will soon find that his attention to small matters will abundantly repay him, increasing means, growing comfort at home and a mind free from fear as to the future. Begin now to save your pennies, nickles and dimes and the dollars will take care of themselves.—Exchange.

THE NEGRO NORTH AND SOUTH.

S. C. CROSS.

SOCIETY DETERMINED SLAVERY.

As an introduction to our theme, there is another misconception to be overruled and overthrown. And that is, why did slavery gradually and ultimately drift to the southern states, when it originally flourished in the North and South alike? While slavery slowly invaded almost every colony after its importation into Jamestown, it never did thrive extensively through the North—disregarding the fact that many buyers and sellers of human souls loitered and loafed in Boston and New York. Southern cynics say that the North sold her slaves to the South for spite—to create an argument and opportunity to paralyze and persecute the South with waste and war. That is purely spitefulness and rant of pessimistic prejudice itself. Others say that scheming Yankees sold their servants to the South in order to exist. That is also sophistry and peevishness. If northern masters sold their servants to subsist, why did the wealthy North refuse to buy their slaves? Why did others liberate their slaves without the slightest bounty

or reward for what they owned and lost? Because the North was rich and wise enough—had become great and good enough to command the leadership of the grand cavalry of civilization without servant soldiers for her slaves. When Yankees either sold or freed their slaves, they never dreamed of the great and coming Civil War, and their phenomenal prosperity and plenty never tolerated destitution or despair enough to sacrifice their serfs and slaves. Some assert that others hated slavery as sinfulness and sold their slaves to shun the wrong and crime of owning human flesh and blood. This is truthfulness and no mistake—especially of those who voluntarily released their slaves from chains and made the future free from lash and tears.

Still others state that the climate is too severe and cold for Negroes in the North—that inhabitants of torrid zones suffer less climatic cruelty when shielded and surrounded by the flowers of tropical climes. While this philosophy is sufficiently true within itself, it is not satisfactorily sufficient in this special case to substantiate the claim. Admitting that

climatic temperature, caused by changing seasons, altitude or latitude, exercises powerful influence over ancient and modern civilization—conceding this statement for argument's sake, since the advent of discoveries and inventions to shield us from the bitter blizzards of the icy north, or from the scorching southern sun, atmospheric elements were not intensely cold enough to banish serfdom from the North to the sunny South. The real and only cause of this transposition of bondage in the United States is imbedded infinitely deeper in society than the subterfuge of sophistry or sentimentality. It is in the very bone and marrow of the frame of human thought, of nature's truth. Neither history nor tradition recites a single, solitary instance where epidemics, catastrophes or calamities were caused by the inclemency of northern latitude on the Negro race. On the contrary, northern Negroes are as healthy, hearty and hale, constitutionally, as the whites, and certainly they are as progressive, thrifty and persevering as all the white and colored South combined, certainly as ingenious, independent and intelligent as the Negroes of the sunny South at least.

By the creation and comforts of human invention, the human species, like domesticated vegetation, animals and fowls, are enabled to withstand climatic changes with comparatively little harm to their health and happiness. The most disastrous feature of climatic influence, however, is in changing from cool to warmer latitudes, which causes inactivity of body and brain. Physical and mental stagnation prepares the system to receive ignorance, indolence and death. Consequently civilization is slower to advance in warmer zones than in colder climes. Whenever man defies the detrimental dangers of heat by physical and mental exercise, and by other artificial means,

the destructiveness of warmth will cease accordingly. In proportion as warmth produces inactivity of body and mind, so coolness causes motion of muscle and brain. So the Negroes were stimulated rather than destroyed by northern cold. Migrating from heated zones to cooler climes is exceedingly less injurious than the reverse, since differences of temperature are equalized by shielding, shelter, food and clothes that keep us warm. Northern Negroes, as a rule, were comfortably clothed and freely housed and fed. With these precautions and protection, there was no possible condition of northern climate calculated to drive the Negroes south. Becoming acclimated is of trifling consequence in comparison with knowing what are the proper clothing, comfort, food and exercise to harmonize our systems with surrounding elemental powers. We are reconciled to certain climes, not so much by merely keeping company with coolness, sunshine, night and storm,—not so much because of dumb exposure to Old Nature's changeless laws, but rather of adjusting our raiment and nourishments, our motion and homes to fortify ourselves against the agencies of sickness, pain and death.

Others claim that the Yankee's business capacity lacked the cunningness—wanted the executive ability and subtlety of thought for making slavery a financial success; that Yankees prospered by their hands and works—others by their wits and words. But the evidence is on the other side. Northerners succeeded by the actions of their hands, heads and hearts combined—by calculations, exertions and lofty effort—by diligence and devotion to stately toil and thought—by tireless mental movements and muscular motion, while others wasted their vigor and vitality in idly robbing the muscles and minds of trembling slaves in chains. As a mat-

ter of fact, northern citizens became too charitable, shrewd and just to longer tolerate the tyranny of thralldom either at home or abroad. It takes intelligence and thriftiness to make an honest living and succeed besides. Any stupid, lazy rascality can prosper anywhere, if flat-

bery of slavery was right, that the laziness of luxury was a blessed benediction from another world. I do not attack the mistaken living or the misdirected dead, but I arraign the crimes of the living and assail the cruelties of all mankind, through all that dead and tender sepulchre, the



MISS LAURA F. DICKERSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

See page 46.

tered and favored by lawful lies; if supported and sustained by religious robbery, by stealing the industry and intelligence of its famished and defrauded fellow-man. And right here I want it distinctly understood that I am casting no reflections of discredit on the owners of slaves—no personalities, insinuations or censure on the citizens of either North or South. They did what they thought was best and right in accordance with the cruel customs of their age and generation. Society persuaded them that the rob-

tongueless past—through all the vast and coming nations now unknown. We are dealing with the philosophy of facts—advancing the science of a social situation, and before our movements all blunders, errors, sin and meanness must surrender and evacuate the fort and field. Thus I stand upon the bridge of life, recall the barren desert of the past, behold the boundless ocean of the yet to be.

Some contend that industrial conditions thwarted northern servitude and stimulated serfdom in the South—that

northern manufacturing avocations were too complex and complicated for the Negro's scanty skill to operate—that southern agricultural pursuits were singularly suited for the engagement of the Negro's hands and head. While this construction is largely true respecting many manufacturing and mechanical arts and trades, it is no explanation whatever—not the least interpretation why northern Negro household servants and farming servitude was no success. If mechanics and professional interests required the white man's toil and time, so much greater was the Negro's opportunity to work at other trades because he thus encountered little competition from the whites. All other occupations, common callings and toilsome tasks were open to pre-emption by the slave. Surely they could farm the fields of the North as well as the farms of the South. Surely they could gather the vegetables, fruits and grains of the North as well as culture and harvest the crops of the South. Surely he could laundry and repair the clothes, cook and serve the food for North as well as South. Surely he could wait on northern women and men, and nurse their babies as well as serve the South. Surely he could fell the forest, clear and fence the farms of the North as well as clean and cultivate plantations in the South. Certainly he could drive the teams, carry and haul the timber, machinery and goods to and from the mills, the shops, the stores and help to build of wood, of ore and earth and stone the splendid northern highways, cities, towns, and homes. Surely he could polish a Yankee's boots and shoes, undust his beaver hat and drive his coach or mind his flocks and droves of stock along the peaceful valleys and hills. Certainly without the manufacturing theatres of toil and thought, there was a diversity of domestic duties, enough of agricultural interests and of manual labor in a million other forms to employ the slaves as prof-

itably in the North as in the South. Thus the North did not release her slaves because their labor would not pay; but in spite of all these promising prospects—these inviting opportunities to strengthen and enrich herself by slaves, the North unchained and sold her serfs because her conscience could no longer stand the stress and strain of wrong.

Well, since all these claims are false, and since the Negro left the North and landed in the South, let us now forget these useless claims—recount the vital causes of the change. Why did slavery desert New England's snows and locate in the summer lands of fragrant flowers, sun and song? It all depends upon the social constitution of the early settler of the United States. I repeat—the transition of slavery from North to South is determined with unanswerable and unerring precision by the comparative habits, traits and character of the colonists of North and South; by their different directions, dispositions and attention to the affairs of men—by different institutions for independence, education, industry and religion—by naturally entertaining different conceptions of labor and liberty, of morality, amusements and all the dogmas, doctrines, blunders and beliefs necessarily associated with politics, commerce, society, industry, knowledge, humanity, Church and State. Having lived amidst entirely different environments in the Old World, they established in the new conflicting sentiments, different ceremonies, contending ideas, opinions and views on various things and themes. Since they moved within precisely different social atmosphere in the East, so they marched in different social channels in the wild and wondrous West. Divinity of dignity commingled with variety of vice. Many of the colonists were wealthy cavaliers, aristocrats and men of royal rank who vaguely sought the western hemisphere for for-

fortune, name and fame. Some came to murder, ravage and steal the Indian's property, silver and gold, or to rob the colonists themselves. Some came to privateer on land, to buccaneer on seas. Many were criminal convicts—the murderers, robbers, defaulters and thieves reprieved and banished from imprisonment in Europe to the pathless wilderness of the distant West. All the outlaws, vagrants, vagabonds and crime were released from jails and penitentiaries and exported to the magic West. Many were poor, persecuted pilgrims and peasants, flying from the heartless cruelties of people, preachers and priests,—of society, Church and State. They were honest, intelligent, industrious women and men who were vilely and viciously tortured and punished by religious savages—tormented and persecuted because they had conscience and courage enough to freely and frankly think and speak their honest thoughts. Denied the right of conscience in their native land, they came across the heaving tides in quest of reason's refuge in the unexplored forests, rocks and hills. They came to found a nation, build their homes, to labor, live and love in liberty and unmolested peace.

SLAVERY UNSUITED TO THE NORTH.

And now for the application. But before applying the reasons why the Negro migrated from the North to the South, we must dissect and analyze the respective colonies of North and South. We must understand their social organizations and mental constitution as they actually appear upon the rising scene. We must disentangle and distinguish facts, in order to found our deductions and conclusions on their relative and respective inclinations, dispositions, temperaments and aspirations—on their attitude among themselves and towards their fellow-men. To the Puritans, the Dutch and Quakers of

William Penn belong the credit and compliments of the greatest republic on this terrestrial ball. They alone have planted the germs and sown the seeds that forever founded and defend the unending rights and liberties of man. Every Puritan—every Quaker—was a breathing Proclamation of Emancipation, a living Declaration of Independence; the seed and soil of the Constitution and the greatness of our mighty land. The Quaker's constitution, code and creed outshone all others in liberality of principles—in purity of purpose and practice, and they themselves were authors of their laws. Penn's intention was to found a commonwealth regardless of color, race, religion or caste. "We are all of one flesh and blood, I will found a free colony for all mankind." All races and religions were equal before the light of law. Equal rights and freedom of conscience were cheerfully conceded to each and all. No superiority was allowed to royalty, riches, titles or birth. They would not bend the back or bow the knee, nor lift their hats to men of fashion, fortune, rank or fame. They regarded with contempt the aristocracy and royalty of Church and State. Every hat was a crown upon a king who worshipped at the altar of his heart in the temple of his brain. The lands of labor, liberty and love were free to all—imprisonment for debt denied. Evil was subdued with love and justice, where the victories of virtue, patience, truth and peace exalted over violence and vice. Through industry and skill they all combined to build their every home. The school teacher and the printing press inflamed the mental skies with stars. All the undeveloped germs of future pride and power were there. There was a civilization reared upon the rocks of industry and education of hand and head. There was a community enthroned upon the gold of reason, justice, liberty and love. There is Independence Hall, where the deathless

document declared the dawning of a grander day. There the Continental Congress was convened. There the first American Flag enriched the air. There where Liberty Bell enraptured all the heavens of every heart. There the dynamo of Franklin's brain enslaved the lightning of the clouds and gave electric mystery to men. There the Centennial Exposition celebrated all the arts of war and peace and shed its light and liberty on all the world. There, where the lofty Lincoln said a "government of the people, by the people and for the people" shall not perish from the earth;—there the beautiful city of William Penn and Brotherly Love will sternly stand beyond the reach of wreck or ruin.

The Puritan Pilgrims were rebels against the senselessness of the English Church. They were perniciously persecuted by the English government and the Christian Church, simply because they believed in construing the Scriptures to satisfy themselves. They were hounded over Europe and chased to America by the pirates of persecution and pain. Even Lord Bacon was especially active in punishing the peerless Puritans. They wandered, weary and worn, from place to place, and scattered like withered leaves before the terrible tempest of tyranny, until the Mayflower landed their little band on the Paradise of Plymouth Rock. They were earnest, honest and sincere. Excepting meager contributions from their friends, they were poor and paid their transportation fees themselves. Like the Quakers, they were industrious, saving, thoughtful and severely serene. Like the Quakers and the Dutch at Amsterdam, every man reared his own house and home. Virtuous, educated, enterprising immigrants came by thousands, and they were temperate, diligent, frugal and rigidly resolute—peaceful and profound. While conditions and surroundings were naturally coarse and crude,

their society was comparatively accomplished, cultured and refined. Then they came to America to stay—to build themselves a permanent abode. They were founders of the first Republic on American soil. They elected their own Governor by vote and voice. He was not appointed by a king or a queen. They made their own charter, signed and sanctioned by themselves—with just laws for the common good, with equal rights to all—simple and sublime. Every man had the right to interpret the Bible to suit himself, regardless of the interference of monarch, gods or men. They thoroughly believed in social equality, religious liberty, in the perfect freedom of conscience and mentality. Of this religious toleration, Roger Williams was the representative result. He was the grand apostle of the independence of conscience, of equal religious rights and protection to every soul and sect beneath the sun. He was the first in America or Europe to grandly proclaim universal toleration to the world. Then there is that other blossom of Puritanism—Mrs. Hutchinson, a woman of greatness and goodness, of generosity and genius, powerfully pleading for the boundless independency of women and men.

The only blotch upon New England's noble name is the theological witchcraft, the religious intolerance perpetrated on Mrs. Hutchinson and Roger Williams. While the Pilgrims fled from persecution in the East and practiced persecution on themselves, Puritanism possessed the cure for its crimes within itself. The remedy for its religious wrongs was firmly fixed in its matchless doctrines of free conviction, free mind and free speech. There is every reason to believe that Salem's Witchcraft was a cowardly conspiracy which the ministers Parris and Mather deliberately designed to murder Burroughs and their foes. If not, why did it originate in Parris' home, and why was no follower of

Parris or Mather convicted or killed? But the freedom of body and brain rectified these wrongs and redeemed the Puritans from their perfidy and sin. This sinful superstition was but a wicked wave upon that shoreless sea, the soul, from whose troubled tide the Pilgrims saw that broad and boundless ocean of the yet to be—that intellectual sea where every ship is mistress of the main.

Again, the Puritans were the fathers of our public schools. Their citizens and colonial court appropriated thousands of dollars to found a college. In 1636 Harvard was born. They borrowed the printing press—introduced the first newspaper and books. They faithfully believed in the dignity of labor and learning—in the divinity of wisdom and work. Like the Quakers, their civilization was secure and sound from centre to surface. Diligence and intelligence of muscle and mind were the seat and source of all they were and all they hoped to be. In spite of stingy soil and barren rocks—in spite of desolate landscapes and watery wastes—in spite of even superstition, tyranny, and bigotry, a people who educate themselves and work for what they enjoy will be noble, mighty, great and free. New York was settled by the Dutch. They were persecuted Huguenots. Excepting their system of government and some features of their faith, their industrial and educational pursuits were substantially the same as the Puritans' and Penn's, especially their knowledge of commerce as the foundation of fortune and success. They, too, were persevering, prosperous, economical and intelligent. They, too, were the pillars of the coming greatness and grandeur of this Republic. The Puritans, Quakers and Huguenots made New England and the North the mother of manufacture and mechanics. Boston, Philadelphia and New York are still among the greatest marts of trade, exchange and wealth, among the grandest

homes of literature, science, culture, art and song.

Was it any wonder, then, that slavery floundered and failed among these pious pioneers of progress? Would it not be miraculous if thralldom had thwarted the industrial ambitions, the mental aspirations and brotherly love which bitter experience had eternally planted in the hearts of these great and generous women and men? Would it not be more marvelous if the sensibilities of these immortal souls had renounced all their friendly feelings for their fellow-man—all their sense of sympathy, reason, justice, freedom and love? Slavery faltered in the North because that broad, brave and brotherly manhood divinely implanted in the New England mind and man could not and would not enthrall the sons and daughters of men. Subsequently this same spirit of generosity arose in its might and wiped the diabolical institution of thralldom from the earth. Sumner, Beecher, Stowe and Phillips, with many more, are but the echoes and reflections of the liberty of body and brain proclaimed by the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock. While slavery was substantially tolerated for a while in the North, it was slowly crushed to death by this overwhelming feeling for the enslaved and oppressed. Then domestic duties in the North were cheerfully performed by Caucasian ladies themselves. The industrious, enterprising gentlemen would rather do their own work and do it well, than sit in the sun or stand around shivering with cold, bossing a poor, ignorant, wretched, homeless slave. To the noble North, there was something viler than the power of speech to tell in the men who enslaved and bled the black who earn their bread and clothes while they rob it of its rights. I wish I could construct a serpent sentence that would hiss and cringe and crawl about the caverns of the human brain to poison all the minds of

men against this frightful fiend—this monstrous hatred for our fellow-man.

SLAVERY SUITED TO THE SOUTH.

We shall now see that not only the South's disregard for industry and education was naturally characteristic of her society, customs and traditions; that her belief in aristocracy and the blessings of bondage were essential to her social organism; but we shall demonstrate that southern lawlessness is born of chronic crime bequeathed from generations gone. South Carolina was settled by shiftless Englishmen who refused to cultivate their fields because of the intensity of heat from the scorching sun. Their indisposition to toil beneath the excessive hotness of a burning sun, was immediately relieved by a cargo of African slaves. These Negroes were introduced exclusively for the establishment of a laboring class within that state, which evidently made the whites an inactive, leisure class. So numerous were these Negro importations that they soon outnumbered the whites as two to one. From the fields of toil the whites retired to rest as the Negro filled the vacant ranks of toil and trade. This unavoidably produced physical inaction among the whites, which was inevitably followed by intellectual inactivity too—the parents of idleness, shiftlessness and shame. Therefore the pioneers of South Carolina founded their political and social institutions—their educational and industrial departments, on the classification of humanity into two divisions—a class of unemployed gentry, ladies and gentlemen who managed industry, society and government; another class composed of colored slaves and Caucasian poor who ploughed the plantations, did domestic duties and all other tiresome tasks.

Thus the dominant set became so familiar and infatuated with the pleasant

ness and profitableness of slavery, that it was incorporated into their very lives. Hence the supposed superiority of white supremacy over the assumed inferiority and inequality of the industrious class, educated this aristocratic class to firmly believe that slavery was divinely designed for the glory and gratification of themselves. A people worshipping the superiority of themselves, adoring their own supremacy, advertising the insignificance of their contemporaries, advocating the inequality of fellowship, branding labor as unbecoming for ladies and gentlemen, praising wealthy idlers as the highest heraldry and gentility of aristocracy;—with such a social organization, slavery is not only a sweeping success, but it is an uncompromising necessity for such a social system to exist, for diligence and accomplishments of hand and head are the fortifications behind which all civilization and enlightenment can rest secure. While some of the noblest blood of Europe settled in the Old Palmetto State, they readily enlisted their sympathies and sentiments with prevailing rules. While they were chivalrous, hospitable, brave and independent, their desire to subordinate mankind graduated into bigotry, vindictiveness and despotism. It found expression in murdering the inoffensive Indians, as a declaration of war against the surrounding tribes, in order to capture and sell as slaves the children of the forest. So South Carolina, like Virginia, was constructed on a social institution that would tolerate and entertain servitude as long as men were unfair enough to usurp the labor and liberty of others for themselves. Is it either unnatural or unreasonable to suppose that slavery would flourish in South Carolina and fail in New England, owing to their respective social fabric? Plutocracy wants peasants and paupers to kneel at its knees. Republicanism wants every brow to bear a crown, while standing upright and erect without a tyrant in

the world. It was the autocratic conditions, not the industrial circumstances, that chained Carolina to her slaves. It was the democratic conditions, not the commercial interests, that refused to chain and whip the Negroes in the North.

The primary people of Virginia were principally indolent, improvident, dissolute profligates and vagabonds. Of one hundred and five, but twelve were laborers, carpenters, masons and blacksmiths—forty-eight gentlemen of leisure and laziness. The rest were loafers, loungers, vagrants, rovers and sots. Think of it! The colony was not only composed largely of lordly loafers and venal vagrancy, but it was mainly governed by royal rogues. Even on their voyage, insubordination and anarchy prevailed on their tottering ship. They would not work until necessity compelled them to do or die. The second company was a crew of useless, prodigal creatures as worthless as the first, having more business in jail than at Jamestown. Of one hundred and twenty, thirty-four were knightly gentlemen, followed by gold-hunters, strollers, idlers, seeking for imaginary fortune and fame, when they should have built them homes and cultivated crops of corn. Only the rigid discipline and perseverance of John Smith, in many respects altogether the most noted man of colonial times, rescued these royal roamers—redeemed this ragged prodigality from unanimously freezing and starving to death. Six months after Smith's departure to England, only sixty of five hundred souls remained alive. As it was, the large plurality died of sickness, hunger and cold—the consequence of improvidence, indolence, exposure and starvation.

Smith forced them to work six hours each day, and declared that too lazy or lordly to work is too nice and idle to eat. Thus it was when knighthood was in flower, when nobles held their sway and vagabondage saw her palmy days.

When men would rather starve or freeze to death than clothe and feed themselves, when provided with opportunities to save themselves from misery and the grave, they are unquestionably either grossly ignorant, basely depraved or shamefully stupefied by pompous arrogance—maybe all combined. This was the condition of Virginia's primitive population, and while many noble immigrants improved the situation, thousands and thousands of the blackest criminals kept pouring into camp. So numerous was the importation of penal convicts, that within one hundred years over fifty thousand criminals located in Maryland and Virginia alone. Society was vicious, coarse and vile. No woman came along to purify the early pioneers. They did not, like the Pilgrims, come to stay,—to make the western world their happy home. In 1620 they intended to return. As late as 1750, they regarded England as their only earthly home. They hated toil and public schools as pauperism and disgrace. Governor Berkeley denounced public education and the printing press for one hundred years. Free and public schools were not established till after the Civil War. Even now, Virginia's public schools are no comparison with those of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York. In 1890, these states paid respectively, fifteen, twenty and seventeen dollars per pupil for the instruction of their children, while Virginia spent but four. Their methods, systems and students are equally apart in proportion to the price. Many people in Virginia today denounce the public school—clutch and cling to ancient educational notions as the dying cling to life. They prefer the private school where in days of old the rich alone could learn. But no people in the state need the public schools more than the supposedly aristocratic class.

Virginia's pioneers were not only peculiarly opposed to public schools and re-

garded all equality of action a disgrace, but they tried to found a special church by the codes and creeds of law. They taxed the people to sustain the church and punished those who refused or failed to praise their sect. Thus religious liberty and conscientious freedom were discouraged and dethroned. Originally their governors were appointed by the Councils of the London Commercial Company and the king. Not the slightest principle of self-government was allowed. The settlement at Jamestown in 1607 was undertaken as a financial enterprise by this company and the king. It was composed of wealthy nobles, gentlemen and monied merchants who paid the fare of each and all who came. How different from the poor and friendless Puritans on Plymouth Rock! In this way self-reliance and political independence were suffocated and destroyed. Aristocracy introduced white slavery—English and German slaves. Royalty longed for a laboring class, and a class of gentry, nobles, lords, and dukes and earls. Then they introduced the Ethiopian serf, and Caucasian slavery was lost and dead. Social institutions were thus established from the very start. New arrivals yielded to this machinery and soon began to strengthen it to deepen and endure.

In consideration of the logical conclusions of these facts, is it any wonder that Virginia was a favorable fraternity for the domestication and cultivation of slaves? In such a warped and twisted social system, slavery is arbitrarily necessary for society to either prosper or exist. While New England admitted thralldom in her states at first and abolished it later on, and since Virginia introduced serfdom in the United States and defended it with the sword of war, I need no words to write the reasons why. A people born amid the trouble, toil and tears of poverty and persecution, their sensibilities broadened and brightened by the bitter

affairs of life—their conceptions of industry, politics, religion and learning improved by emergency, necessity and strife with Nature and the lives of men—their sentiment and sympathies keenly developed by having suffered penury and pain;—a people whose social system was thus so firmly founded on the universal liberties and material worth of practical experience, have no room for bondage in their breasts. Such were the Pilgrims and Quakers of the North. But a people practicing the inequality of man, believing that some men are born to rule and rob the rest, regarding labor as loathsome and impure, denouncing universal education as a scandal and unjust, teaching their children's children to hate with all their hearts the honest sons and daughters of toil, harboring a heraldry and childish chivalry that misconceives and misconstrues the noblest energies of man;—such a people were the royalty and cavaliers who founded slavery on old Virginia's sacred soil. Can we now think it was merely envy, jealousy and hate that liberated Negroes in the North and emancipated slavery in the sunny South? Do we now believe it was the industrial trades and commercial conditions that modified and managed slavery in our land, or do we know that slavery was transposed by the science of social situation—the philosophy of facts? It was emphatically determined by the fundamental principles, the underlying social constitution of the pioneers who primarily peopled the North and South. Nothing more—no less.

CHRONIC CRIME THE CAUSE OF LYNCHING MOBS.

As lordly laziness, social sects and impoverished, indolent outlawry caused servility to prosper in the South, so they also caused the criminality and cowardice of murderous mobs, outlawry and atrocity

against the helpless blacks. We have already mentioned the lawlessness of Virginia's criminal class whose foulness and unfairness is typical of the southern states. Let us learn a little more. In 1733, Georgia was settled under the leadership of Oglethorpe—the benefactor and philanthropist. These settlers were mainly outlaws and convicts released from confinement, where they were imprisoned in dungeons, penitentiaries and jails—kept in custody for crime. While some, perhaps, were innocent children of toil, committed to imprisonment for indebtedness, it was largely through thoughtless contracts and shiftlessness which enabled those infamous laws to incriminate and imprison them for crime. However, they reached a land where debt is not a crime—where poverty and work are no dishonor or disgrace. But with the imprisoned good came hosts of the vilest—the most atrocious elements of European society. While Oglethorpe was generous, sympathetic, benevolent and just, he denied the equality of men—a declaration not only corrupting to his own magnanimity, but a doctrine dismally dangerous to the liberties and happiness of man, breeding death and dissolution to individuals and nations alike; a dastardly doctrine which disheartened and disgraced the very fugitives and refugees he sought to shield and save.

But the colonists lacked the industry and enterprise. Agriculture and commerce had not flourished. In 1752, but few scattered plantations and three small villages were seen. Their government was a sham. They had exhausted private contributions and parliamentary grants to the alarming sum of seven hundred thousand dollars. No materialization of former dreams of silk and wine—no realization of growing rich and great without the art of toil and thought. John and Charles Wesley appealed to the clouds and stars, but here came no shining

shower of silver and gold. Whitefield preached and prayed for seed and harvest, but the people would not sow or reap. They were indolent, improvident, inexperienced and poor. They cried, "give us slaves and we will thrive." Wesley and Whitefield said, if we give them servants they will prosper and succeed. Cargoes of African slaves were introduced and the laboring system revolutionized and restored to thrift. Undoubtedly the colony of Oglethorpe, the Wesleys and Whitefield, would have completely perished of starvation, pestilence and famine, had Negro slavery failed to rescue them from utter destitution and decay. A people failing without slavery and prospering by introducing it, are likely to cling to their servant saviours as Mary clung to the cross of Christ.

Thus the citizens of Georgia, conceiving their commercial restoration in the consecration of thralldom to their selfishness, most emphatically transmitted serfdom to their children's children as an inheritance—a Providential possession and protection for all time. With such a system of society slavery would surely remain until the dominant race disintegrates by the involution of inactivity or overwhelmed by a stronger race, or till the servant subjects completely demolish and destroy the Pharaohs of power in the Head Sea of a stagnant civilization. Certainly a people who depend on another race for their material development, for their industries, commerce, agriculture and assistance will fervently foster and flatter slavery above all other things. Because material prosperity is the fuel, fruit and flower of all there is of science, music, culture, art and use—all there is of comfort, pleasure, beauty, wealth and joy.

So this corrupt and criminal class was taught to hate the Negroes as inferior women and men, but little better than the brutes. This polluted and degraded ele-

ment comprised the enormous majority of the early inhabitants of all southeastern colonies or states. Their established immorality, depravity and deviltry, stimulated and inflated by the absurdity that they were superior to the Negro race, actuated them to demoralize, tyrannize, ravage and murder their brothers in black. This bloated and brutal persecution, perpetrated by irresponsible depravity and perpetrated by the social attitude of the aristocratic class, became so deeply planted in the unprincipled citizenship that it is almost hereditary instinct to murder, malign, ravage, rob and brutalize the blacks today. John Fisk has graphically portrayed the wickedness and wanderings of these degraded, ignorant and dastardly outlaws who have tortured and terrorized the South for nearly two hundred years. Night raiders, white caps, moonshiners, Negro haters, duelists, guns, revolvers and knives! These are among the arguments which this hereditary outlawry and cutthroaterly employs today.

In 1565, at St. Augustin, Florida, Spain established the oldest European settlement in the United States. The founder of Florida was a Spanish soldier of ferocious character—of criminal perfidy and practice. He was under heavy penalty and fine when commissioned by his bigoted king to colonize the western world. His company was composed of persons little better than himself—dissolute, dilatory ruffians, rowdies and reprobates, penurious and pernicious, seeking to pilfer, murder and destroy. Their damnable ambition was to massacre the harmless heretics and Huguenots who fled from France to save their lives and refuge in a land of loving flowers. In this savage treachery, they brutally butchered and utterly destroyed one thousand unoffending men, women and children. Thus the Spanish blood has ever robbed and murdered man. He fe-

rociously devoured the Arabs, butchered the Moors, barbarously burnt their libraries, cities, homes and souls alive in furious flames.

He operated the Spanish Inquisition for hundreds of years, by whose infernal Christian courts half a million helpless souls were atrociously murdered for opinion's sake—thousands and thousands of whom were heathenishly burnt at the stake alive, and their ashes scattered to the wailing waters and winds. This cowardly Court was organized by ghostly priests, religious rogues and saintly sots of Church and State. It was instituted to assassinate the lives and confiscate the possessions of honest, unguilty women, men and babes, to support the gluttony, licentiousness and lust—the bestiality, degradation and prostitution of the lecherous and lascivious lines of Code and Creed. They actually exhausted their inventiveness in constructing every conceivable instrument of the most diabolical torture and terror. They were the greatest nation of civilized savages on the globe. While they were not all thieves and murderers by any means, their perfidy plainly pictures a national and notorious tendency for chronic crime. They were naturally a nationality of persecutors, pirates, privateers and buccaneers for centuries before the destruction of their great Armada to their latest chastisement by the great McKinley, Dewey and Schley. They incarcerated Columbus, the great commander of the waves—the monarch of the marvelous and mystic main, and they covered him with chains, the most monumental ingratitude on the pages of progress.

Then they turned their attention to the American continent and consumed the ancient civilization of the western hemisphere. They pillaged and plundered the property of Montezumas, Incas and the Aztecs—burnt their literature, temples and homes, enslaved and killed their in-

habitants, carried away their precious treasures, gems and gold. They planted piracy on every southern shore, and like vultures swarmed the seas to pilfer and terrorize colonization all along the coast. When sent to drive these pirates from the seas, Captain Kidd became a greater pirate than them all, as he slaughtered and he sailed. Today the Spanish Kingdom owns no inch of soil on the western continent, while a better civilization is completely crushing her authority to death and dust. It is almost useless to repeat that with such a people slavery would be a great success. A nationality thus infested with conceited robbers necessarily and naturally appropriate their fellow-men as slaves. So the vain and cruel Spaniard, with his love of conquest, his greed for gold and gore, his zeal for place and power, his haughtiness for pomp, parade, and empty show—for fashion, royal ranks and robes and Rome, his hungry thirst and appetite for blood and sword, for fire and death;—with all these aptitudes for the greedy, gorgeous and grotesque, the colonial Spanish citizen and cavalier, accustomed to preying on the property and persons of others, was eminently fitted for the reception and retention of slavery in the sunny South. They were pre-eminently qualified to wear the clothes and eat the bread produced by bleeding backs and hands in chains.

With the Florida Purchase we bought from Spain the bigotry, imbecility, inhumanity, revolvers, daggers, knives and guns of Spanish blood. The anarchy of this Spanish stock, with the outlawry of the other criminal class, caused the insurrections in the land of flowers. Thus the depraved and destructive elements which primarily pervaded principally all the

early southern settlements, determine the origin of lawlessness and vengeance for the Negro in the southern states. Through a long succession of criminality, ferocity, fraudulency and wrong, this corruption and perfidy became hereditary—was handed down to succeeding generations of women and men. It found expression in murdering the Indians—the Italian massacres at New Orleans. This criminal class, imported and evolved in the South, demonstrates its existence in assassinating revenue collectors, murdering postmasters and their families, burning their property and homes. It is father of the family feuds, the Kluklux Klans, the moonshinery—of mobbing marauders and lynching laws. It is creator of that cruelty of cutting and shooting people to death—of burning men, women and children alive at the stake in fire, with countless other crimes peculiar to certain sections of the South. This degraded class so polluted and poisoned southern society that it raised the reckless raiders on the frontier, the ruder class of cowboys, Redman's cut-throats in Carolina, the Jameses in the wild and wooly West, culminating in Cession and Rebellion of the South against the Nation and the North. This pernicious infamy, inflamed by guilt and guile, fired by prejudice and vanity, continues to crush and crucify the colored people and their friends at this very hour. We now know that southern criminality is largely born of the chronic immorality of her early pioneers, and transmitted through constitutional custom and conditions to the present age. We know, besides, that slavery drifted southward from the North in proportion to the diligence of the North and the indolence of the South.

LIFE.

The following verses were contributed to the San Francisco Times, by Mrs. H. A. Deming. Each line is a quotation from a standard author, while the lines rhyme with each other and the sense is continuous:

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
—Young.
Life's a short summer, man a flower.
—Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
—Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
—Prior.
To be is better than not to be,
—Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
—Spencer.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.
—Daniell.
The bottom is but a shallow whence they come.
—Raleigh.
Your fate is but the common fate of all;
—Longfellow.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
—Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
—Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
—Churchill.
Custom does often reason overrule.
—Rochester.
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
—Armstrong.
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
—Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
—Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.
—Trench.
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
—Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear,
—Thomson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
—Baron.

Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
—Smollet.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
—Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
—Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.
—Crowley.
Then I renounce that impious self-esteem;
—Beattie.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
—Cowper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
—Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
—Gray.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
—Willis.
Only destructive to the grave and great.
—Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
—Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
—Quarles.
How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
—Watkins.
That man lives twice that lives the first life well.
—Herrick.
Make, then, while yet ye may, your God, your friend,
—Mason.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
—Hill.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.
—Dana.
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.
—Shakespeare.





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Colored cotton growers are wanted in England. Practical field hands that know the business. Good treatment is guaranteed, also comfortable homes. Here is an opportunity for those who have felt that Africa is the place for the Negro of America. The opposition to emigration schemes has been formidable because opportunites for immediatly engaging in profitable work were considered poor. The English company has solved that part of the problem admirably by furnishing homes at once that are guaranteed to be comfortable which means much in a new country.

Bishop Turner to the fore! What have you to say on the Englishmen's Proposition? Your dream fairly realized. This small beginning may cause Africa to blossom as a rose and at the hands of the Englishmen.

But the South will have something to fear in the move, for may it not mean paralysis to the cotton industries of the South, and may it not impede the spindles and the looms of the North? And may it not be a Godsend to teach an over proud scion of the Saxon race that feels to the Negroes leashed eternally that God that bade the sun to halt on the plains of Gideon, the moon over Ajalon, while Joshua battled, can cause a worm to thrash a mountain, can bind up the wounds of a broken nation? The South must

do better or she may not only lose her dark cotton pickers but may lose the world as a market for her greatest product. The whip may change hands and if the Negroes apply it as skillfully and persistently and as studiously as it has been applied to them there will be some wailing and gnashing of teeth that are their own. The advertisement is ominous, portentous, big with promise, rife with speculation, encouraging, inviting; what will they do with it.

Commercial America has something to think about, that is something. The South, the hot bed of racial tribulation, has something to think about beside cussedness. The Negroes have something to think about.

We are opposed to any wholesale movement to Africa since it has its problem, the same as America, but on a more gigantic scale, which will some day cause the universe to tremble as on the resurrection morn. But the call should be heeded as if it were issued to the Anglo-Saxon that acknowledged no impediment as master buffeting the wave following the slanting keel—Greenland's icy mountaips, India's coral strand—on the grottoes of the sea or on Himalaya's aspiring peak the eternal abode of light. Colored men must learn to follow the dipping prow, scale mountains and brave the red-hot sun as the Saxons.—*The Free man.*

The tax department of the Comptroller's office of the State of Georgia announces a decrease of \$441,742 in the value of property owned by Negroes in that State, where they are supposed to own more than in any other State. The total value for this year is placed at \$15,188,069, against \$15,629,811 last year. The cause for the decrease is said to be the poor condition of the crops in the various sections of the State where the Negroes own property. The consolidated returns show that there are six Negro lawyers, fifty-four doctors and seven dentists in the State. The number of Negroes who have made returns for poll tax is 117,374. The number of acres of land owned by them is 1,752,291. The value of this land is returned at \$14,779,263. The value of the jewelry owned by the Negroes is \$26,366.—*S. W. Christian Advocate.*

It is a beautiful trait one possesses who can recognize the good in others, who are equal, or in the same calling or profession. It is a sign of a big brain and heart. It certainly is not true that great men do not highly respect each other. It is the sign rather of a weak mind to hate. Great men really seek out and love each other. Familiarity does not breed contempt with the large-hearted and big-brained. The truly big men and women are large-visioned, charitable and humane.

It is not only great minds that differ at times, or coincide, but also the experiences of smaller minds. Looking from different angles, or even at the same, all do not comprehend alike. However, there is no reason for not recognizing the ability of others. There may be a unity in diversity of opinion.

Some are carried by whims and are not of great force, for impulse predominates over judgment.

Many are governed by whims, some by impulse, few by settled conviction. The

true order is for a motive to develop into an opinion, an opinion into a conviction; therein is the best judgment and reason, and with it such men are beautiful in the talent of recognition of the ability of others, and will be kind, helpful, forceful in what they undertake to perform.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince of Siam, is a colored man, and there are hundreds of colored men in this country who are much brighter in color and much better looking, but they are not crown princes. And thereby hangs a tale. His Royal Highness of the unpronounceable name is being made much of just now and is being much sought for as a guest by the "Four Hundred." He is being feted and toasted to his heart's content, but he is colored. And we rise to remark that it has nothing to do with his standing in this country, he is a prince of the royal blood, and if he was as black as Col. Midnight, he would still be a prince and would still be in demand for social functions.—*Afro-American Ledger.*

Guatemala has an American Negro millionaire in the person of John Knight, formerly a slave in Alabama.

George W. Murray, formerly Congressman from South Carolina, owns 9,000 acres in his State.

A colored woman employed as stenographer and critic in the office of the New York World, receives a salary of \$1,400 a year.

There is a movement on foot among the colored capitalists of Jacksonville, Fla., to equip and operate a street car line.

Mrs. J. K. Weeks, of Tampa, Fla., is the only colored woman jeweler and watchmaker in the United States.

No better evidences of the progress of the race can be found than that of J. G.

Groves, a Negro who started with 72 cents, and is now worth \$190,000, owning city property and some of the finest farms in Kansas. He lives in Edwardsville, in the state of Kansas. He is a confident believer in the future of his race and in the result of earnest and well directed labor.

The Negroes of New Orleans, La., are preparing to fight the Jim Crow street car law, which went into effect Oct. 15. They will go to the courts to test its validity, and also raise \$55,000 to establish and operate a line of vehicles to be controlled entirely by Negroes for the accommodation of Negro travel in that city. Let the Negroes all pull together and make this law an inglorious failure, like the Negroes did in Montgomery, Ala.—*Exchange*.

"Which way shall we steer, Captain?" is not only the question asked by anxious ones who have unexpectedly found their craft near the rim of some rocky ledge, but the colored youths in the United States anxiously ask the same question. Accompanied by some white friend a colored man may make a tour of the slum district of a large city, and the white friend will point to the degraded women and whiskey soaked men and say, "That is the class among your people who aid in keeping race hatred alive—indeed in serving to make it more intense than it was years ago." And then with a quiz-zical look that friend will continue: "Won't you agree with me in saying such people would be infinitely better off as slaves?" Right across the pathway of this truly uninviting picture may be thrown still another picture representing

an army of self-respecting educated youths, rapping at the door of every mill, shop and commercial house asking for work. And a hoarse reply comes from each place, "No room there for Negroes."

Just the past week a colored girl, anxious to prepare herself for life's arduous and exacting duties, is barred out of a girl's dormitory in Chicago.

Isabella Ellis, a mulatto from San Antonio, Texas, has been attending the Northwestern University. She has had quarters in Chapin Hall, but feeling among the whites ran so high she was removed yesterday and told to find a boarding house outside the University. Why should this girl be so humiliated, when she gives promise of being an ornament to civilized society?

In short, which way must the colored youth steer? To him it seems evident, that whether drunk or sober, ignorant or intelligent, honest or dishonest, self-respecting or self-debasing, he remains still the same repulsive being to the dominant element. One would suppose that in a country whose people make such loud boast of Christianity and the highest intelligence, a healthier public sentiment would be fostered. Not one willing to carry the people of color as a heavy load; they do not desire to be carried, they are willing to walk and to toil. But a sentiment showing that industrious, capable, willing colored youths are given ample latitude to exert all the powers calculated not only to make them better and more useful citizens like one which would act as an incentive to those wrongfully inclined.—*Philadelphia Tribune*.



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